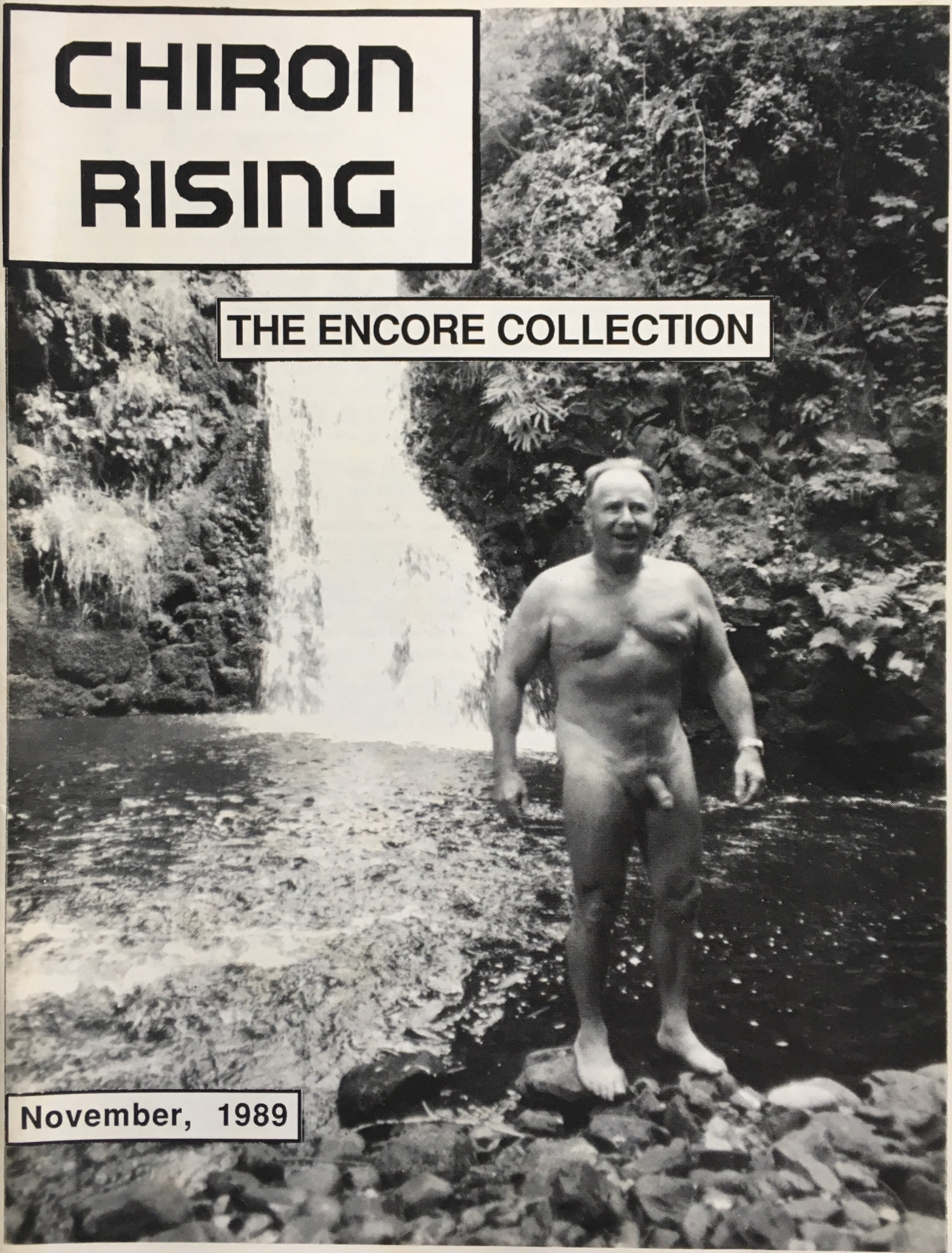
CHIRON RISING

THE ENCORE COLLECTION



November, 1989

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

GREETINGS

Welcome to yet another Special Issue. For those of you who've not been with us that long, this issue will be the most incredible piece of print entertainment you've ever seen. We went through all our out-of-print special and regular issues going back to 1986 and extracted the cream of the crop of photos and drawings. We also discovered a whole bunch of sensational hot photos we've never published before and threw them in too. And if that weren't enough, we found some poetry and articles that have been lost for over two years. This issue, therefore, will be the biggest, most diverse, most erotic creation we've ever done.

Since some of you still insist upon indiscriminately sending your issues all over the place, we wish to warn you of the following:

--In order to receive this issue, you were required to sign a release form. By signing the form, you have agreed not to allow your copy to be exposed to minors or those whose privacy or sensibilities might be offended. You might consider the legal ramifications of that agreement prior to letting this issue out of your hands.

--Any attempt to send this copy to an inmate will result in its confiscation by state or federal officials and possible trouble for the inmate. You, as sender, will be notified of the confiscation and your name and address will go on record as the source of the material.

Use your head and keep this spectacular issue in the family, please. Now, pull down your retainer bar, because this roller coaster is going to FLY!

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PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue and you may write to all. Write to them the same way you would an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas-1/2 oz) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for fowarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist and photographer who lives with his equally talented SHOW BIZ partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

BAIZA is a 19 year old native of Papua New Guinea. This very handsome young man specializes in highly erotic, primitive New Guinean art. BAIZA loves to hear from pen pals all over the world.

BEER CAN THICK, 65, 5'-8", 200# and slick headed, lives in Arizona and travels the West and Northwest during the summer. This super butch stick of dynamite has a rod that is 8" AROUND and is looking for 45 to 70 year old buddies to give it to.

JOE BISHOP is a remarkably popular model from Mississippi and is one of our pioneer SILVER CENTAURS. With the help of his lover, HARRY, this strikingly photogenic man brought us a new dimension in photography and helped bring other models out of their closets.

BOB AND MO are two wild Australians who fully documented a recent "Prelude To The Afternoon Of A Faun" and thought we'd love to see the results. You lovers of big men, hold on to your dicks.

BOB (NYC) is no longer a subscriber and apparently doesn't want communication. For the record, though, this guy is BUTCH, tough and hot as hell. We miss him.

BUTCH is a senior stud who lives on the Southeast Coast with his partner. We met this very fun couple at Mardi Gras '88 and were immediately taken with their sincerety and good nature. And, yes, this handsome man does live up to his name!

CHIEF is a senior heavyweight from Texas and you can usually find him every year at Mardi Gras. If you are older and stocky, you just might be his type.

EL CID, a 60ish, short/stocky, ex-pro athlete and truck driver, hails from Southern California and is one of the most considerate, loving people we've ever known. Imagine this gorgeous man, showing up at a party, dressed as Santa Clause. He has, twice. "Guess what Santa's got for you under his red nightshirt?"

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

COYOTE, 32, was born and raised in West Texas like your editor. Besides being one of the most inventive artists we've ever seen, this bright young man is lean and youthful, with light brown hair and blue eyes--and he's looking for a mature soulmate. He's versatile and easygoing, yet responsible--like the coyote. Shy but wild....wild but shy.

EX-LOGGER's following is awesome! This rapturous -looking ***man's*** man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest, wintering in Mexico.

THE FRIAR is the inspiration for the creation of this publication. He is none other than the publisher/editor's 68 year old lover and Associate Editor/Chief Financial Officer of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

JANUS FROST is a tall, lanky, 66-year-old writer who recently moved to the Midwest from the Northeast, thanks to meeting someone through CHIRON RISING. Janus' fiction is mellow, perceptive and full of tender emotion.

GALLAGHER, hailing from deep in the heart of Texas, is one of the premier cartoonists and illustrators in the country today and is just now crossing over into the gay publications. He is also a fantastic and unique writer, who will be featured in an upcoming special issue. His illustrations for his own fiction are some of the best we've ever seen.

HARRY is one half of JOE AND HARRY. This super specimen has a body like JOE and eyes that mesmerize. This man is a genius with a camera and has been known to do a mean video.

HUSTVEDT was a young, very talented artist from Baltimore. Although he died of a heart attack back in February 88, we want to keep his memory alive and share his creations with our readers.

JAY is one of our more popular stocky models and lives in North Carolina with one of our most popular trim models, JOHN WAYNE. Many have written in and told us that JAY is just the type of man they would have wanted for a father. One look into those soulful eyes and it's no wonder.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/photographer/videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers.

LARRY KERNE is a very-well-put-together 72-year-old writer from near Santa Barbara. This unique man writes some of the best gay fantasy (the DREAM SPEAKER series) we've ever seen. In his earlier years, he was a Hollywood screen writer and experienced the thrill of seeing his writing come alive on the silver screen.

MATT GORDON is a distinguished author, publisher, literary agent and university professor who lives in San Diego with his equally prominent mate. His outstanding poetry runs the gamut from scathing recompense to the blissfully erotic, yet it never fails to be provocative.

MAK is a 30 year old Scotsman living in London. He likes drinking, smoking, opera, sports, theatre and rock music, as well as drawing and photography. He welcomes correspondence from anyone--short, tall, heavy, older or younger all okay.

JOHN R. is a English senior who has been with us from the very beginning and who has supplied us with some great material. Look for more hot photography and some unique artwork in future issues.

RAM is considered one of the best erotic artists in the world. This highly celebrated professional artist is in his late 40s and lives in the Midwest with a 69-year-old retired ex-mover and shaker in the business world. The brilliant creator of our new cover design, RAM has been a regular contributor since 1986.

RAY II is a handsome, 42 year old, rosy cheeked Englishman who is trying to pick up the pieces after the loss of his lover of many years. The owner of a coastal resort, he welcomes visitors --especially Silver Centaurs. He's a dedicated lover of older men in their 50's on up past the 70's.

ROADRUNNER TOO showed up at our door one day in his truck. Three rolls of film later, we knew that we had found a new star! ROADRUNNER TOO represents what truckers used to be, when every other truck driver made you drool your shorts wet. This brawny, South Carolina hunk is in his forties, thickly hung and shoots a quart!

SONNY is a 58-year-old Minnesotan string bean with a dick that would choke a horse. You guys who complain that we don't have thin models, take a look at SONNY and shut up.

SPITFIRE is a 47 year old Virginian with a head of white hair and big, powerfully muscled, tatooed arms. At 5'-8" and 200 pounds, this bruiser is a bundle of dynamite and is hung to boot! He's tame, though, and has lived for 23 years with his 71 year old, 300 pound lover.

JOHN WAYNE is a trim, 40ish dazzler, who is very popular with our older, heavier readers. He lives in North Carolina with JAY. This man is so sexy that he can drive 'em nuts just by innocently drinking a can of beer.....while playing with his big dick.

WILD BILL is a senior from Florida who lives up to his name better than anyone we know. He is a marvelous writer and photographer, as well as an erotically magnetic model. WILD BILL lives with his partner, better known as J.J. DODGE, who is our computer consultant and, on occasion, model agent.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is an imminently clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is the author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction. Pure talent. He's also a stunning model and artist, going by the name JAYPEE.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

***

THE TAN PIT BULL
by The Friar

A young policeman pulled up in front of a small house and checked the address written on a piece of paper. Putting the paper away, he stepped out of his squad car, walked up to the house and rang the door bell.

A man in his sixties cautiously opened the door and peered at the cop. "Hi, officer. Something wrong?"

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but do you own a tan pit bulldog?"

The man slowly opened the door wider. "Why, no, officer, I don't. I used to own a schnauzer, but he died last year."

"I see....well...."

"His name was Clarence..."

"Uh...your neighbor down the street claims that a tan pit bulldog..."

"Don't have a tan pit bull," interrupted the man. "I *had* a schnauzer. It lived to be eighteen. Smart little fucker, too."

The cop became slightly irritated. "She said that this bulldog bit her toy poodle's head off and..."

"That damned dog would wake me up every morning at seven right on the money..."

"....and it ran into this house," said the cop, becoming flustered. "She swears it was this house." He glanced down at the piece of paper. "We've also received complaints from your other neighbors about a tan pit..."

"I had a schnauzer, son, a *schnauzer*," said the man, tears welling up in his eyes. "When you get old, a dog becomes your best friend and gives you a reason to live..."

"So you don't have a pit bull," the cop said, shaking his head.

The man looked squarely at him and emphatically said, "*No.*"

A bark came from the back of the house and the man flinched.

The policeman smiled and rolled up his eyes. "And who, may I ask, is that?"

"Uh...." The man became crimson, then quickly composed himself. "It's my wife. She has a terrible cold."

"I see," said the cop, looking down at an approaching tan pit bulldog.

The man followed the policeman's eyes and looked down at the dog, which was sitting at his feet, looking up at him lovingly. "Oh, hi, dear," said the man, sweetly. "I was just telling this nice young man about your terrible cold."

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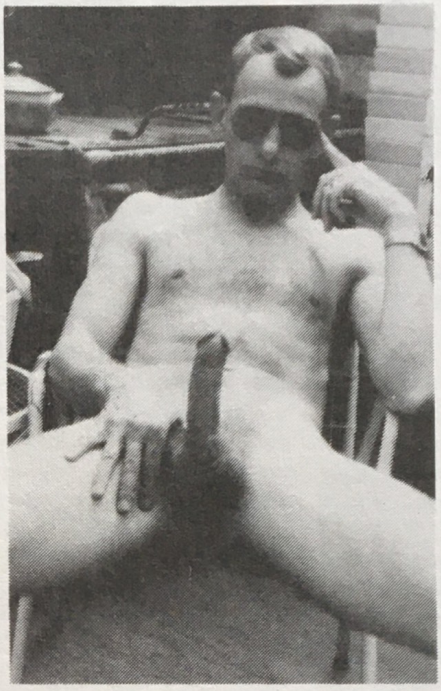
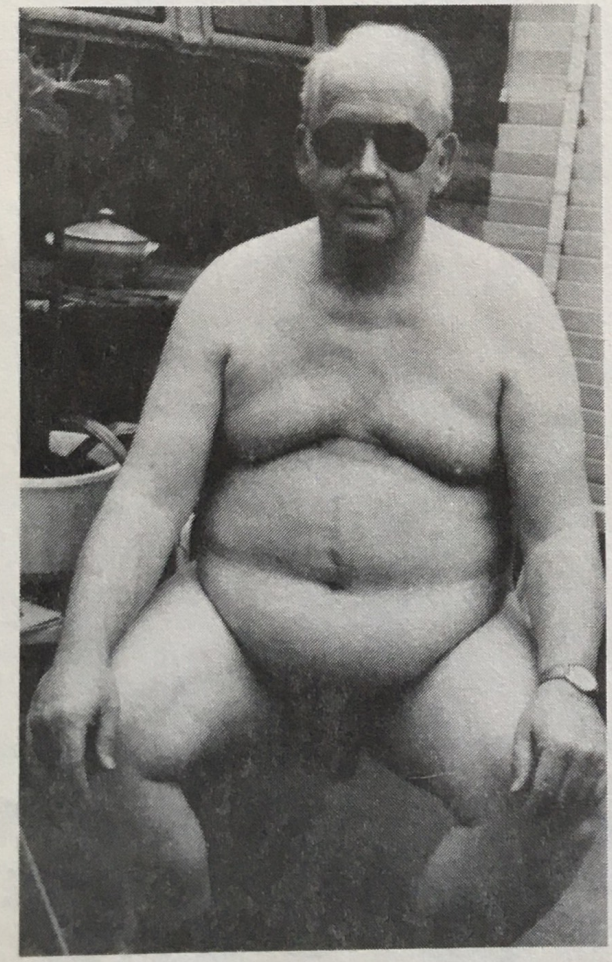
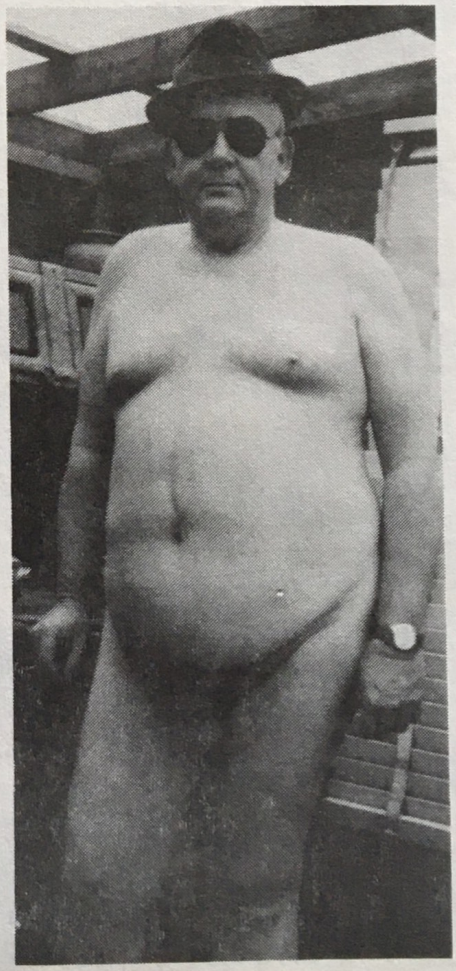
JAY AND JOHN WAYNE....photos by John Wayne







GUMSHOE SHOE SHINE
DAILY STAR

CIRCLE OF SEX

by XYLOPHANG

No, not as in "daisy chain." This circle of sex is a theory which attempts to explain why people have different sexual preferences. The late astrologer/ sexologist, Gavin Arthur, wrote a book called *CIRCLE OF SEX*, which is now out of print. In it, he created a wheel with 12 separate sexual orientations--6 for men and 6 for women. He proposed that all of us fit somewhere within that wheel--some of us squarely inside one of the categories and some of us within the blur between two categories. Think of a color wheel which subtly changes from yellow to chartreuse to green to aquamarine to blue and on, and you can see what three basic colors--yellow, blue and red--can produce. Arthur's wheel is similar, only its basic colors are homosexual and heterosexual.

Blanche M. Baker writes in the prologue to *THE CIRCLE OF SEX:*

"It is regrettable that all too many people think of sex in terms of absolute dichotomy: men are male and women are female. Yet it takes very little observation to perceive that every person is a mixture of maleness and femaleness....Nature does not deal strictly with black and white, for in between them spread all the colors of the rainbow."

Unfortunately, few "straights" are aware of this spectrum of sexual "colors" because most homosexual activity is done clandestinely. The "mind police" would have us all believe that 99% of the world population is wholly and wholesomely heterosexual, and that the other 1% consists of a diseased network (coven?) of gays, lesbians, bisexuals, pedophiles, necrophiles, scatophiles, transvestites and foot fetishists. Incredibly, even homosexuals believe this bullshit.

Personally, I agree with Arthur and believe that all humans are equally distributed along the wheel either by some master design or evolution. I also believe that neither side of the fence can see the situation clearly. The average housewife in Peoria sees heterosexuality everywhere and thinks that all us "deviates" are confined to ghettos in San Francisco, West Hollywood and New York's West Village. The average urban gay male sees homosexuality everywhere. He thinks that all men are basically gay but haven't the guts to come out. And I can understand why he thinks this. During the early eighties, I couldn't believe the number of construction workers, cowboys and assorted other non-gay types that stopped off at the video arcades across the country between 10 am and noon. You'd never see these guys in bars or baths--just the arcades, where sex was easy and uncomplicated and done through an impersonal hole. Many times I overheard gay men say, "My God the whole world's come out." But it was obvious to me that it was much easier for these butch types to get a discreet blow job in an arcade rather than get involved with a female prostitute.

I've taken Arthur's circle a step further. Picture a circle divided into 360 little pie slices--the top 180 degrees men and the bottom 180 women--with zero degrees (0% homosexual, 100% heterosexual) on the left, 90 degrees (50% heterosexual, 50% homosexual) at the top and 180 degrees (100% homosexual, 0% heterosexual) on the right. I've located myself at about 170-180 degrees and a true bisexual at 90 degrees. A pure heterosexual would be at zero degrees.

My version of the theory is as follows:

ZERO TO 30 DEGREES - Includes 100% to 84% heterosexual types. There is very little chance of homosexual activity in the upper percentage of this segment. These guys --some quite effeminate-- idolize women and are often in the exclusive company of women. Some of the greatest cunnilingus masters in history have been from this group.

Those closer to 30 degrees would have to be stranded on a desert island for a year in order to accept seduction by a man. Seductions of these types are rare indeed because their body language is emphatic relative to sexual preference. Nothing nebulous here. Contrary to popular belief, many of this category are not that homophobic and have been known to platonically befriend an occasional homosexual--usually effeminate and obvious. They're apparently sure of their sexual identity and have nothing to suppress.

31 TO 60 DEGREES - Includes 83% to 67% heterosexual types. Men nearer 31 degrees would have to be pretty desperate or intoxicated to have sex with a man. Often, these men react in a hostile manner after climax, especially if they've been conditioned to hold homosexual activity in contempt. Perhaps they have this irrational fear of turning gay. If society were a little more relaxed and didn't drum the sexual bogy man into the brain of every child, these men could probably enjoy a nice change of pace with a man about once a year or so. Not so with today's stigma.

The more adventurous of the 60 degree boys include the men who came into the video arcades I described a few paragraphs up. These guys are perhaps a little less uptight about getting serviced by a man and will actively seek out a man in a park or arcade, provided they are hot enough and can't find a woman. Of course, they'd sooner kiss their horse or pickup than their homosexual French active partner. They offer only their load, followed closely by their contempt. Of course, with the advent of AIDS, many in this section opt for their hands and drink more.

61 TO 90 DEGREES - Includes 66% to 50% heterosexual. Near 61 degrees, we find more of the category above, only these guys are more into male bonding. They probably have some good male friends and may even feel more comfortable around men than women. Here, you find a lot of jocks, career military, cops, etc--those who work and intimately depend upon their peers. Occasionally, these macho "good buddy" relationships can include furtive sex--especially during hunting and fishing trips, or long periods away from home. Of course, neither man characterizes such sexual experiences as homosexual. Hell, they never even discuss it.

Closer to 90 degrees includes the true bisexuals, but, thanks to our homophobic society, there aren't nearly the amount of overtly bisexual men there should be. Consequently we end up with a huge population of men who suppress a vast amount of homosexual libido. And ask any psychiatrist what happens when the libido is suppressed.

91 TO 120 DEGREES - Includes 50% to 66% homosexual. Those near 91 degrees are almost identical to the above category, except these types probably allow themselves more sexual fantasizing about men. Perhaps the homosexual urge is just too strong and harder to suppress. They begin making objective decisions to occasionally make it with a man instead of doing it "accidentally." Throw these men in prison or send them off to war, and they temporarily turn homosexual with no problem.

When they're evolved and less suppressed, those men nearer 120 degrees are adept at juggling schedules and lying to suspicious wives about that friend who seems to show up the

minute wifey heads for work or catches a plane to see Mother. If society allowed us all to live our lives naturally, this type would probably not get married. They'd have both a male and female lover and insist that they were the "norm."

121 TO 150 DEGREES - Includes 67% to 83% homosexual. Those near 121 degrees are almost identical to the above category, except that they probably have to tell a few more lies because of more homosexual activity. These men have more difficulty keeping a lid on their desires. Thanks to our society's heterosexual conditioning, many of them end up getting married at an early age, yet have to struggle to maintain a sexual relationship with the wife. They've been known to feign impotence, religious experience or hypertension medication reaction to get out of their husbandly duties. But watch out when they arrive at their male lover's apartment with an erection that could choke a horse.

Those unfortunates nearer 150 degrees invariably get married or find a live-in girl friend because it is expected of them. These guys fuck their brains out with the boys, then force themselves to make it with the wife in order to ward off suspicion. Many of them turn completely homosexual upon the death of or divorce from their wives. If we could all be ourselves, these fellows would probably marry a man and have an occasional female lover on the side.

151 to 180 DEGREES - Includes 84% to 100% homosexual. Near 151, you find those men who take precautions about hiding their sexual identity. They might be at peace with their homosexuality, but they choose not to (or cannot) admit it to those around them. These men probably date women for show and even have sex with women to ward off suspicion.

Near 170 we find people who cease taking great pains in hiding their proclivities, yet don't flaunt their sexuality in public. They rarely have sex with women. Many of them are into permanent relationships with other men and live a little more cautiously than those nearer the last slice.

The 180 degree boys have rare to no sexual contact with females and many adopt an affected manner of demeanor or speech, which identifies them as "gay." Unfortunately, these are the only homosexuals the predominantly heterosexual population sees.

Obviously, we men aren't bunched up in the first and last segments; we're equally distributed throughout the circle. The problem is that we're forced to adopt one of only two images. If we're naturally more homosexual than heterosexual and finally get enough guts to reject the straight image, then we must contend with the gay mainstream, which insists that we all become politically correct and come out to the world. If only we were allowed to develop naturally.

Unfortunately, we aren't; all of us are victims of pressure from family, religion and government all our lives. Those who develop naturally and arrive at peace with themselves are very lucky. But what about the ones not so lucky? What does this pressure do to those who can't break away and be their own man? How much alcoholism, stress, disease and mental anguish is caused by this stunting of the natural process? How about wife, child or drug abuse?

Imagine if you will what the world would be like if homosexuality were encouraged. Less divorce, less abortions, less population, less self-destruction.... more men to choose from.

The housewife in Peoria just fainted.

****

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PRESTON

by

P.H. COLLEY

Preston slowly stirred his coffee and gazed at the day's date on his kitchen calendar. He thought fondly of the same date the previous year. Taylor and Reggie had tricked him into believing that he was being taken to dinner at a fancy restaurant, but drove him to a house in Hollywood Hills instead. Taylor had convinced Preston that they were stopping off to feed the cat of a friend traveling in Europe and would be delayed only a minute. As they entered the house, the lights came on and 60 friends and acquaintances yelled, "Happy Birthday, Preston!"

Blowing across his cup of coffee, he felt the pain of missing Reggie, who was now living happily with a retired Army sergeant in Tucson. A feeling of grief wafted over him as he allowed the image of Taylor into his mind. Taylor had died of AIDS two months ago. And then, there was his "ex-lover," Ronald, whose memory elicited a forlorned shake of the head. Reggie and Taylor had convinced him to drop Ronald and not allow him to move in. "He's just a cheap hustler who'll take everything he can get and leave you hanging," Taylor had said, countless times. "Why can't you fuck someone over twenty-five, Preston?" Reggie would say.

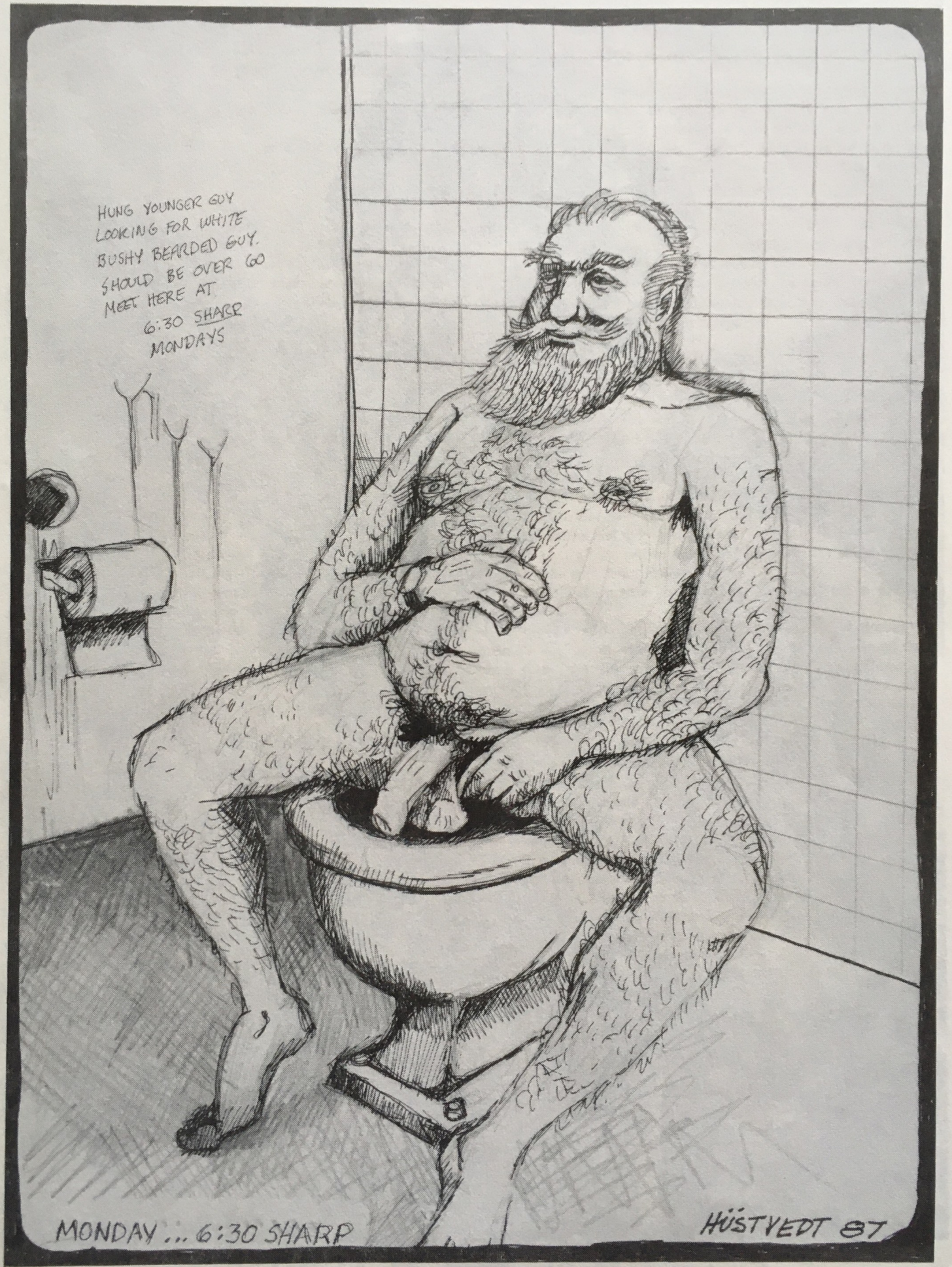
Today, Preston hit 57, but looked 47, thanks to his exercise program of aerobics and weight lifting at a West Hollywood gym. He had grey temples and ruddy, good looks, but he was shy. And, now that his two best friends were no longer around, it was easier to call up some "model" in the gay publications than go out and meet someone. Having spent too many evenings being ignored by all the young clones, he had given up the bars long ago.

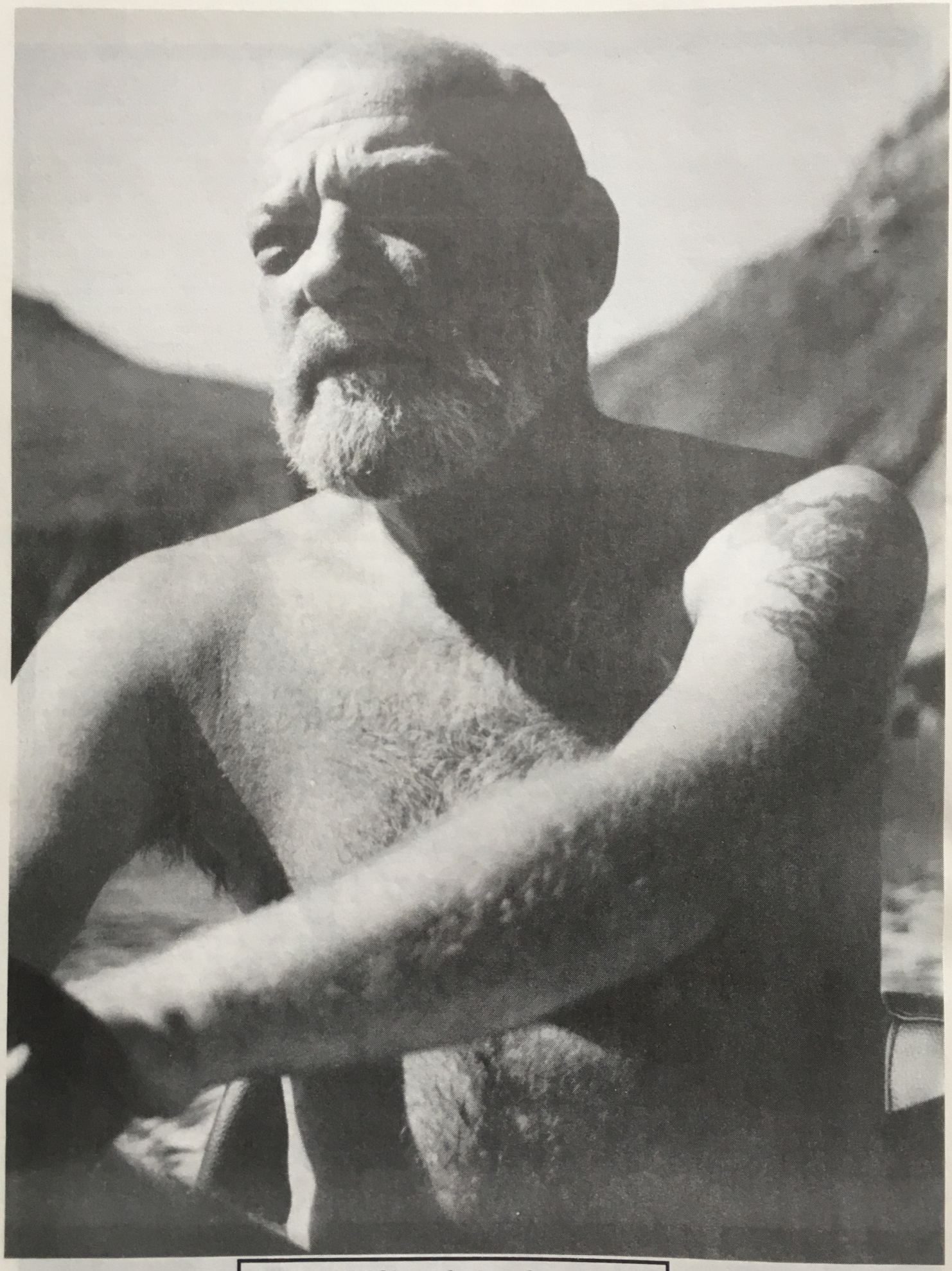
Resigned to being alone on his birthday, he dressed and drove to his dental offices near U.C.L.A. He was an oral surgeon and shared facilities with two associates, both of whom were in trouble with the state board. One lost a patient when he failed to monitor vital signs during "twilight sleep" anesthesia. The other pulled the wrong four teeth on a lawyer. Many times, Preston seriously considered going back to a one man office, but knew he couldn't afford it.

Having handled a seemingly endless line of patients for over seven hours, he left the offices at 4:00 p.m. and began the trip back home. Santa Monica Boulevard was congested, as usual, and there were the usual bottlenecks in Beverly Hills. In West Hollywood, the traffic began to move faster and the scenery became more interesting .

He loved young, well-built men and they were legion in West Hollywood. It was a source of anxiety for him as he drove by one after the other. A powerful feeling of lust seemed to billow from his groin and he drove slightly faster than normal. Sensing the start of a powerful erection, he drove up the steep, secluded driveway to his house, which was not visible from the street. He became intent upon masturbating with the fresh image of a young man he saw four blocks back.

Disarming his security system and entering the swank, hillside home, he threw his coat and tie onto a couch, followed quickly by his shoes, socks and trousers. His shirt half unbuttoned, he rushed into his bedroom, just as the door bell rang. Frowning, he went back to the living room and looked out the front window, but could only make out a pair of bare feet. Slowly opening the door, he came face to face with a nude,


HUNG YOUNGER GUY
LOOKING FOR WHITE
BUSHY BEARDED GUY.
SHOULD BE OVER 60
MEET HERE AT
6:30 SHARP
MONDAYS
MONDAY ... 6:30 SHARP
HÜSTVEDT 87



BOB (NYC)....photo by Critter

muscular young man with a banner around his chest. The banner said, "Happy Birthday, Preston."

"Happy Birthday, Big Daddy," sang the young man.

Preston's mouth was agape and his eyes darted back and forth, trying to find out where the others were. He laughed nervously. "Oh, my God," he finally said, feeling increasingly giddy. "Who.....?"

"I'm not supposed to tell," said the young man. "I'm just supposed to be your birthday present."

"Uhhh....."

"I'm yours for the evening."

Preston surveyed the young man and marveled at his powerful physique. He was well over six feet tall and had short, blond hair with sea blue eyes. Preston guessed that he was no more than 22 or 23 and weighed in at well over 220 pounds. The young man's cock was long, thick and semi-erect.

Preston's mind raced. The young man wasted no time in playfully pushing him into the living room, finally kneeling in front of him and pulling down his shorts. As Preston gasped and sucked in a huge quantity of air, the young man went down on him.

The blond sucked masterfully and Preston began to shake wildly, finally crying out in anguish as he began to ejaculate much too quickly. Preston watched as the young man stopped sucking, directing the boiling stream of cum to the carpet. He saw stars and staggered to the bedroom, where he fell onto the bed. As his pounding heart began to slow somewhat, he wondered who was behind this wonderful present. He grinned, half expecting Reggie and his Army sergeant to come barging out of the closet, yelling, "Surprise!"

"Reggie! Reggie, where in the fuck are you, you queen!" he yelled, laughing. He looked at the young man, who had fetched his clothing from the front porch and was getting back into them near the bed. He studied the young man's expression, which had completely reversed. "It *was* Reggie, wasn't it? Who.....?"

"How much money do you keep around the house?" He said it casually and softly.

Preston stared at him and wondered if he had heard him correctly. "Pardon me?"

"Any more where these came from?" asked the young man, holding up two diamond rings.

"Oh, my God," mumbled Preston, looking into the young man's ice cold eyes. He saw a callousness in the blond's gaze, sensed a heinous evil radiating from him. "How did you know about my birthday?"

The young man lifted a revolver, pointing it at Preston. "Where is the gem collection?"

Preston felt dizzy and wondered if he would pass out. "What gem collection?"

The revolver glistened in the half-light of the bedroom.

"Don't fuck with me, man," he growled, pulling the hammer back on the revolver, causing Preston to jump.

"It's in the bank vault."

"You're lying, cocksucker."

Preston felt sweat beads accumulating on his brow. "If I tell you where it is, will you leave me alone?"

The young man laughed and walked briskly toward him. "You dumb fuck! Now I know it's in the fucking house." He abruptly punched Preston in the face, stunning him into semi-consciousness.

Preston felt himself being strangled and an aura of madness seemed to envelope him. Instead of panicking, he began to think of seemingly incongruous things, like a scene from THE GODFATHER. An eternity seemed to pass and, for some reason, he remembered how graphically the movie depicted death by the garrotte. As if urged on my some guardian angel, he defecated in his underwear, rolled his eyes up, and let himself go limp.

Only after he heard the front door close several minutes later, did Preston dare to open his eyes. He was paralyzed otherwise and seriously considered that he had indeed died. Suddenly, he began to tremble. Finally slipping to the floor, he crawled to the window and watched as the young man walked halfway down the driveway to a familiar parked car. He carried a pillow case filled with what Preston assumed was over $20,000 worth of jewelry and gemstones he had collected over the years. He strained to recognize the man behind the wheel, but the sun was too bright and reflected off the windshield.

Cleaning and composing himself, he called the police. Several minutes later, two bored-looking detectives showed up to take his statement and make out a report.

After talking on the telephone for an hour with Reggie, he began to wonder if his hustler ex-lover had planned the whole thing. Reggie reminded him of the fact that others had accused Ronald of beating up an older gay man in San Diego. Strangely, Preston had not told the police about Ronald.

Sitting by himself in the darkness, he began to realize that, if Ronald was indeed behind his near demise, the two would soon find out that he was not dead and come back to try again. He knew that he had only two choices:

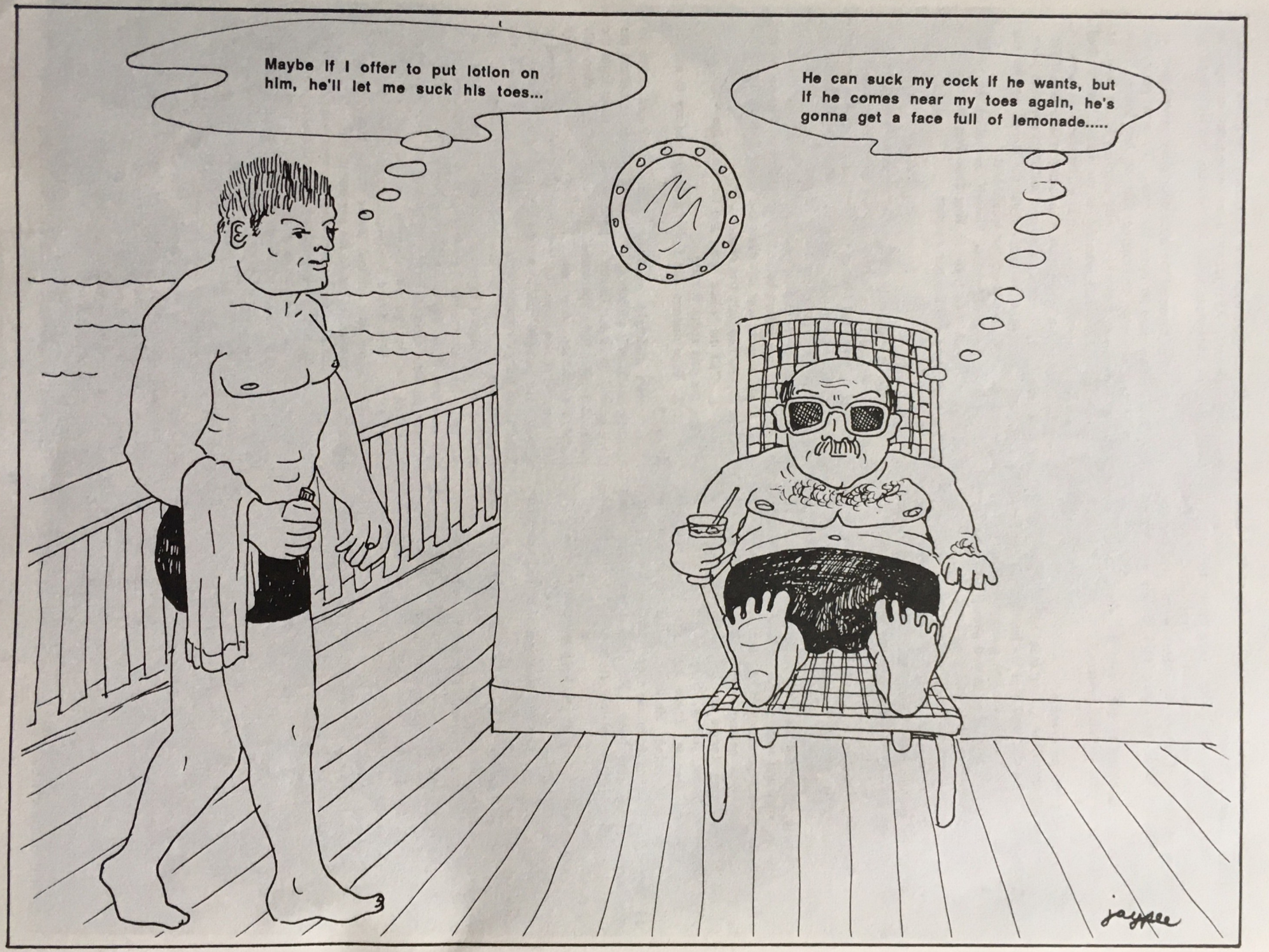
1. Call the police again and tell them the whole story, including the part about Ronald.

2. Take matters into his own hands and try to get the jewelry back.

Near midnight, he made up his mind and drove to Ronald's last known address in Hollywood. He drove around the block several times and finally stopped across the street from the darkened second floor apartment. He wondered if it were still Ronald's apartment. After all, it had been months. "Probably out trying to find a fence for gemstones," whispered Preston to himself. He thought back over all the things he had shared with Ronald and things became clear. Obviously, it was Ronald who masterminded it all, he thought. But, then, there were things that Ronald had shared in return, like the fact that a spare key was under the welcome mat. He was amazed that he wasn't afraid and wondered if the ingredient keeping him so brave was hatred. Without thinking about it further or having any plan whatsoever, he parked the car two blocks away, so that Ronald wouldn't likely see it. With fierce determination, he strode back to the apartment building and, without losing stride, brazenly used the key under the mat to get inside the apartment.

He stood inside the door until his eyes were completely dilated, then searched the apartment in the darkness. On top of the refrigerator, he found a flashlight, which he used to search the back bedroom. Scattered across the top of a dresser were all but two of his rings and all of the gemstones, except his true red, 3.4 carat, Burmese ruby. He sighed and scooped up the jewelry and gemstones, placing them inside his pockets.

In a bathroom, he found a plastic bottle of a prescription drug he immediately recognized as a strong amphetamine, along with a package of disposable syringes and crack smoking paraphernalia. In a chest of drawers, he found a loaded .38 revolver; inside a closet, he found a loaded shotgun. As he stared at the weapons in his hands, however, the enormity of what he was doing finally hit him. He trembled with acute anxiety over being inside the apartment. "Call the cops," he whimpered to himself. "Where's the fucking phone?" He


Maybe if I offer to put lotion on him, he'll let me suck his toes...
He can suck my cock if he wants, but if he comes near my toes again, he's gonna get a face full of lemonade.....
jaypee

searched frantically for the telephone, finally finding it in the living room.

A car door slammed down on the street, followed by the sound of Ronald's voice. He looked for a back way out, but there was none. He looked down toward the street and watched as Ronald and the blond man stood on the curb, arguing with each other. Quickly, he dialed 911 on the telephone and watched as the two men began to make their way up the stairway. A woman answered on the other end and Preston's voice froze in fear of being heard through the open window. Silently, he hung up the phone and retreated into the bedroom.

From the darkness of the bedroom, he watched as the two men entered the apartment and turned on the living room light. He felt an alien emotion, seeing Ronald again. He was still as Preston remembered: a short, stocky Adonis, complete with sparkling, dishonest, green eyes, heavy tan and capped teeth. As before, Ronald's image made his groin churn.

"Aw, get fucked!" yelled the muscular one. "You ain't gonna get more than that for a goddamn ruby."

"Hey, man, I *know* what this shit is worth, you know?" said Ronald. "Preston told me that ruby was worth at *least* seven grand. And you wanted to dump it for two bills, man..... *You* get fucked!"

"You blew it, asshole!"

"You blow it out your ass," countered Ronald. "I know this jeweler in West L.A., man. He'll give it to us, man."

"You're dreamin', dude," said the muscular one, storming into the kitchen.

Preston's pulse raced; he reached for the shotgun, stuffing the .38 inside his belt. He watched Ronald start for the bedroom, then stop abruptly, spinning around.

"And I told you about the fucking gold chains on the chest of drawers," continued Ronald, "but no, you *forgot* !"

Preston suddenly remembered what Ronald had caused and felt enraged. He lifted the shotgun and aimed it at Ronald's head, his finger twitching on the trigger.

"Let's go back, then!" yelled the other man from the kitchen.

"*You* go back!" Ronald shook his head with disgust and continued into the bedroom, turning on the lights.

Preston had to smile as Ronald's face registered recognition. He could graphically see the facial color fade and knew that Ronald's brain was being deprived of blood. As Preston expected, Ronald fell into a chair in shock.

"I ain't goin' back there, motherfucker," continued the other man, still from the kitchen. "I'm gonna make me a sandwich and drink this beer."

Hearing a television set come on in the kitchen, Preston inched toward Ronald and relieved him of a pistol stuck inside his belt. He stuffed it inside his coat pocket and backed up toward the doorway to wait for the other man.

He heard the other man mumble something unintelligible and walk toward the bedroom. With a shaky hand, Preston turned off the light and stepped back into the shadows, keeping a wary eye on Ronald.

The muscular man turned on the lights and stood, staring at the muzzle of the shotgun with a huge piece of sandwich hanging from his mouth. One of his hands held what was left of the sandwich and the other grasped a can of beer. Quickly, Preston took his pistol as well and nodded toward the bed. The man quickly complied and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Okay, guys, say your prayers," said Preston, aiming the shotgun and pointing it at the muscular young man, who promptly vomited up what was in his gullet. He then pointed it at Ronald, who began to weep softly.

"Please, Press," he whined. "I didn't want you hurt."

"It was all his fucking idea!" countered the other.

"Take off you belt, Ron, and tie him up," ordered Preston, gesturing toward the man on the bed. "Face down on the floor.... *Now* !"

Ronald scurried to comply.

The other secured on the floor face down, Ronald slowly rose and sat stiffly in the chair, still whimpering. Preston inched backward toward the bathroom and pulled out a roll of adhesive tape he had seen during his previous search.

"Now, it's you're turn," said Preston, gesturing for him to lie on the floor like the blond.

Ronald obeyed.

"Now place your hands behind your back."

Preston cautiously approached Ronald and shoved the barrel of the shotgun into the back of his sweat-slick neck. With one hand, he started the tape around the clasped wrists, then put down the gun and wound the rest of it. Sure that the tape would hold, he checked the tightness of the belt around the blond's hands. He sighed and crawled to the opposite wall, where he sat, staring at the two frightened young men. "You got anything stronger than beer?"

"Huh?" said Ronald, dumbfounded.

"How about Scotch?"

"Uh, we uh... have some tequila in the pantry," said Ronald, at length.

"It's been a really bad day," said Preston.

The two young men glanced at one another as Preston walked into the kitchen and retrieved the bottle of tequila from a cabinet. On the kitchen table, he saw a huge bowl filled with pills and capsules in every shape, size and color. Nearby was an envelope, filled with a white substance he assumed was cocaine.

When he returned, the two men seemed even more apprehensive. Preston chuckled, then slid down the wall into a sitting position on the floor. He sipped tequila out of the bottle and studied them. "If you're wondering what I'm going to do with you, the answer is that I don't really know yet." He took a deep swig and sighed as the liquor burned downward into his stomach. "What I *do* know, however, is..." He laughed. "...that I sure as hell won't fuck with hustlers any more. What I'd like to know is *WHY* ? What'd I ever do to you to cause you to try to kill me? Jesus, I gave you everything."

"I'm sorry," sobbed Ronald. "Things just got tough, man. When you dropped me, I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. I couldn't get a job, man."

"Oh, bullshit!" shouted Preston. He nodded toward the kitchen. "You got a fucking *pound* of white shit in there, *four* guns, probably cash in the goddamn mattress and *twenty thousand dollars worth of MY money!"*

He glared at Ronald. "Even those goddamn capped teeth in your rancid mouth are mine, remember that? Huh? I paid for that!" He leaned the shotgun against the wall and looked into the bottle of tequila. He lifted the bottle and looked through it at Ronald, then the other man, then back to Ronald. "You sell the two rings?"

"Yes," whispered Ronald, swallowing hard.

"I almost gave you one of them, you know that?"

Ronald glanced up, then looked back into the carpeting.

"You almost had it all--*would have* if Reggie hadn't told me about that old man in San Diego you beat up." He took another sip. "Why didn't you beat *me* up? Huh?" He studied Ronald for several seconds, then suddenly kicked at Ronald's face, causing both prostrate men to flinch and whimper. "Why didn't *you* do the dirty work, instead of *this* asshole!" He succeeded in kicking the other man on the shoulder. The blond

flexed his muscles and his nostrils flared in rage. Preston countered by placing the shotgun barrel against his nose.

He studied them for several anxious moments, then a slightly mad look came to his face. Ronald saw this and became white faced again.

"Where is the ruby?" asked Preston, softly, menacingly.

"It's...it's in my left pocket," said Ronald, quickly.

Preston reached inside the pocket and pulled the ruby out, handling it gently and lovingly. He slipped it inside his own pocket and smiled. "Where do you keep the pliers?" he asked, after a long sigh of relief.

There was a period of silence as the two young men studied each other for a clue. "Pliers?" repeated the other man, flatly.

"Pliers.... You know, the little tool you pull things out with." He glared at Ronald. "....Like teeth."

Both men stared at him in bewilderment. Ronald moaned as the image of pliers against teeth sickened him.

"Okay, then," said Preston, smiling. "I'll just find me a pair."

Carrying the shotgun, he searched the apartment very carefully, occasionally returning to check on his prisoners.

In the kitchen, he found a pair of pliers in a drawer and stuffed them inside his coat pocket with the pistol. Returning to the bedroom, he surveyed the position of the two men and went into the bathroom, opening the medicine cabinet. "Who takes the speed? Good God, and what is this stuff?"

Neither young man spoke.

"Hey, Ronald, did you smoke crack when you were sucking my dick for profit?" He turned to gauge Ronald's reaction and smiled.

Ronald gazed into the carpet.

"You're friend here is a good cocksucker, too."

The other man regarded Preston coldly.

Preston closed the medicine cabinet and leaned against the doorway. "You hustlers are something, you know? I'll bet you don't even think that you're homosexual, for crissakes. Do you?" He waited for a response, which never came. "You fuckers will do anything for money. Shit, man, you maggots would suck a corpse's dick if you thought a quarter would ooze out."

Ronald squirmed uncomfortably.

"So, what's it like to snort cocaine, Ron? Hell, I'm in the mood to try a little bit, you know?"

Both men registered quizzical looks and glanced at each other.

"Go ahead and take a hit, man," offered the muscular blond.

Preston smiled vapidly. "How?"

"Uh..." began Ronald, suddenly sensing an end to the madness. "Roll up a dollar bill and pour some coke on the mirror there.. uh.. then you just sniff it up your nose."

Preston looked down at them with a playful smile. "You show me."

"Hey, man," said the muscular man. "I have to take a fuckin' leak, okay?"

Preston considered the request, then nodded. Holding the shotgun on him, he helped the man up and followed him into the bathroom.

Both stared at each other, then Preston realized that the man couldn't take out his own cock with his hands tied behind him. "Oh, sorry," apologized Preston, who quickly unzipped the man's fly and pulled out a long, thick cock. He stared hungrily at the cock as it expelled urine.

The man stared at him with a combination of fear, amusement and hatred. "Hey, it's yours, man. Be my fucking guest."

He finished urinating and Preston kneaded the cock of excess urine, feeling it swell in his hand. As he ambivalently gawked at it, the muscular man glanced toward Ronald, who was quietly struggling with his bonds.

Preston gestured for him to walk to the bed, which he did. The man appeared capable of kicking the ceiling, so he stayed clear of him. "Lie on the bed on your face."

The man complied and Preston quickly tied his ankles together with a belt from the closet. Slowly, he turned the man over onto his back and went down on the huge cock, which was growing flaccid rapidly. Preston looked at Ronald, who was watching with a helpless look, then allowed the cock to slip out of his mouth with a slurp. "You almost got hard in the bathroom." He chuckled. "Bet you thought you were about to kick my brains out, didn't you? Now, you can't and it's no fun, is it?"

"Why don't you just get it over with, huh?" growled the blond.

"What?" asked Preston, sweetly.

"Killing us."

"Shut the fuck up, Del!" yelled Ronald.

Preston looked back at Del in amusement. "Del? What an innocent sounding name." He laughed. "Boy, I'll bet your mother had no idea you'd turn out to be such a piece of shit."

Del's jaw tightened and his nostrils flared again.

"*I know* !" blurted Preston, startling Ronald. *"Let's get high* !" He jumped up and walked into the kitchen. He found a jigger in the cabinet and poured it half full of cocaine. He picked out four capsules he recognized as methamphetamine and emptied the capsules into the glass. He found two of pemoline and added that. "Triple speed," he mumbled to himself. "It'll blow their heads right off." Chuckling, he broke open several capsules of assorted central nervous system stimulants and poured them into the envelope of cocaine. He stirred it with his finger and set it aside. He then stirred the mixture of powder in the jigger with a toothpick and carried it into the bedroom. As he neared the entrance, he noticed that both men were struggling violently and had succeeded in slightly loosening their bonds. Both abruptly stopped as he entered.

He walked past them, surveyed the tape very carefully and went into the bathroom, placing the shotgun against the wall. He pulled out a dollar from his wallet, rolled it, then poured a small quantity of powder onto a mirror. "Like this, huh?" He placed one end of the bill into his nose and the other against the mirror, far away from the white substance. He sniffed twice, bringing only air into his nose, and looked at himself in the mirror. His face flushed due to the alcohol anyway, he pretended to feel a rush and shouted, "Jesus!"

Ronald and Dell stared at him, wondering if his strange behavior truly indicated a change or heart. Both allowed themselves to smile, cautiously.

"Whoowee! This shit is gooooooooood! Here, take a whiff of this." Preston widened his eyes and offered the mirror and rolled bill to Ronald by placing it on the floor in front of him. He knelt heavily in front of Ronald and placed the bill under his nose.

Ronald turned his head away. "Come on, Preston, let us up."

"Let you up?" Preston smiled at Del. "Shit, Delbert," he said in a derisive, twangy, hick accent. "Why didn't I think of that when you had your fat hands around my fucking throat? Hell, Delbert, if I'd *asked* you to let me up, you *would* have, wouldn't cha?"

"You're not a murderer, Press," said Ronald, becoming

IT AINT EASY, BEIN' A COCK.

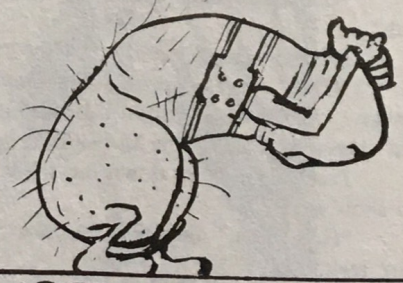
GOT A HEAD I CANT THINK WITH..

GOT AN EYE I CANT SEE WITH...

SPEND ALL MY TIME WITH A PAIR OF NUTS

MY NEAREST NEIGHBORS AN ASSHOLE

SPEND A LOT OF TIME HANGIN' UPSIDE DOWN



WORST IS MY OWNER BEATS ME ALL THE TIME.

1989 Gallagher

braver. "Come on, the game's over. Walk out before you get hurt."

Preston stared at him and slowly felt an overwhelming anger rising from his core. The feeling surged and gained momentum. Helplessly, he screamed savagely and lunged for Ronald. He turned him onto his back and sat on his chest, groping for the pliers. Grabbing Ronald's nose and upper lip, he pulled upward, exposing the capped teeth. He tried to position the pliers but Ronald struggled wildly. "Give me those teeth back, you little fucking creep!"

And then, Ronald began to cry like a beaten child.

Preston looked into Ronald's wet, red eyes and became swept back in time. He imagined that he could see Ronald when he was an innocent young boy and immediately knew that he couldn't hurt him. He knew that he could never hurt anyone, let alone kill.

Suddenly, he stood and felt a clamminess permeating his entire body.. His pulse began to race and he felt as if he were losing consciousness. His face drained of color and he ran from the apartment, gasping for breath. In the throes of a powerful panic reaction, he ran to his car and drove home.

Sitting in the darkness, he felt that he had slipped into the eye of a nightmare. Nothing around him seemed real. The weight of a monstrous anxiety pressed against him and he struggled to keep from hyperventilating. A phantom voice hissed over and over, "They're coming..... They're coming. Tape won't hold.... Tape won't hold."

Abruptly, he grabbed the phone and wondered what he would tell the police. "Think, Press, *think* ! No *time*, goddamnit!" But the images of questioning police and reporters and headlines assaulted him, pressuring him more. His eyes darted around the room, looking at nothing. Finally, they widened. "Anonymous. *Anonymous*," he whispered, dialing 911.

He heard a woman's voice and erupted in a staccato monolog about two men being tied up with tape and harboring a fortune in drugs at a certain address in Hollywood. Then he heard the familiar beep, which reminded him that his voice was being recorded. He disconnected and shook violently, wondering if he'd said enough.

Slowly, his trembling began to subside and he forced himself to breathe slowly and deeply. Feeling less anxious, he walked through the house, turning off all lights and making sure that all doors and windows were locked. He grabbed a huge knife in the kitchen and went back to a chair in the living room. From there, he could see the driveway in front.

He waited.

An hour passed and he noticed a faint magenta streak on the eastern horizon. Suddenly, the telephone rang, scaring him witless. He grabbed it on the second ring and held the receiver against his sweat-moistened ear. In the background, he could hear service station sounds, but nearer, there was the faint sound of breathing. A low, throaty chuckle came, followed by a click and a dial tone.

He quickly dialed Ronald's number.

On the first ring, an unfamiliar voice said, "Yo!"

"Uhhh..." studdered Preston.

"Yeah, Lieutenant. Thanks for calling me back. Uh, looks like we struck pay dirt over here...."

And, in the background, he heard, "Hey, Rizzo! Where you want this?"

"Just leave it there, Joey, for crissakes!....Excuse me, Lieutenant..... We got a closet full of stolen goods and the kitchen looks like a fucking pharmacy. One got away after he tried to waste his buddy--two in the back of the head, but he's still alive. A neighbor says that the other guy was screaming and shooting at everyone--sounds like he OD'd on PCP or speed .....Lieutenant?"

As Preston groped to place the receiver back on the cradle, he was assaulted by an overpowering feeling of remorse with an undercurrent of panic. He grasped the knife and stared out the window toward the driveway.

Minutes later, he heard the distant sound of sirens, which became louder and closer with each second. And then, somehow he knew. When the screaming tires preceding the sirens got very near, he got out of the chair and backed into the hallway to his bedroom. Beams of light bored into his sheer drapes and the sound of an angry car motor filled his ears.

As he ran to the back of his bedroom, a car crashed through the front of his house, sending bricks, wood pieces and millions of shards of glass into all directions. Fearful of being trapped by a fire, Preston ran to his front bedroom windows and regarded the car in the middle of his living room. His jaw dropped as he watched Del struggle to get out of the car. The man's face was gushing blood and his mangled hand held a pistol.

"MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRRR!!!" screamed Del, jumping free of the car and firing wildly and randomly again and again.

And then the sirens were all around the house and Preston heard a man yell, "Police! Drop the gun!"

A numbness overcame him as he watched Del spin around and point his pistol at the voice. Myriad popping sounds came and Del's body began to disintegrate. Just before he fell, he turned and looked squarely at Preston with glassy eyes. The image would leave an indelible memory.

Eight months later, Preston lazily stirred his coffee and gazed at the kitchen calendar. Soon, he would be 58 and it was time to think about retiring. It was time to take long cruises and enjoy life for a change. Stepping over unpacked moving boxes, he carried his coffee out to the terrace and took in an invigorating breath of sea air. Waves lapped softly at the beach below and two elderly women walked barefoot on the wet sand. Gulls circled overhead and the sun began to burn through the morning mist.

A telephone rang and he answered on a terrace extension. "Hello?"

"Preston.... Paul. Tried to reach you last night."

"Yes?" asked Preston, impatiently.

"You got temporary custody. We'll work on the rest."

"Thanks."

"You got it."

He smiled and sighed, slowly hanging up.

"Preston?" came an adolescent sounding voice from inside the house.

"Yeah, babe," said Preston, sticking his head through the sliding glass door. "You want to sit out here with me?"

"Yeah."

Preston opened the sliding door wider and a much thinner Ronald slowly rolled his wheel chair out onto the terrace. His eyelids drooped and he appeared retarded, but his smile was still winning. In the place of the hard young hustler was an innocent boy inside an atrophied man's body.

Preston sat next to him and patted his hand. "Looking good, kid. Want to try to walk on the beach today?"

Ronald smiled broadly and looked down at the beach.

"Just a little bit each day, Tiger. Okay? Got to get some weight on those bones."

"Yeah," said Ronald, with a small, child-like voice.

"And maybe, in a couple of months, we can go on a little vacation. You want to go on a vacation?"

"Sure, Preston." Ronald placed his arms around Preston and hugged him.

Preston looked into the innocent, green eyes and hugged Ronald back. "You remember Reggie?"

"Reggie?" A blank look came to his face.

"He and his friend are coming from Tucson to stay for the weekend. You don't remember him?"

Ronald shook his head, confused.

"That's all right," said Preston, gently mussing Ronald's newly grown hair, careful not to press against the healing tissue from Ronald's third surgery since the shooting.

Ronald wheeled himself to the railing, fascinated by the sudden appearance of a jogger with two golden retrievers running beside him.

"He'll sure as hell remember you, though," Preston mumbled. "He'll shit a brick."

STEVE
by THE FRIAR

My lover and I got the news that our deranged, demented, practical joker best friend, Steve, had barely survived routine-turned--complicated surgery for appendicitis. We rushed to the hospital but were told that he was in bad shape and couldn't be disturbed. A couple of days later, we were finally allowed in for a brief visit. In hushed silence we stood at his bedside and watched as he stirred and awakened. Tears welled in both our eyes as he recognized us and reached out.

In a weak voice, he said, " They won't let me see my baby."

****

THE POETRY OF MATT GORDON

DECEPTIONS, OLD AND NEW

Old lies wither,
poison lost
in love's sweet balm.

New deceptions
cut deep.
Loose streams of pain
that flood the spirit
with fresh agony.

MORNING LIGHT

Morning light
falls soft across your face.
Warm with sleep
and love,
I turn to you,
would enfold you,
hold you close.
But dare not
lest you wake
from another fitful night.

I gaze
and wonder
if you know
how much I love you.
Wonder, too,
that I still love.

Sadness grips me,
dark tentacles
in icy water
pull me deeper
into pain
for what is lost.

IT OUGHT TO HURT

It ought to hurt
to know,
once more,
I'm not enough.

Of course,
I never was.
Just thought I could be.

Believed,
when you said
you always wanted to give yourself
to *one* person.

Foolish,
wasn't I?
Downright mad!

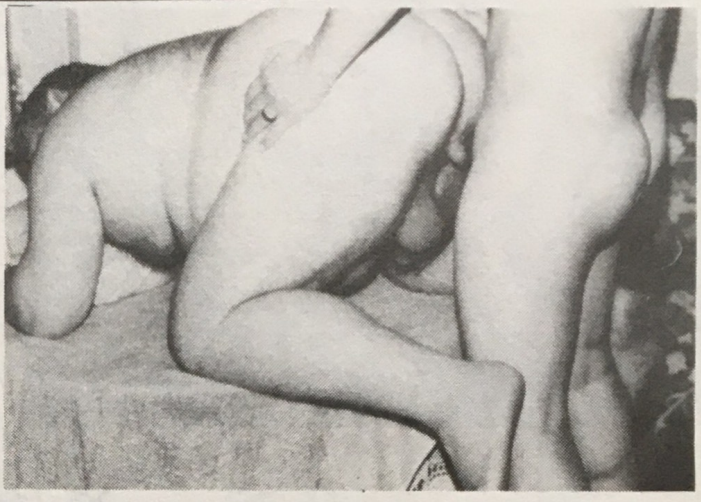
Now I know.
In truth,
have known.
Kept pushing it away,
hoping.....

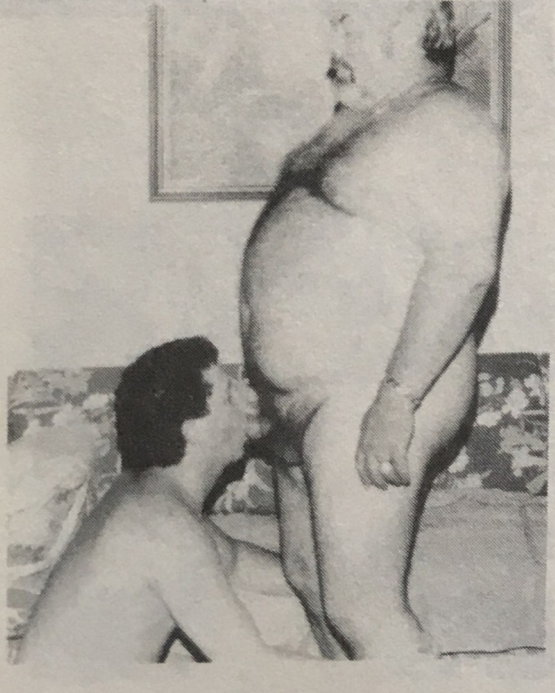
Funny,
the hurting's over.
The pain that tore my gut
a year ago.
It's gone.

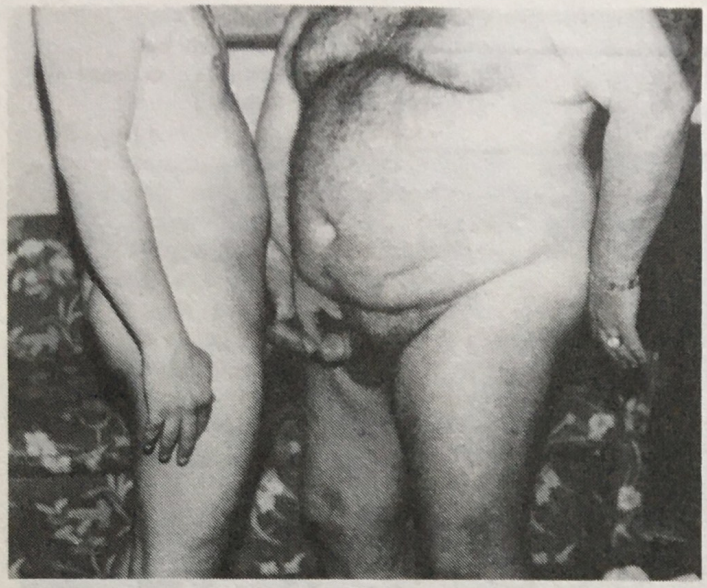
I don't know why.
I only know
I'm cold inside.

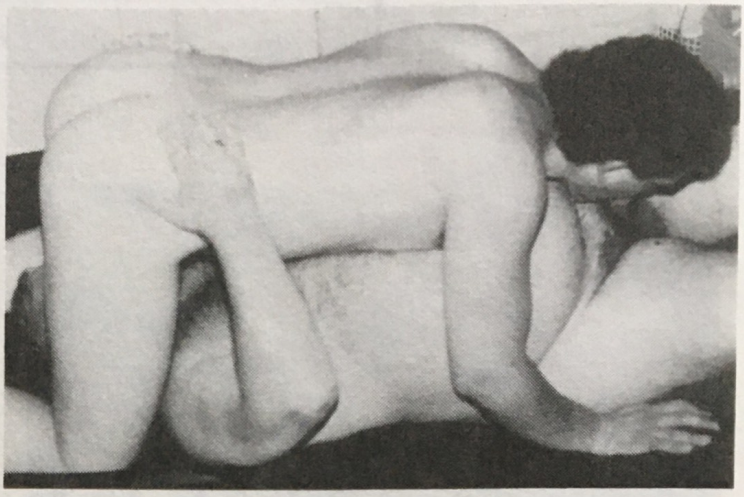
BOB AND MO FROM DOWN UNDER

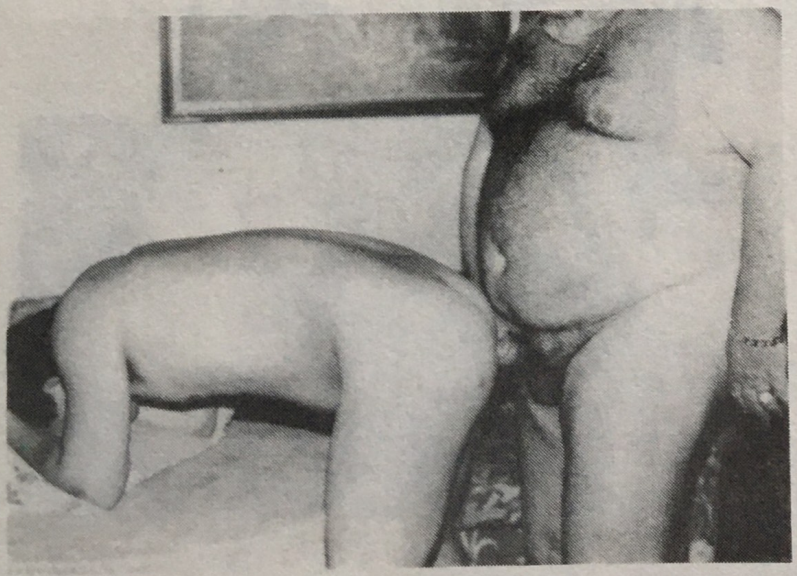
....photos by Pixie

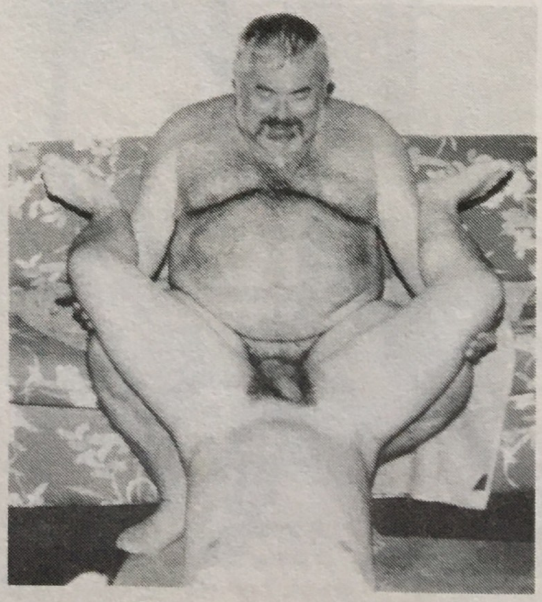






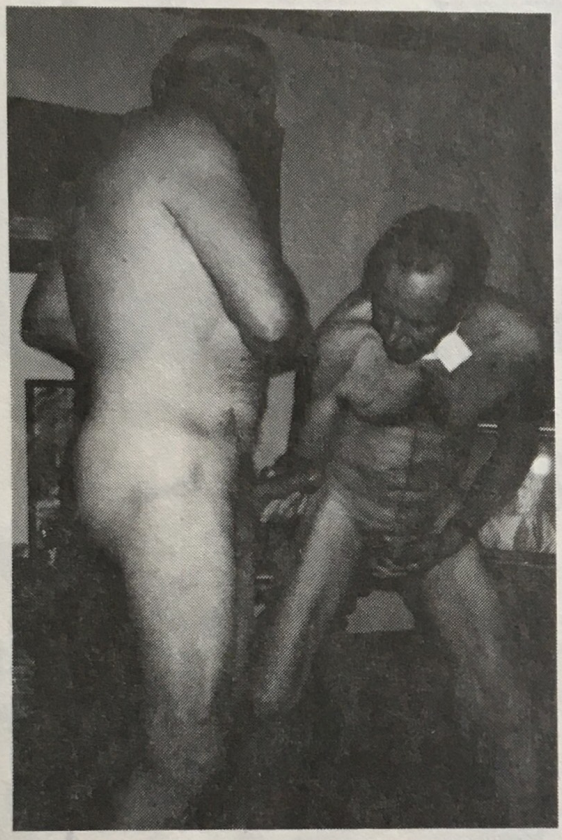


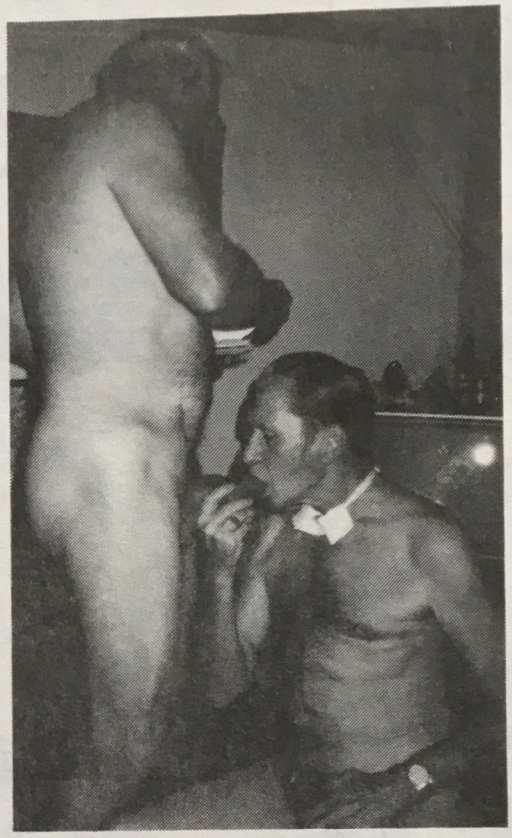


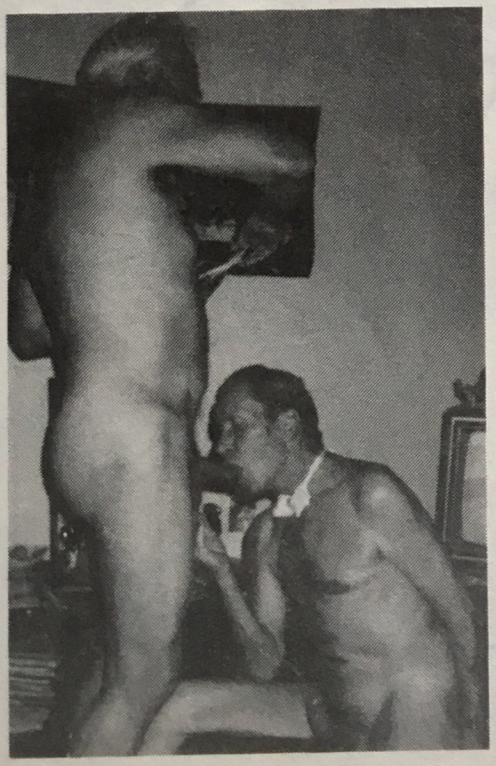


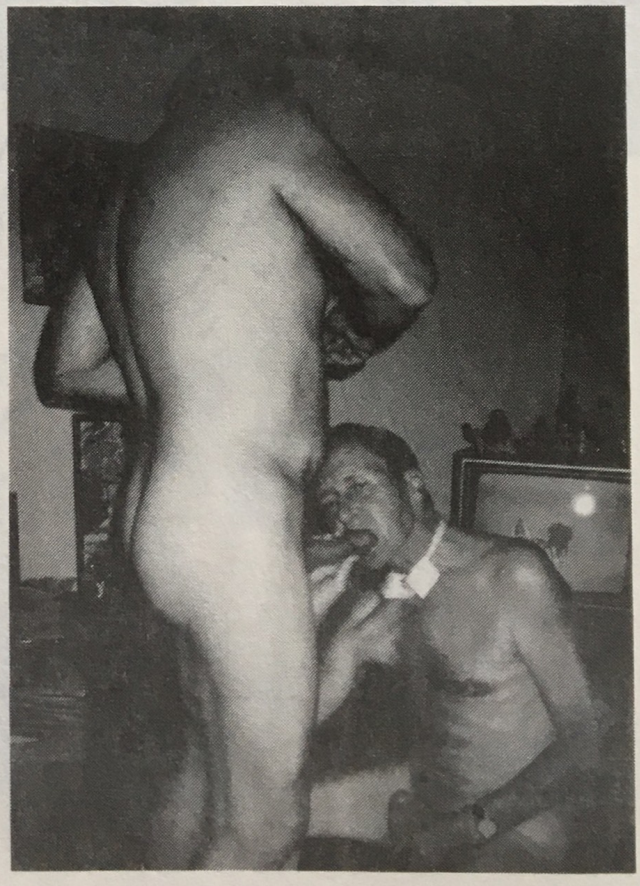
WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, SOMETIMES....
SPLURT!
jaypee

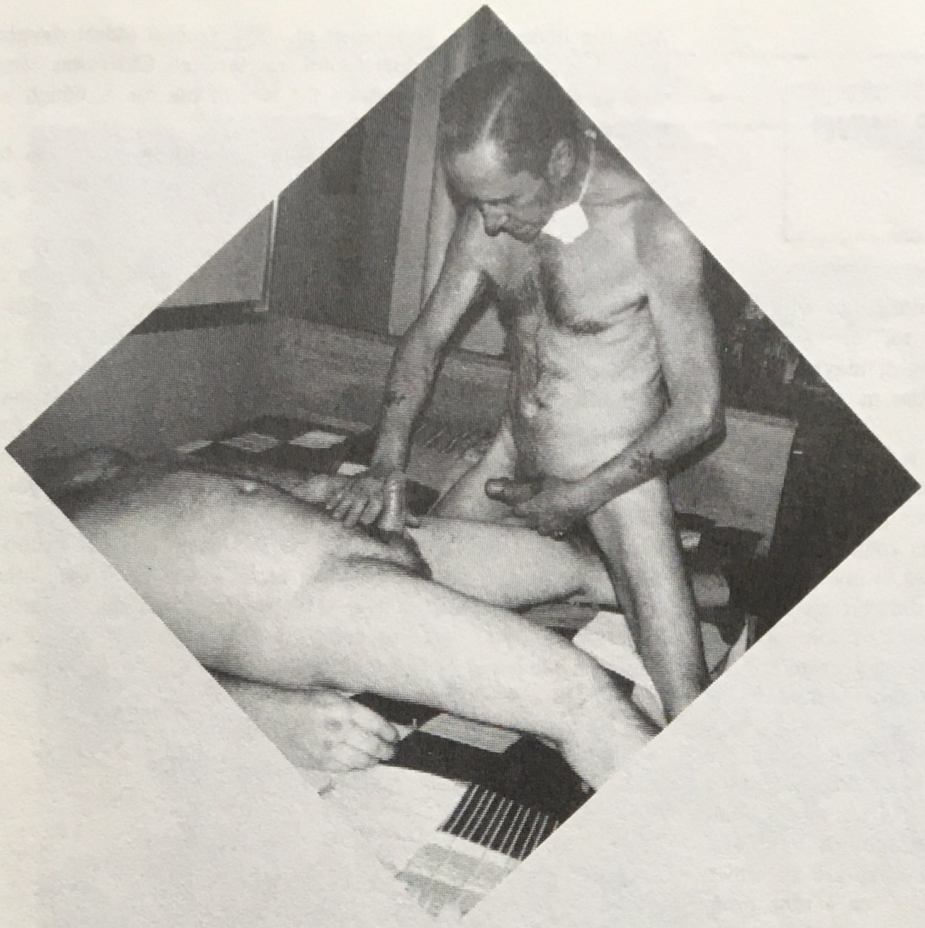
SONNY AND FRIENDS....photos by Donnie

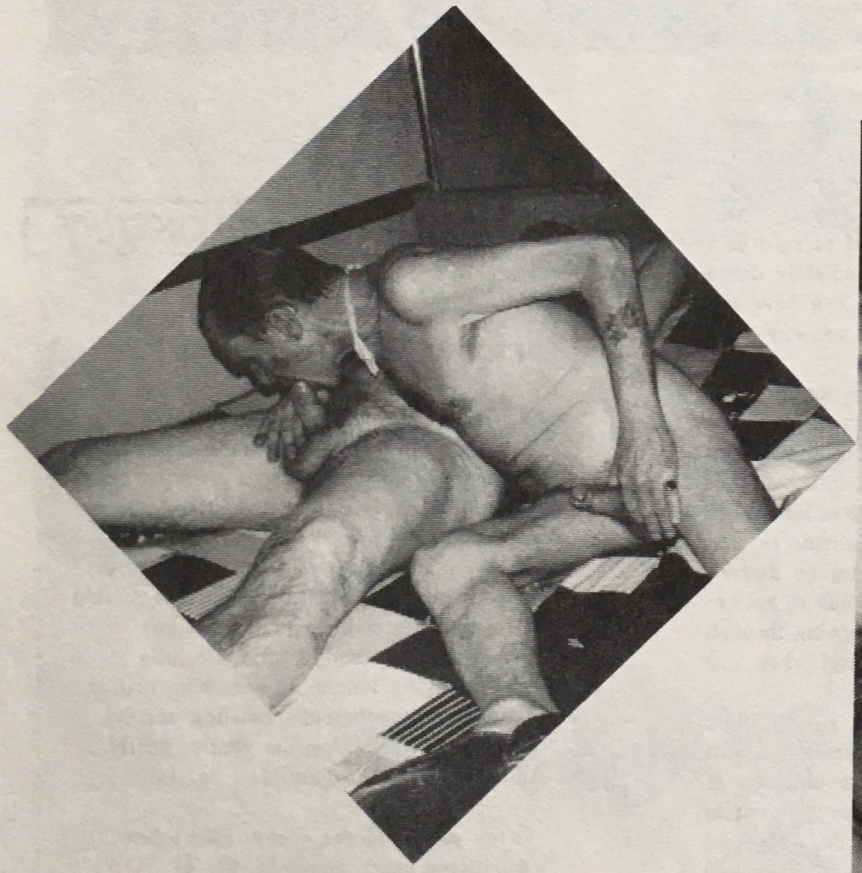


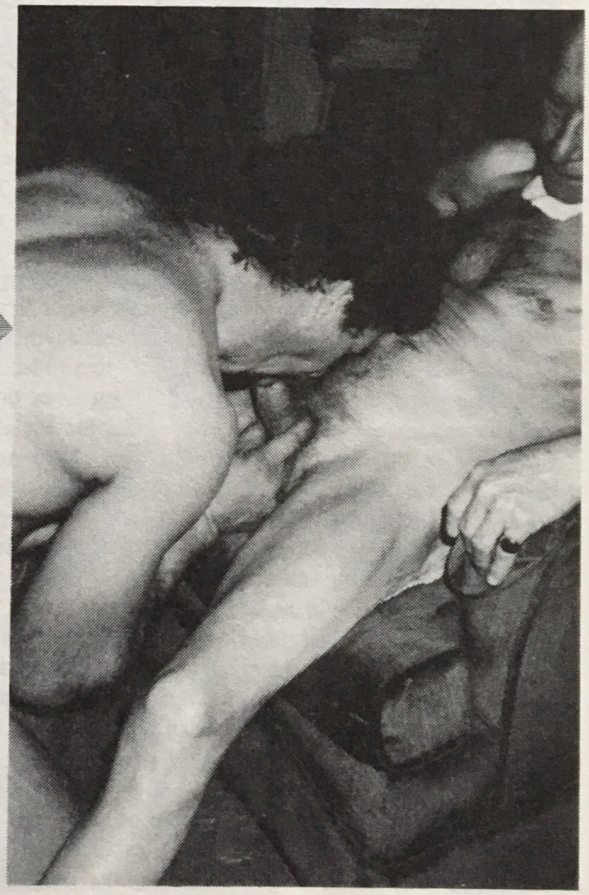












AGE IS A STATE OF MIND
an essay by JANUS FROST

Has anyone ever said to you, "Come live with me?" And did you say, "Yes, of course, I'd love to," or "Why not?" Or did you have to give it a second thought, maybe third or fourth, and the more you dwelled on it the more you faced indecision?

I am 65 and moved from New York State to a farm in Minnesota last October. I corresponded via mail and telephone with my present roommate and in September took my vacation in Minnesota. I liked what I saw: him, the country, the setup. So I went back to New York State and retired in mid-October. I got rid of my house, sold the furniture I didn't want to bring with me, had a household sale, sent out change of address cards to relatives and friends and made other necessary changes with the utility companies, the bank, my insurance company and Social Security.

Many times I heard, "Oh, how can you make such a move at your age?" or "I certainly give you credit for making such a drastic move at your age." I heard the phrase "at your age" so often I wanted to puke. Believe me, age has nothing to do with it. I am a widower and my five children are all grown and on their own. I had nothing to hold me but a nine room house and I was lonely. Sure, I had friends, but you don't come home to friends. You come home to an empty house. And with the increase of crime, even in my small city, I was sometimes afraid to be alone at night, or to be away during the day at work. I've heard that some burglars case a house and get to know your habits so they can break in during the day when you're working.

As an only child I learned never to be bored, but loneliness can be much more devastating than boredom. And eating alone isn't fun, either. Even though I tried to read as I ate, I found myself eating too fast and then immediately doing the dishes. I thought: *Hey, what's your hurry? You have the whole evening ahead to watch the boob tube so why rush through dishes?* But yet I did.

I had one very dear friend and we would go for coffee to a local restaurant several nights a week about 9 pm. We not only went for coffee but to see if there was anything new. Even if there was, they seldom looked at us: two older men, one tall and skinny and the other fat and bald. But other than him, there weren't any men breaking my door down for socializing or sex, so what reason did I have to rush through dinner or dishes? Because I was alone, my time was my own and I had to answer to no one. It got to the point I was like a robot, going through these daily chores with no feeling or purpose. And when you live alone, how dirty can a house get?

I am an avid reader, but one can't read all the time. Many times I watched television without really seeing it, just for the noise it provided. I never sought solace in sleep as some people do. I was always a night owl and never went to bed early just because there was nothing else to do. My two children in town stopped in a few times a week but they had their own lives. The other ones called or wrote maybe once a month. I didn't feel rejected by them because they respected my privacy and I respected their new roles in life. Nor did I ever tell them how lonely I was. I only came out with that to my eldest daughter when she asked why I was moving so far away. And she understood, or seemed to. My second eldest daughter knew I was gay and I just found out through Christmas letters they all knew and thought none the less of me for it, which was a great relief to me.

So, if someone says, "Come live with me" and you feel he's the right person for you, don't hesitate too long before you make your decision. Just remember, AGE has nothing to do with it. Just because we're over fifty doesn't mean we can't think and act on our own. We have all our faculties and are more responsible than many younger men. With age is wisdom and insight, so be wise and look forward to the rest of your life with happiness with someone of similar interest as yours. My roommate is 46 and he makes me feel younger. We have many similar interests but enough different interests that we learn from each other. He works a full time job and I take care of things around the house and enjoy the farm chores twice as much because I am helping someone else. It gives my life purpose and meaning. Just remember, sex is secondary. It is a beautiful thing for two men to care for each other and to need each other, to share these feelings in the bedroom, kitchen, garden, wherever. If you care for each other, no matter what the age gap, being together is the main ingredient for your happiness.

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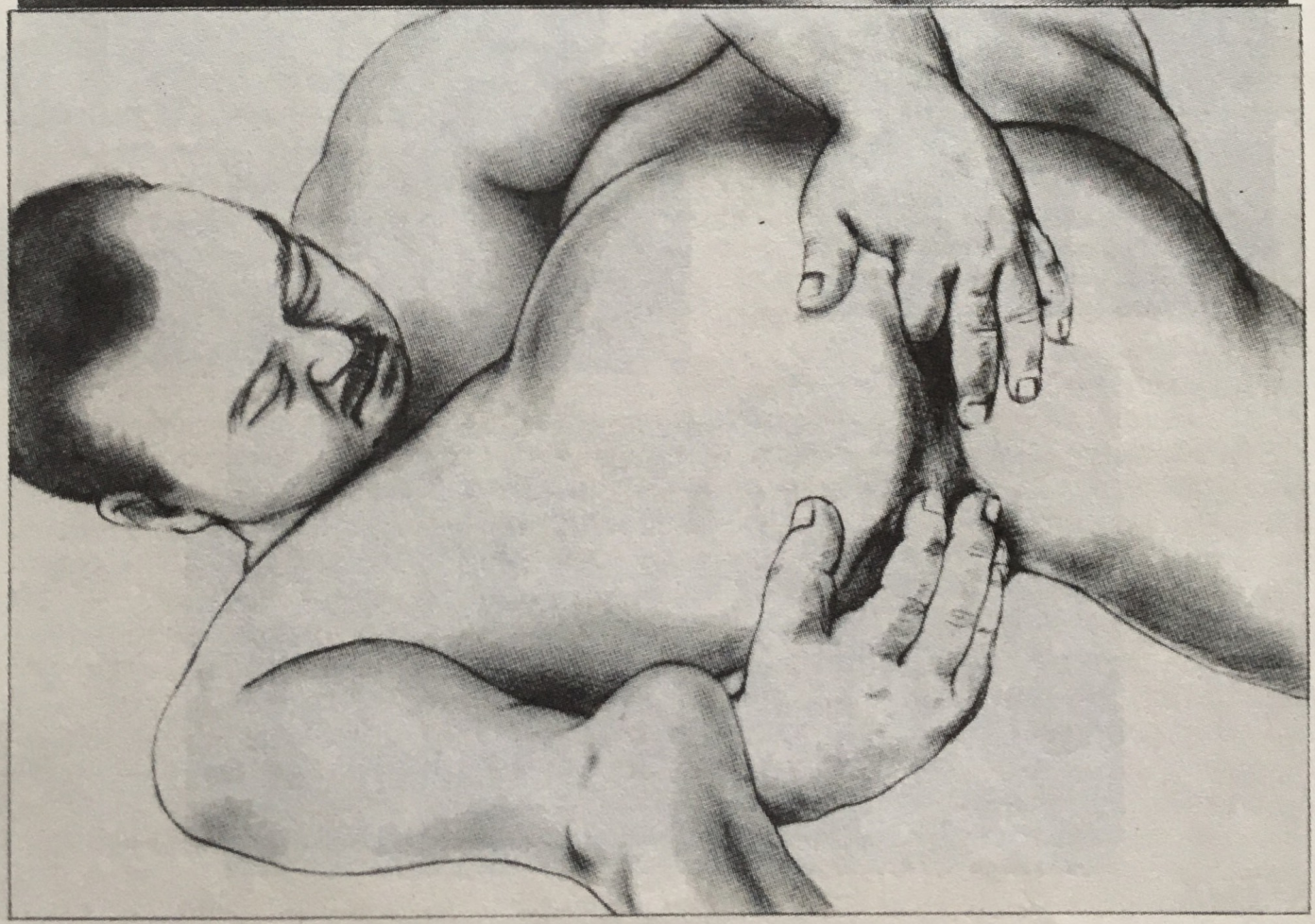
THE POETRY OF LARRY KERNE

PERSISTENCE OF IMAGES #2

Come, my friend, let us walk again upon
The paths well-trodden by the both of us
Within these darting years, a-greening all,
Like some sweet mem'ry of a thousand springs,
Sweet years to taste and savor--thirty-one--
Of love continuous. Now you shall tread
Yet once again these longing pathways mark'd
By sweaty rivulets (it may be so)
Amongst my body's aromatic hills,
Where plunging tongue and clasping orifice
Foretell embroachment's swirling ecstasy.
Now your hunger takes me gently, gently...
And gently once again...lasting...lasting.

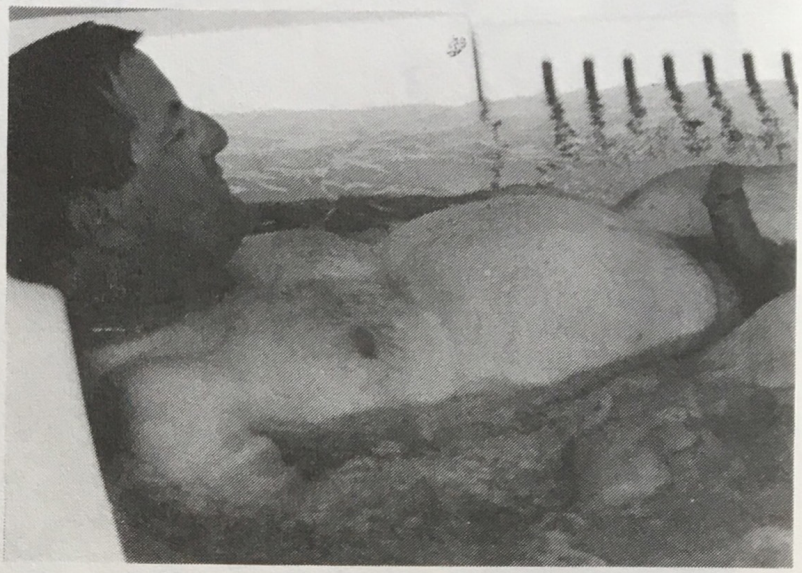
O my path-explorer, please take a bow.
Unchartered paths remain for us. O WOW!

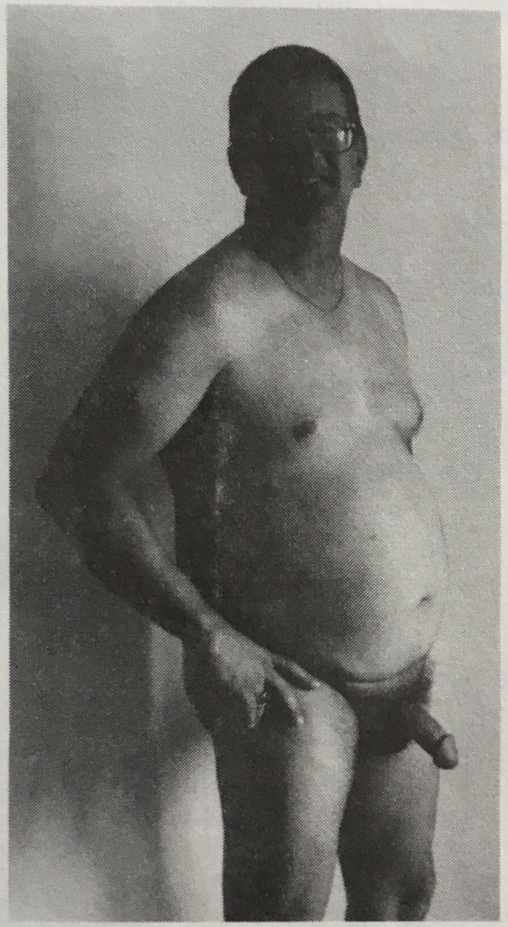
HOT STUFF FROM JAPAN'S SAMSON MAGAZINE

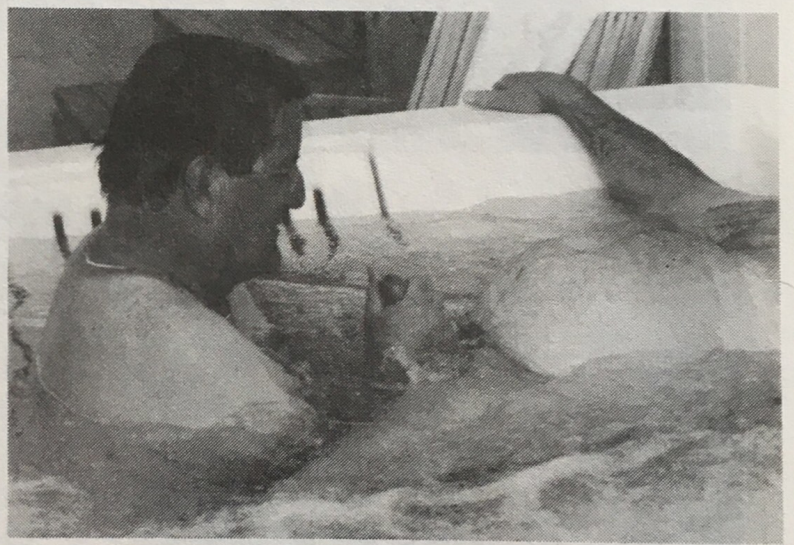


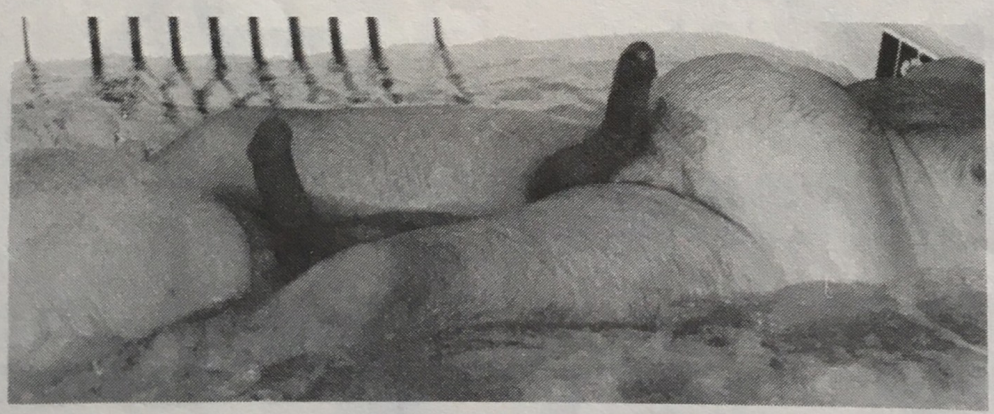
留吉の男色人生

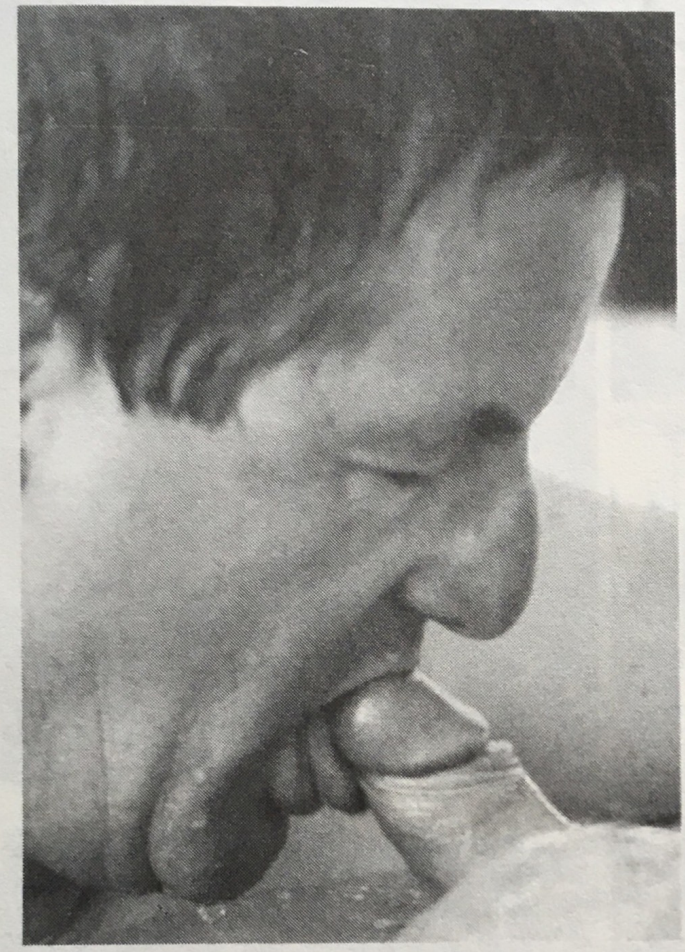
ROADRUNNER TOO AND THE FRIAR
....photos by P.H. Colley

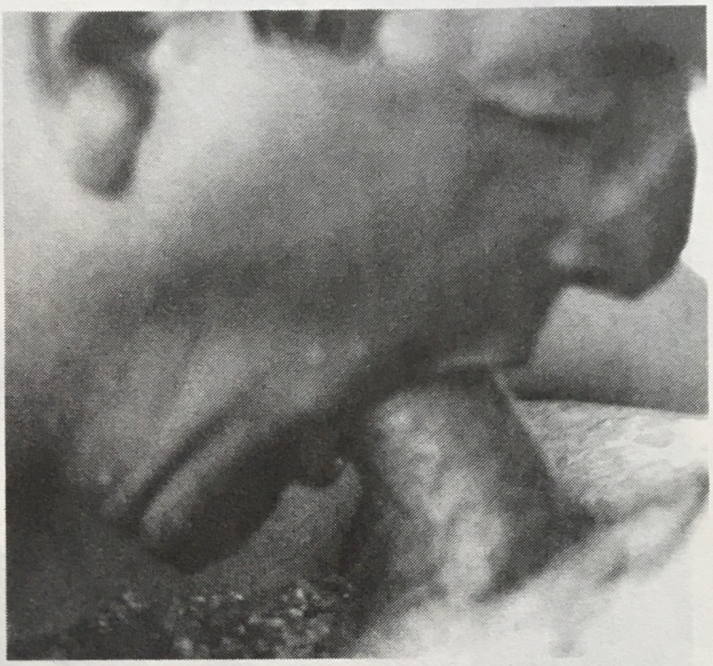




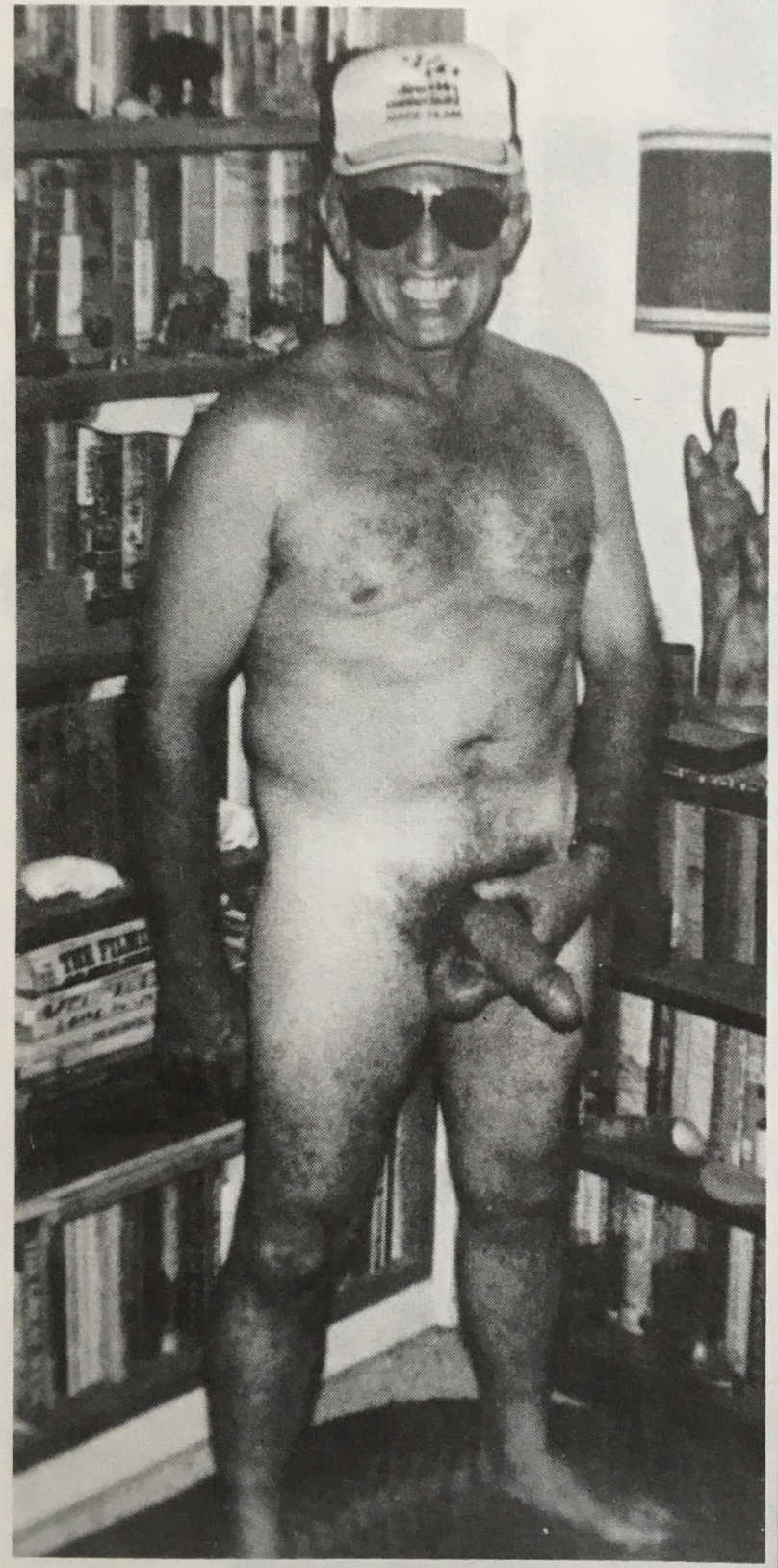




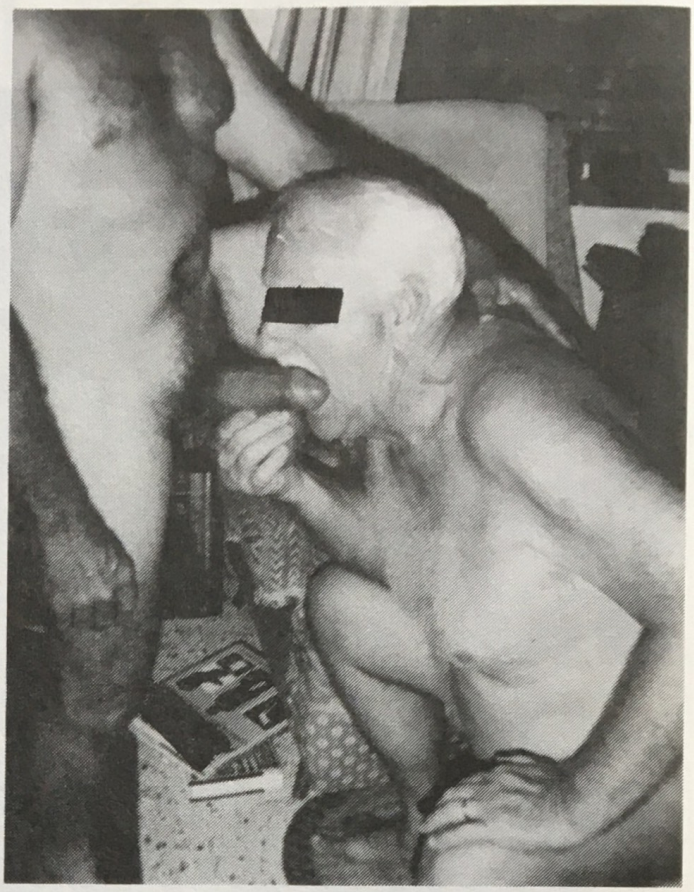


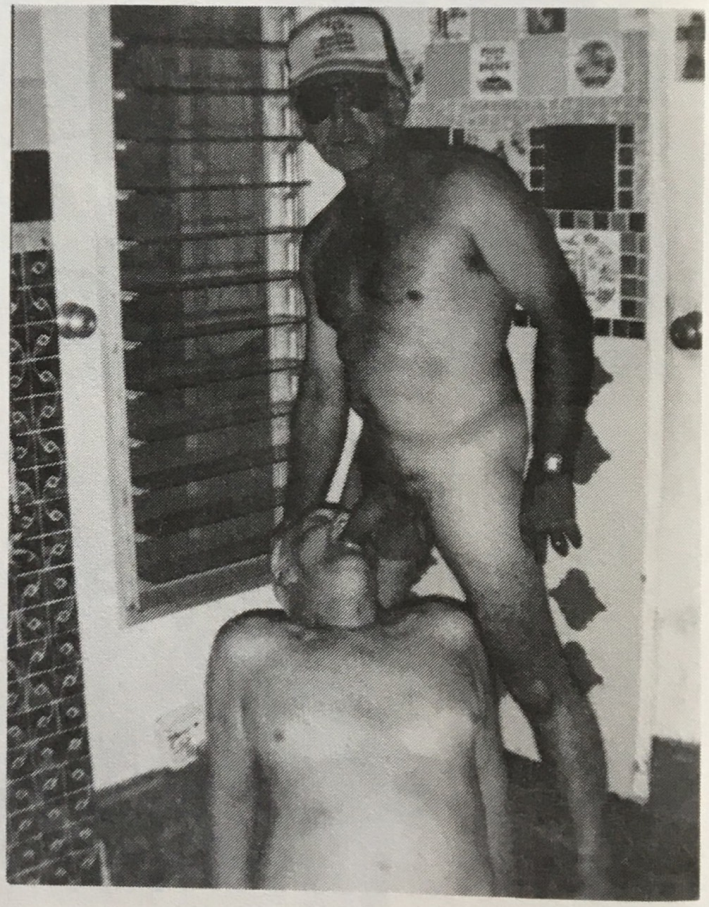


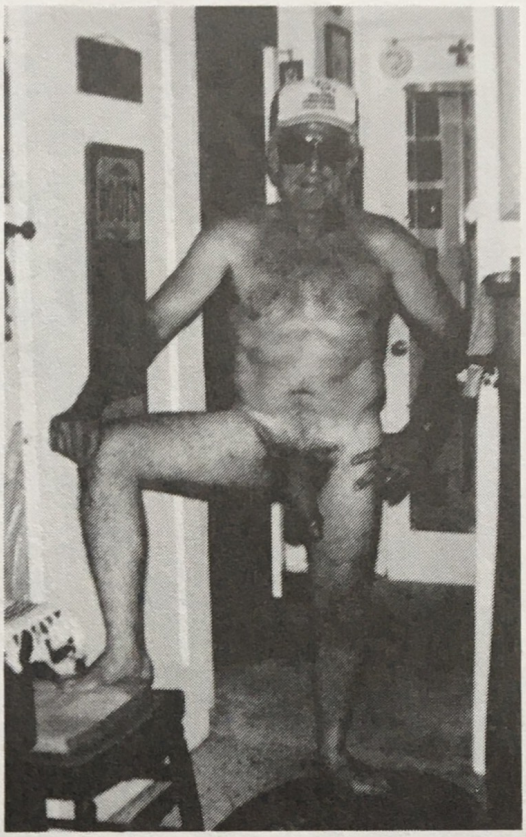
WILD BILL, MIAMI MONSTER AND MR. THICK....photos by JERRY

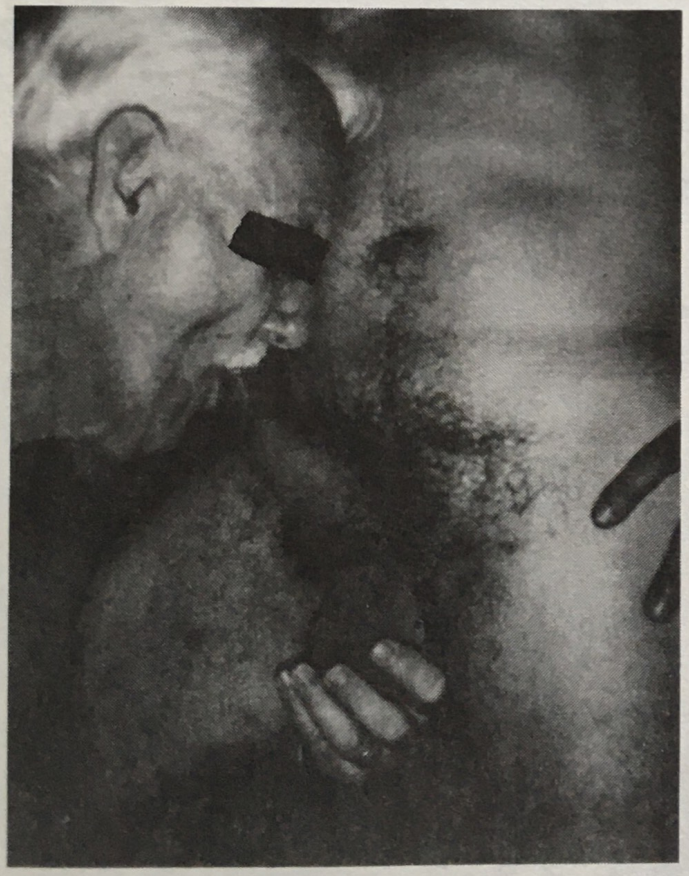


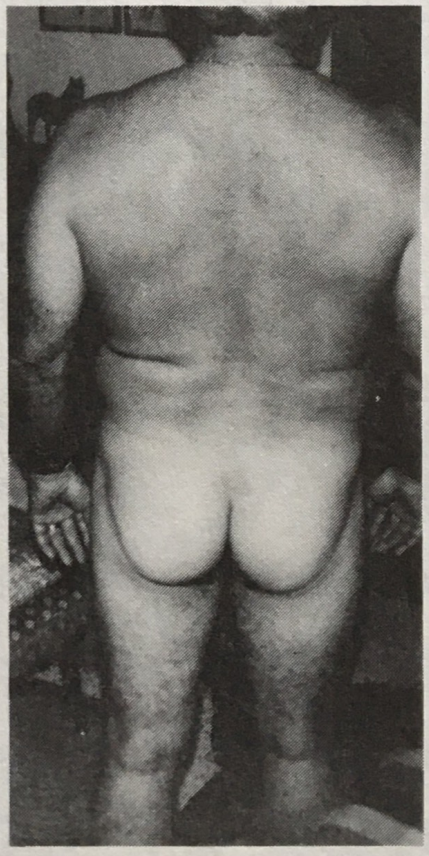
Miami Monster....



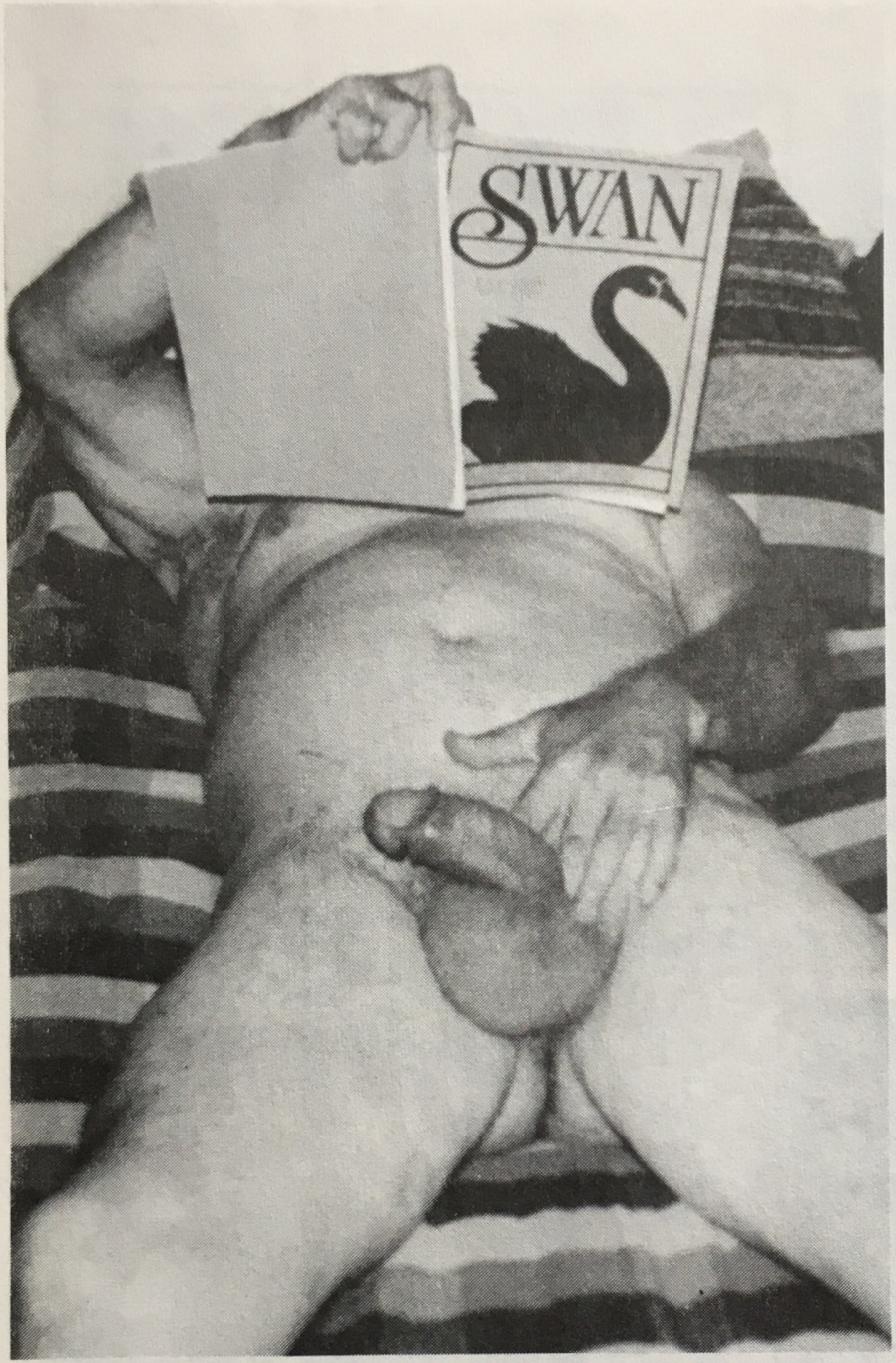


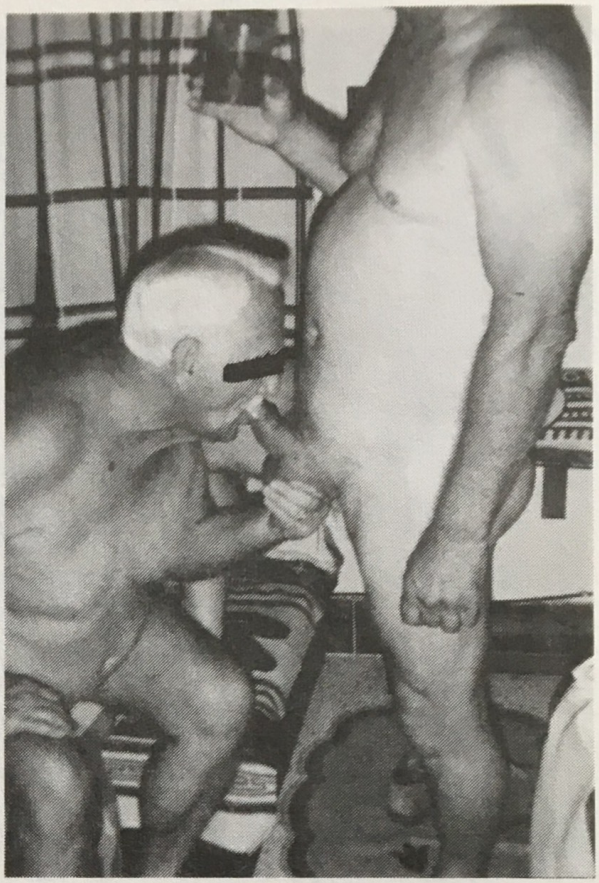


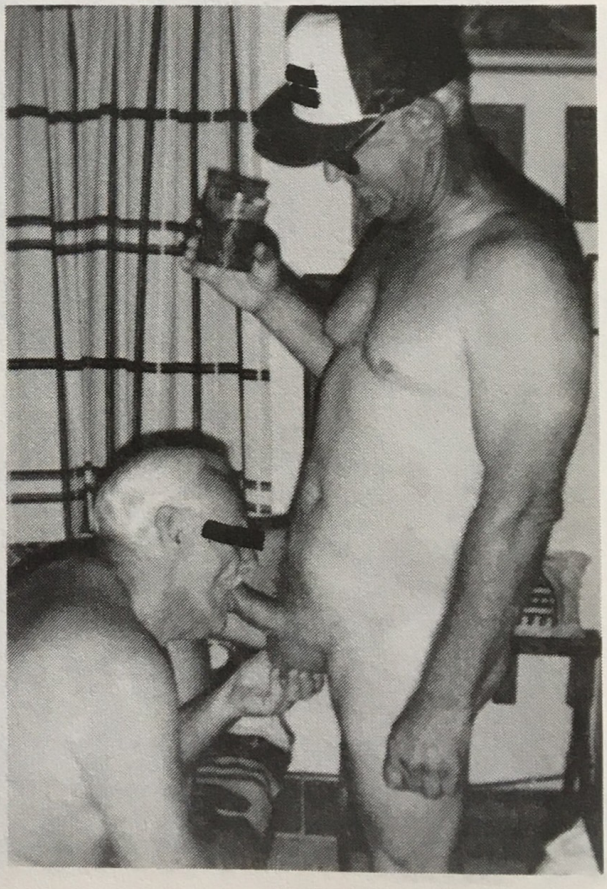


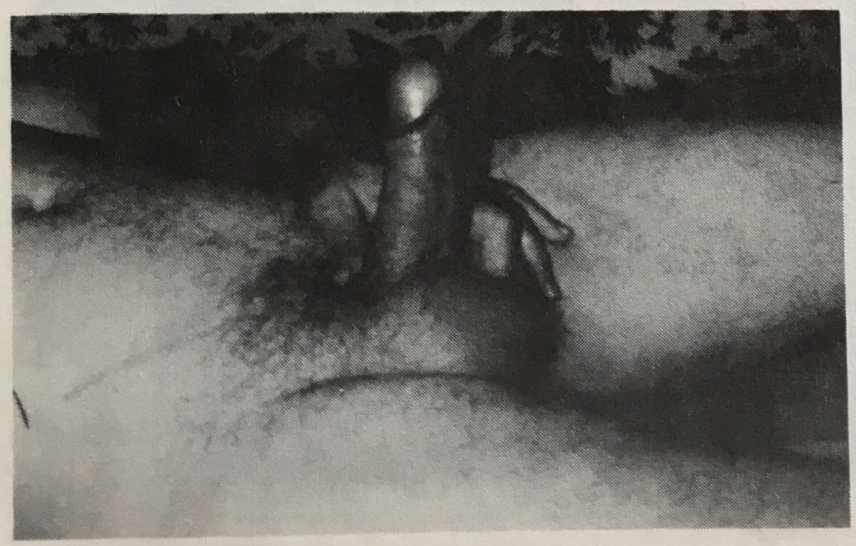


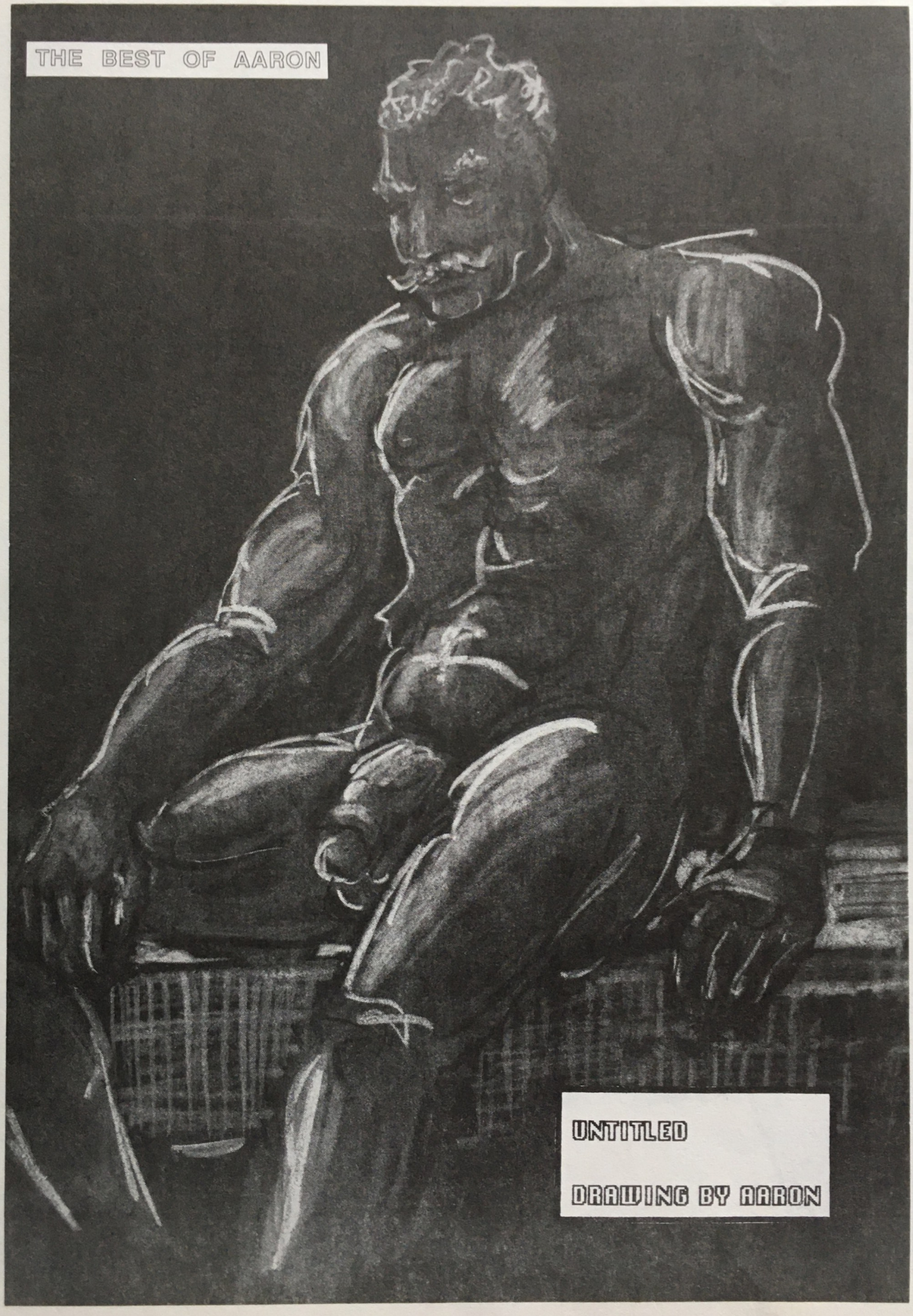
Mr. Thick....










THE BEST OF AARON
UNTITLED
DRAWING BY AARON

Anton
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AARON
©
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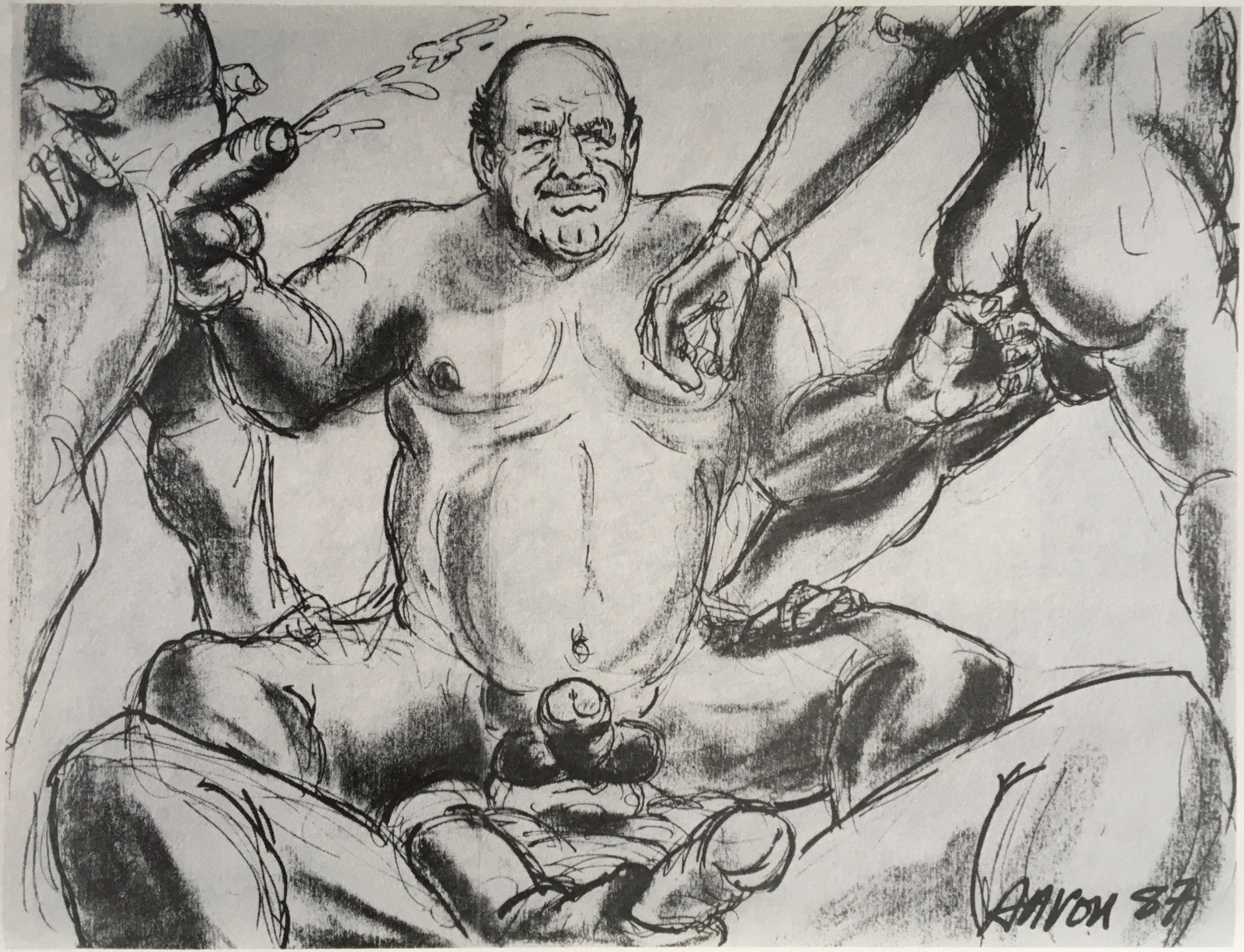
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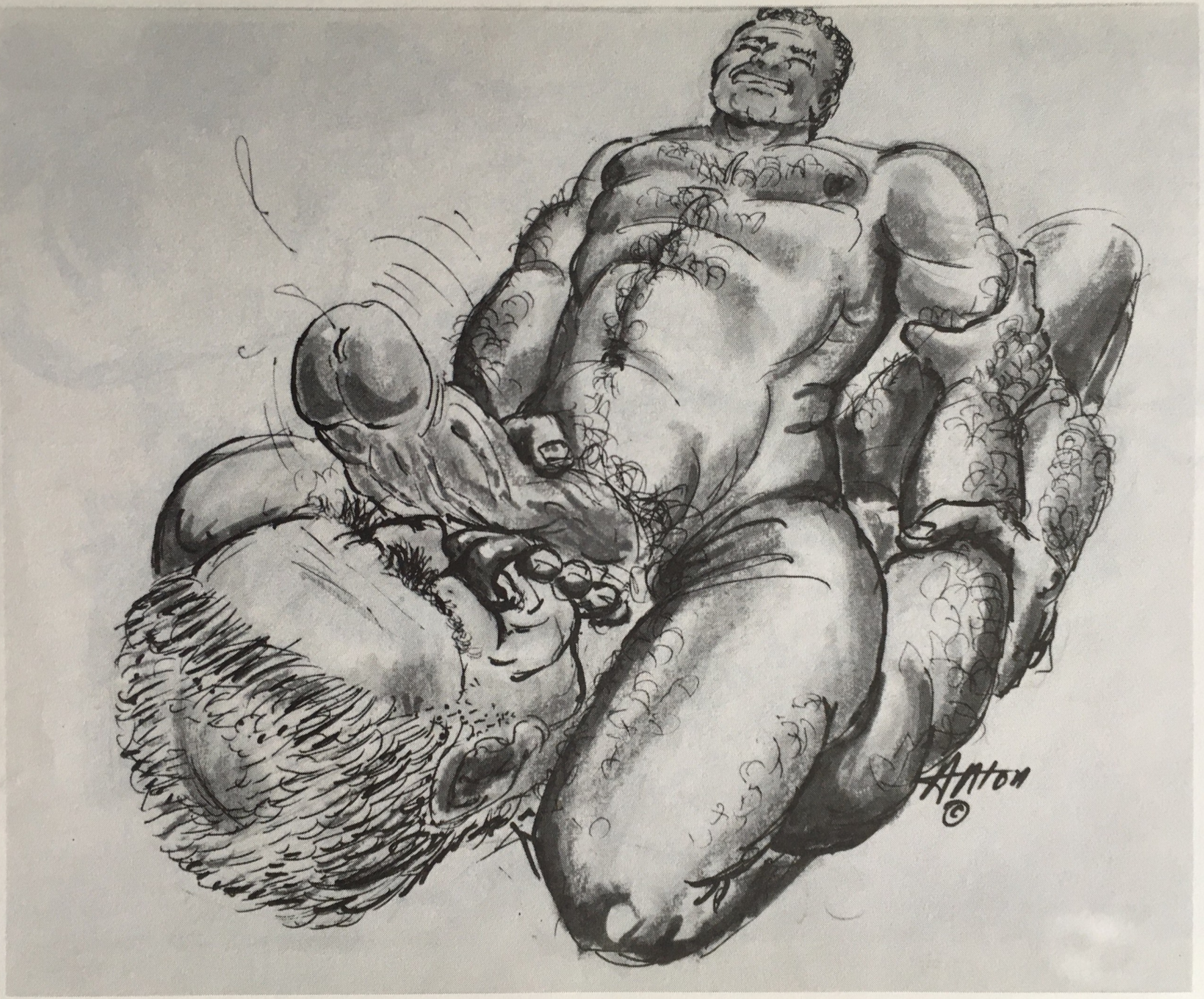
PATTON
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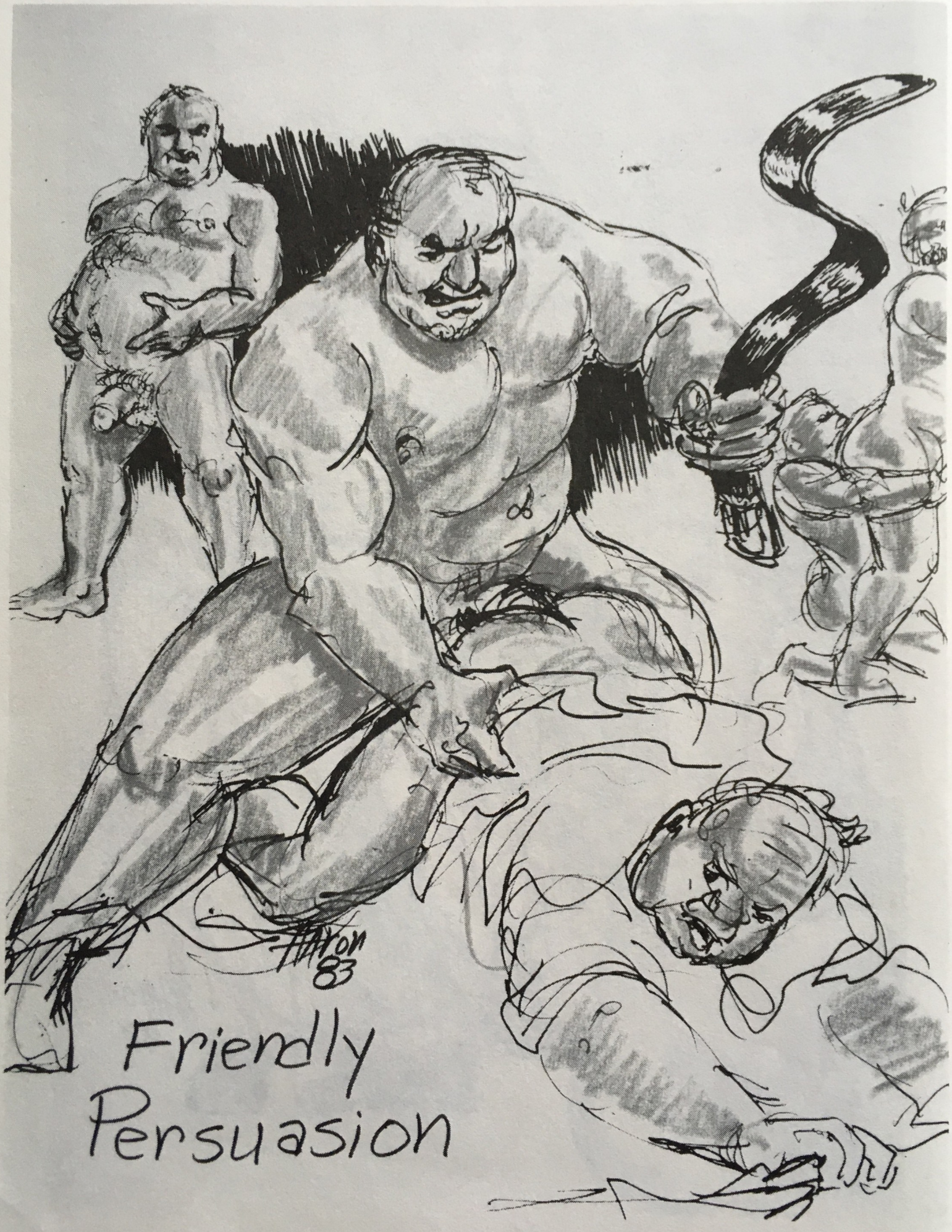

Friendly Persuasion

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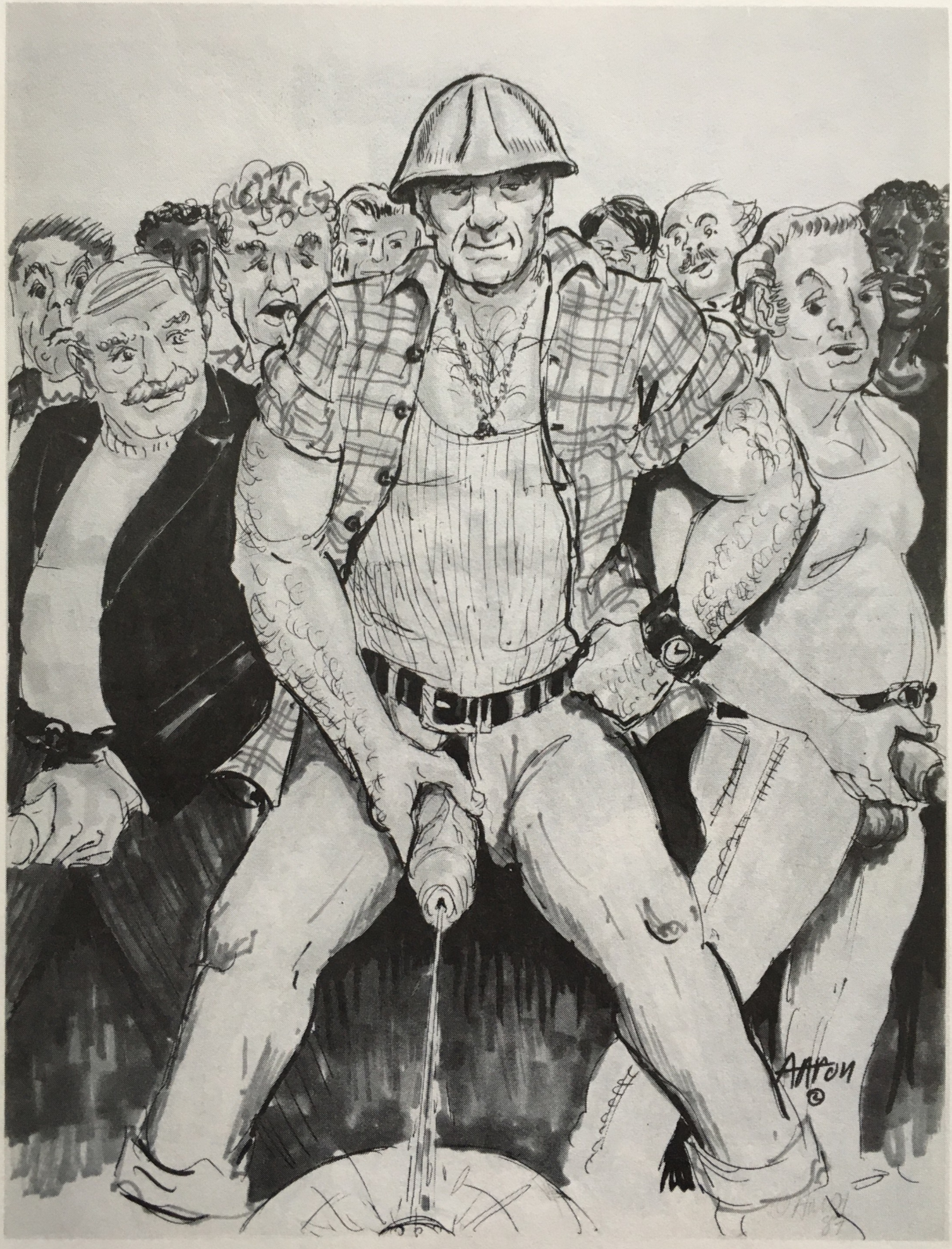
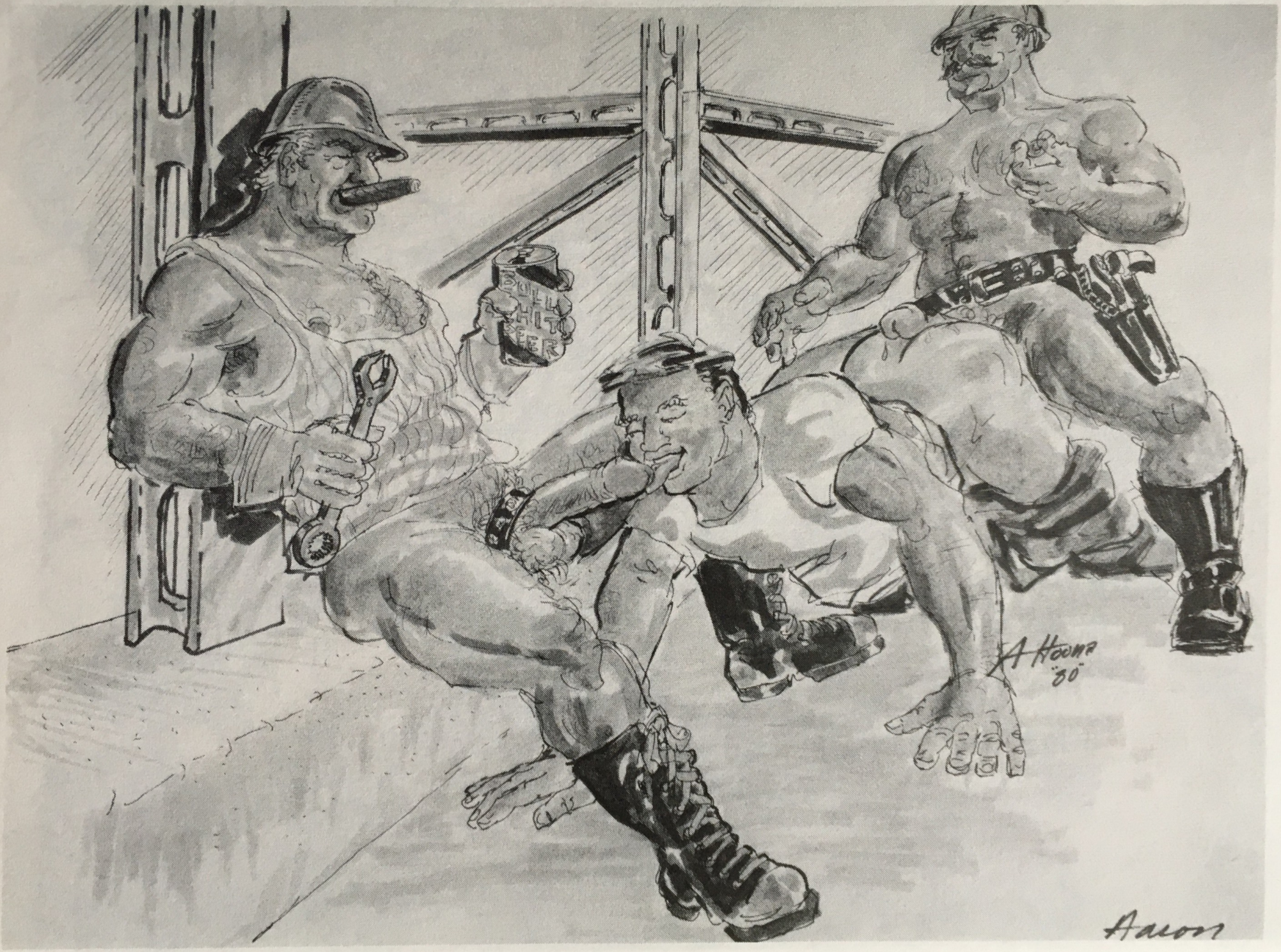
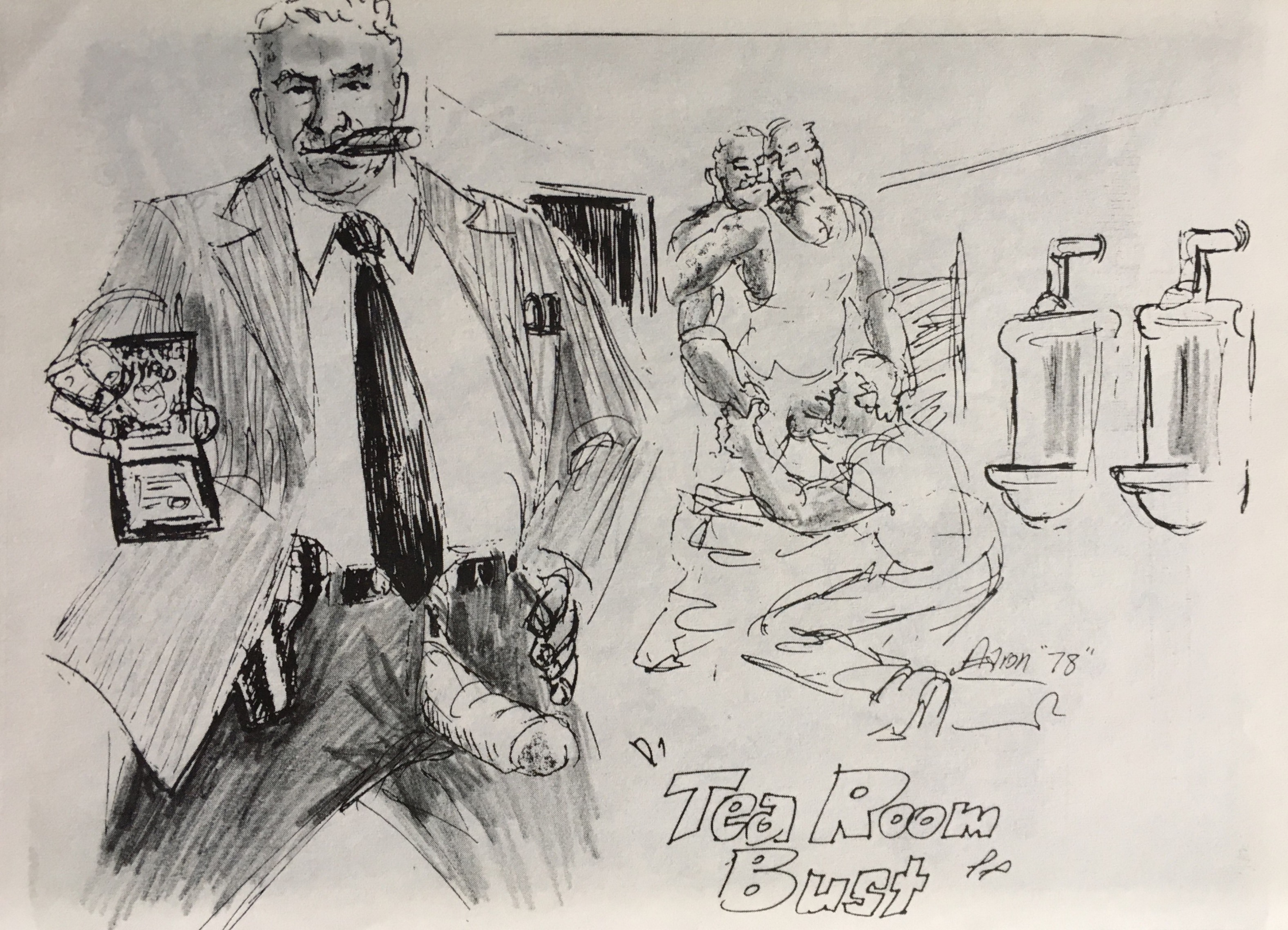

AARON


BULL SHIT BEER
A Hoona '80
Aaron

ARIZONA
STATE
AARON ©87


Aaron "78"
Tea Room
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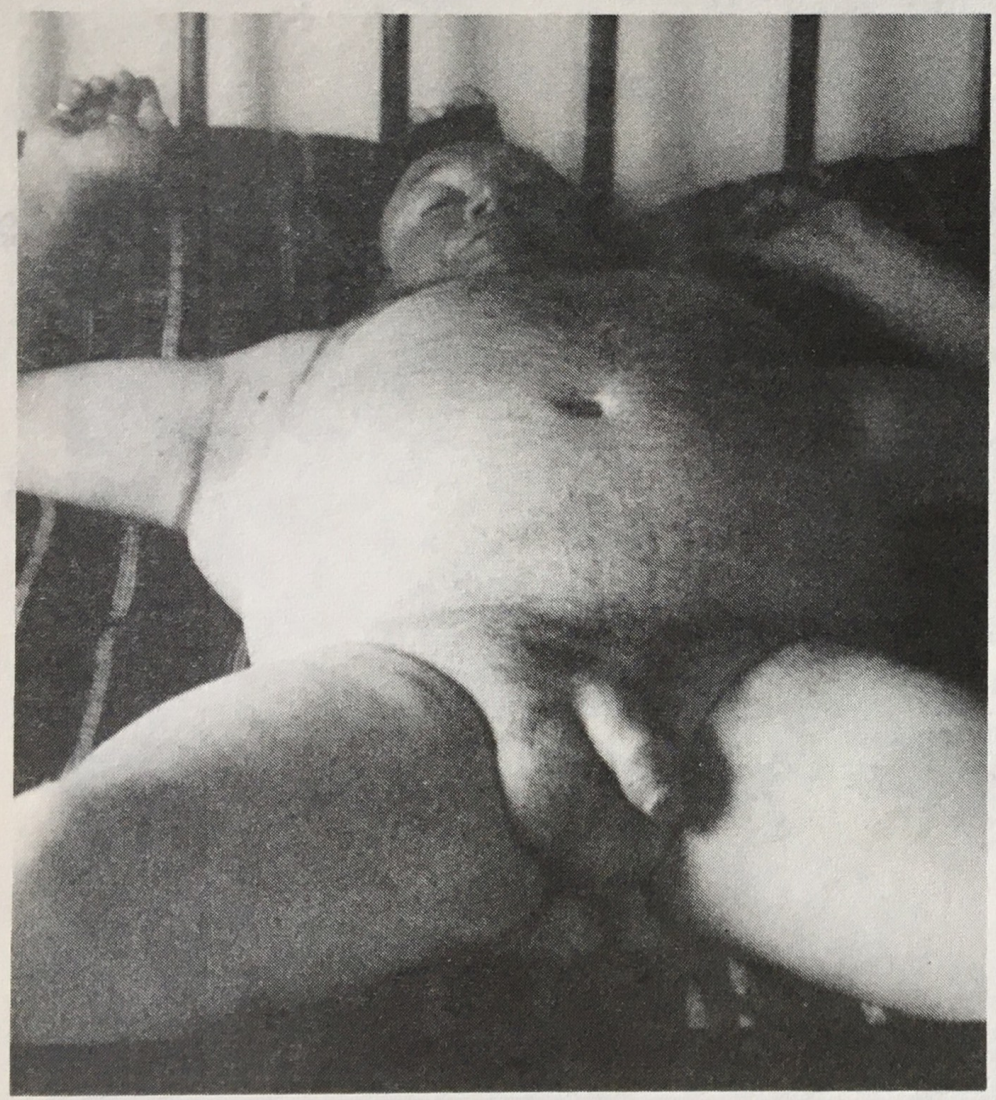
Hilton
87

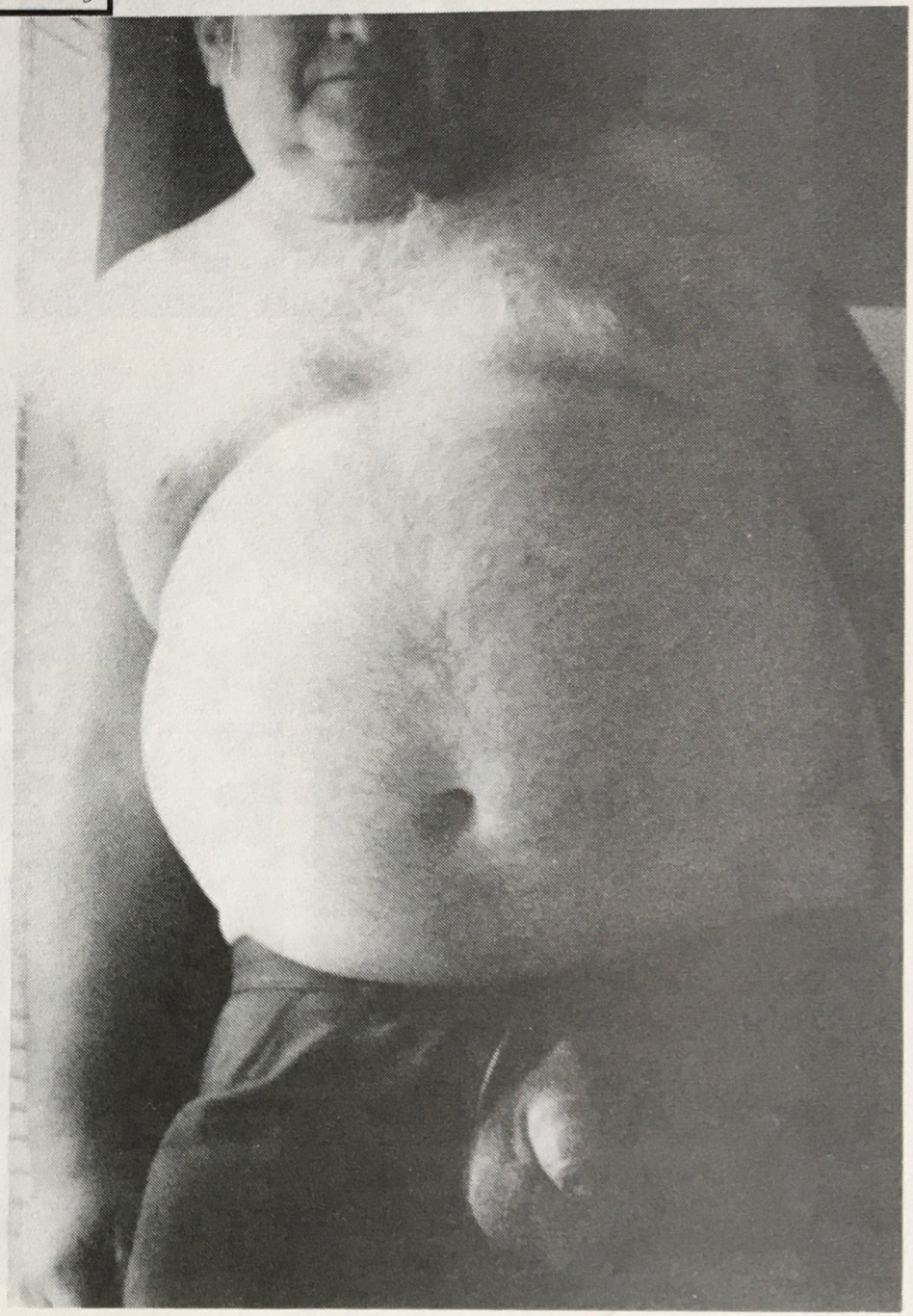
... uber alles !
ANON 85

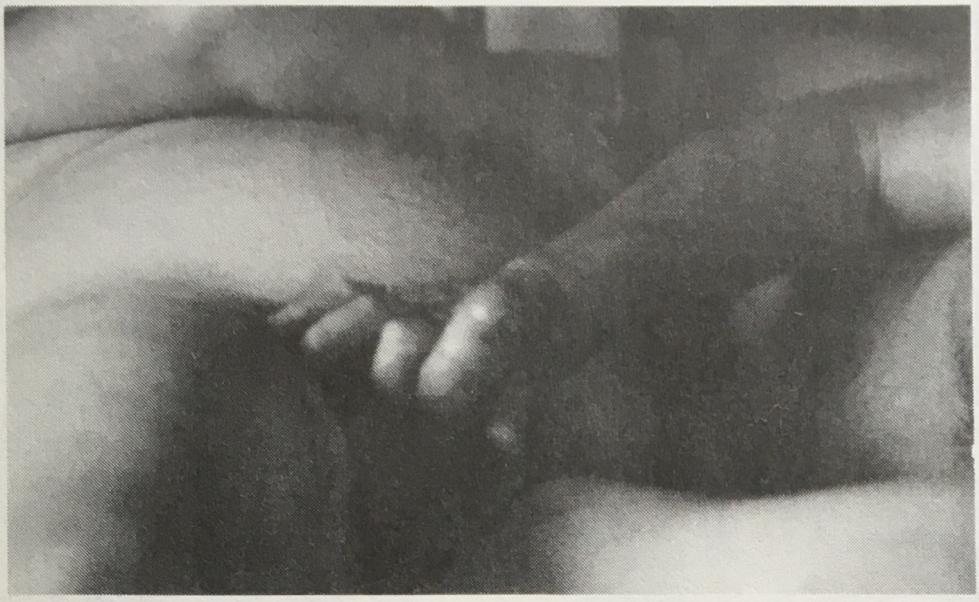
Twister
AARON 85

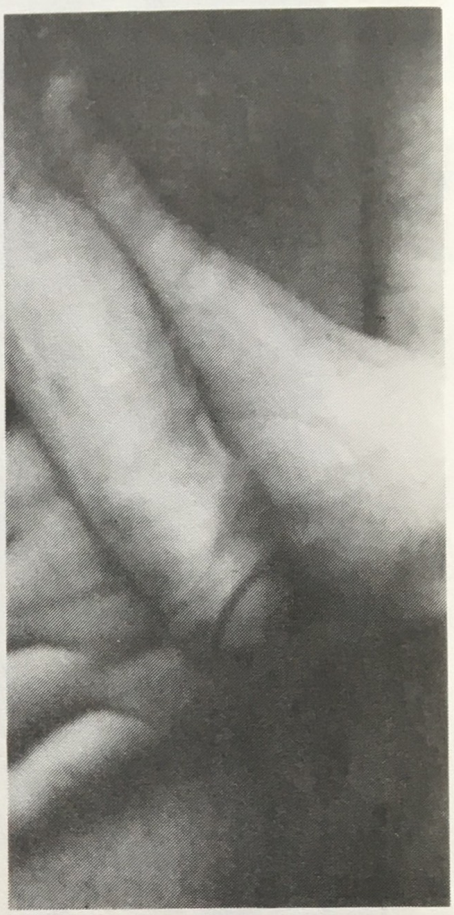
AARON
88
COCKTAILS AT 5:00

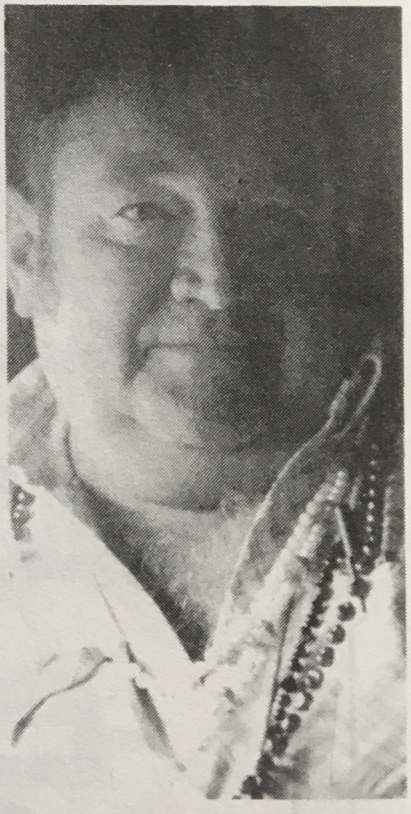
THE CHIEF AND THE FRIAR....photos by P.H. Colley

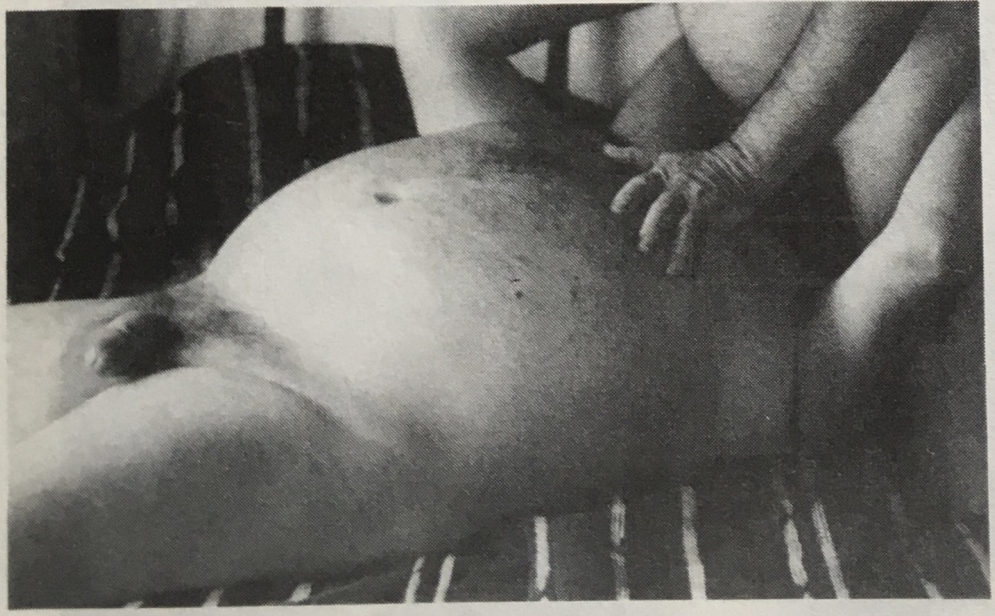


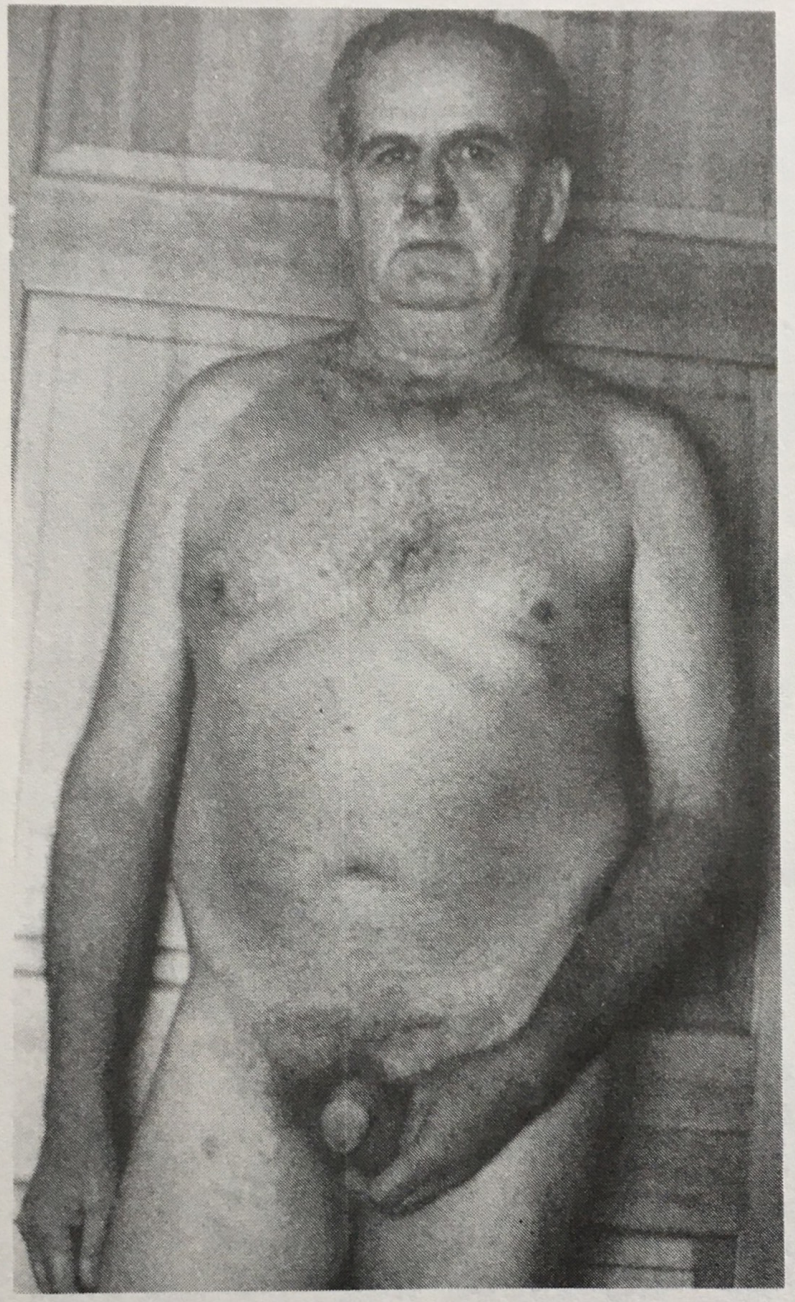


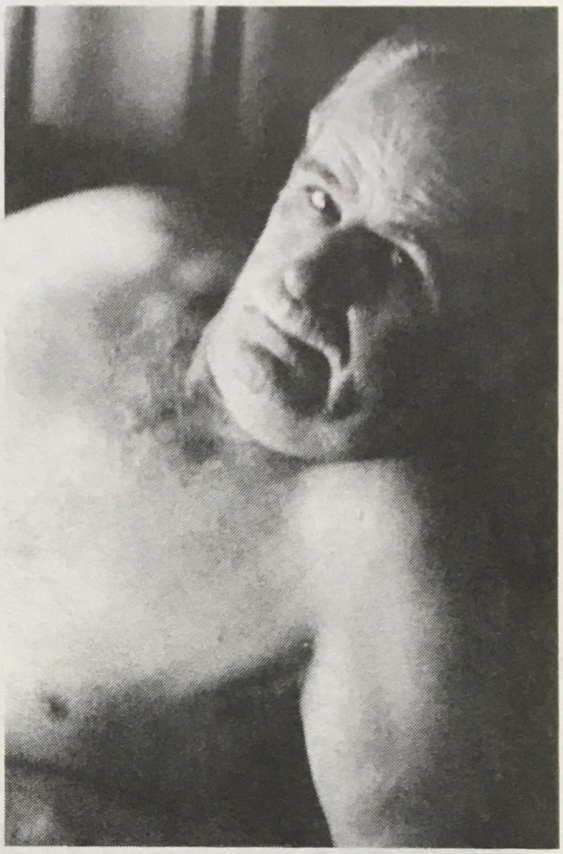


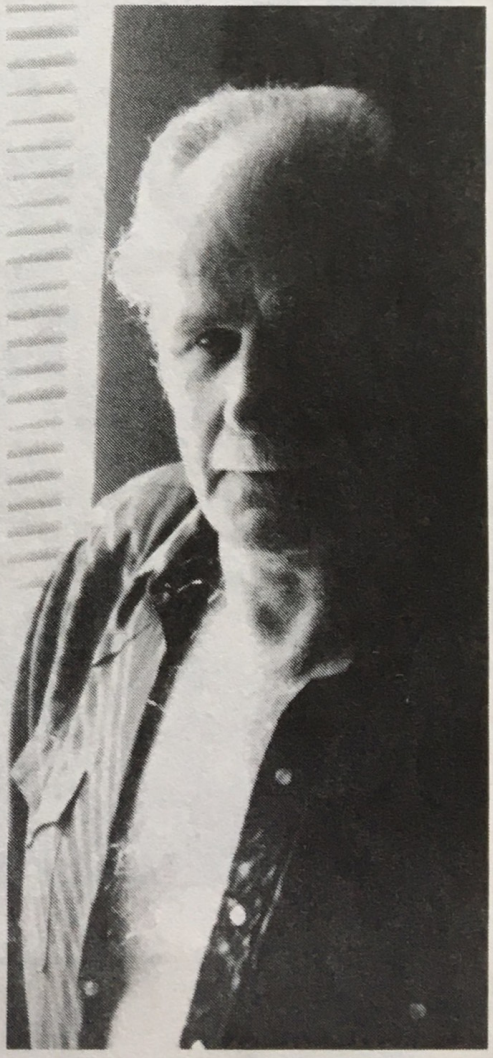




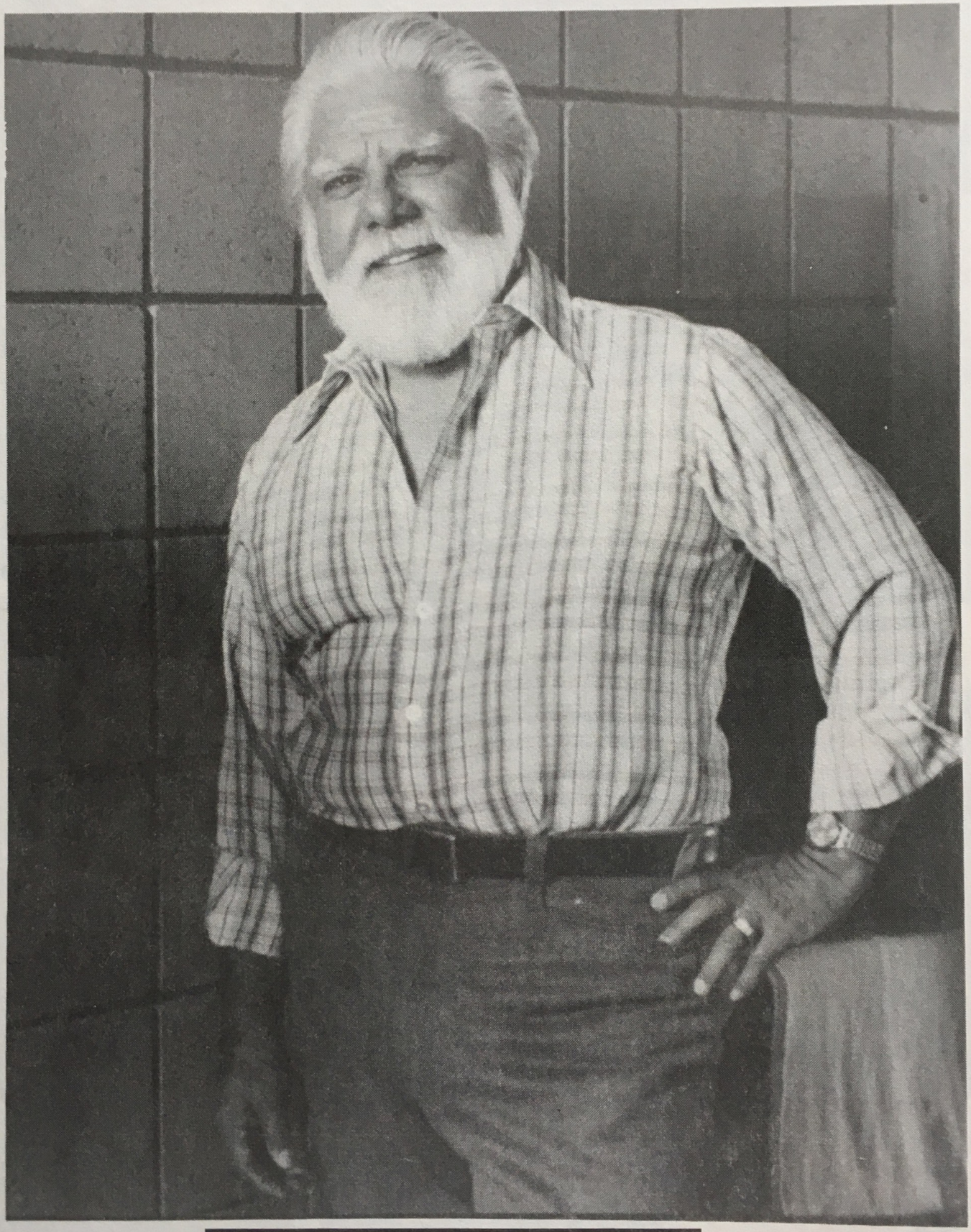






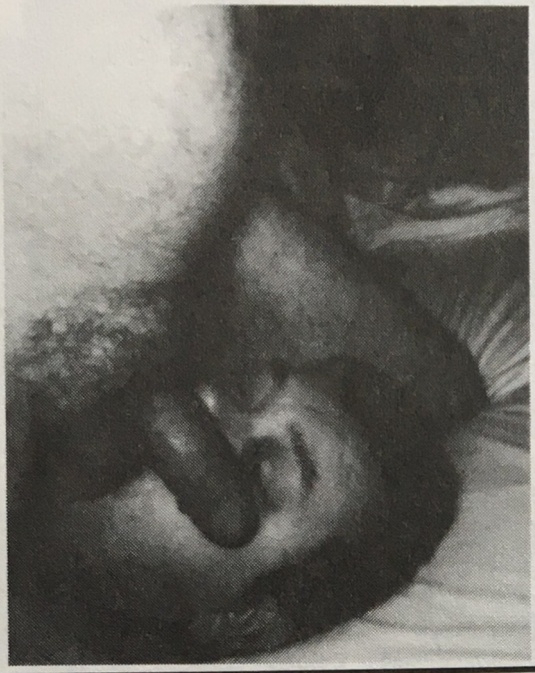


BUTCH....photos by P.H. Colley



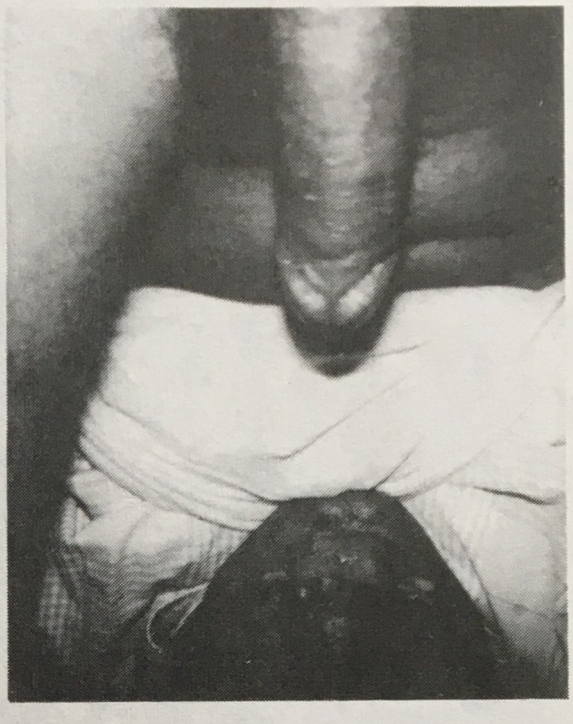
EL CID....photo by P.H. Colley

EDUARDO AND BIG MAC....photo by David M.



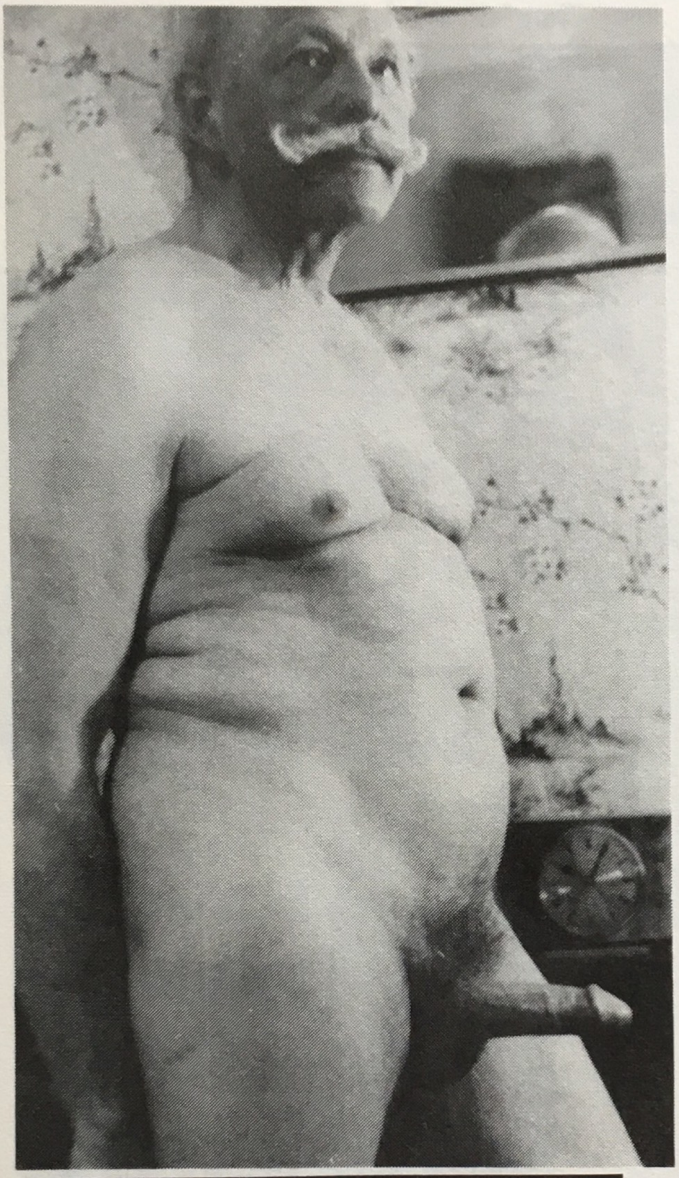
SWALLOW....photo by Jim Bennett

AUTOEROTICISM, OR LAPPING YOUR OWN
....photo by Horned Toad



UNTITLED....photo by Sandpiper

DICK FILLER



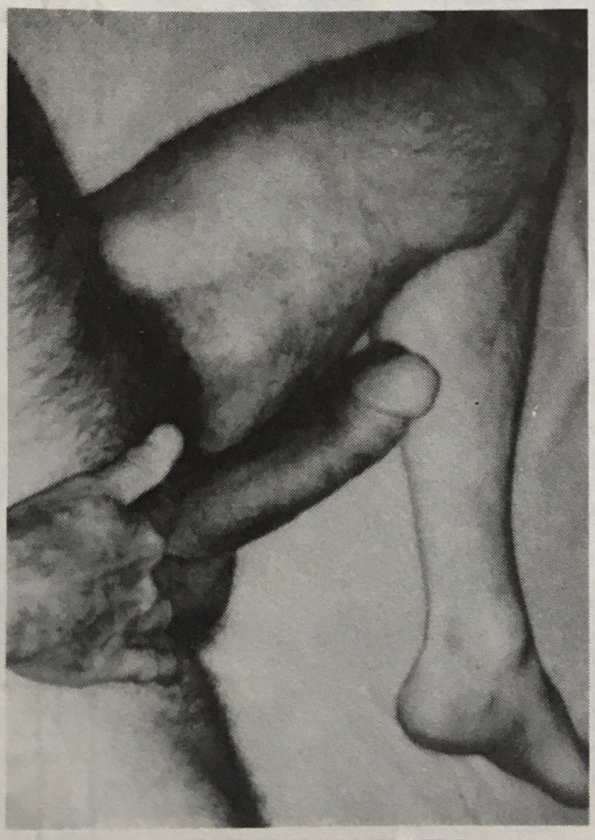
JOHN R.... self portrait

SPITFIRE....photo by George

DR. PECKER CHECKER....photo by P.H. Colley

DICK FILLER

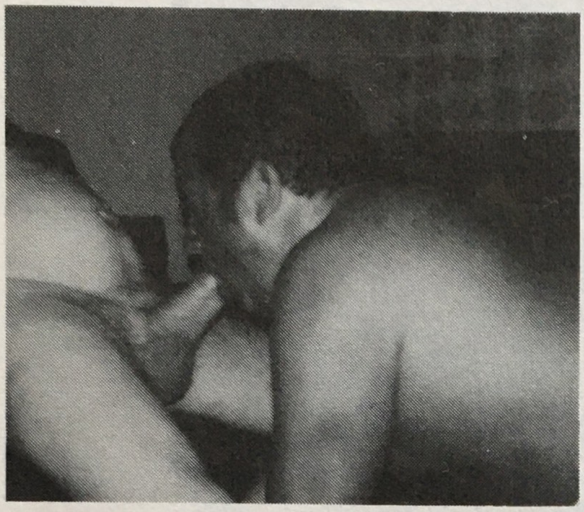
BIG MAC....photo by David M.

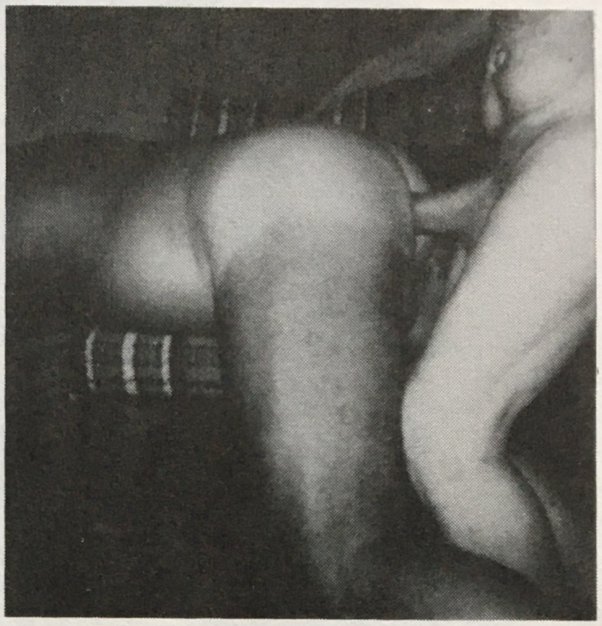


DICK FILLER

DICK FILLER

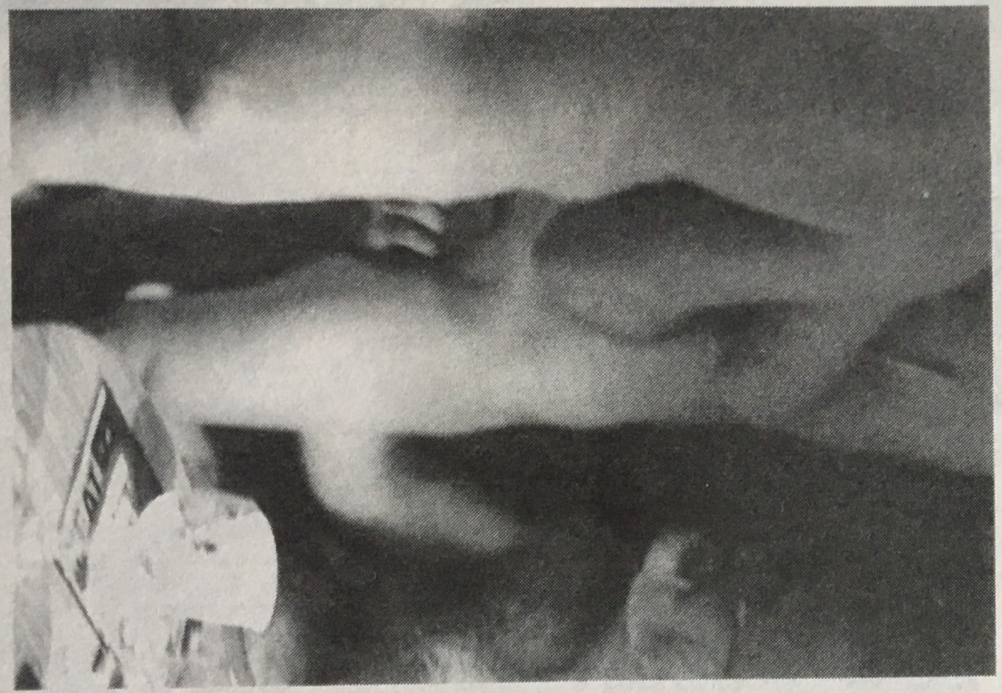
RAY II AND FRIEND....photos by RAY II

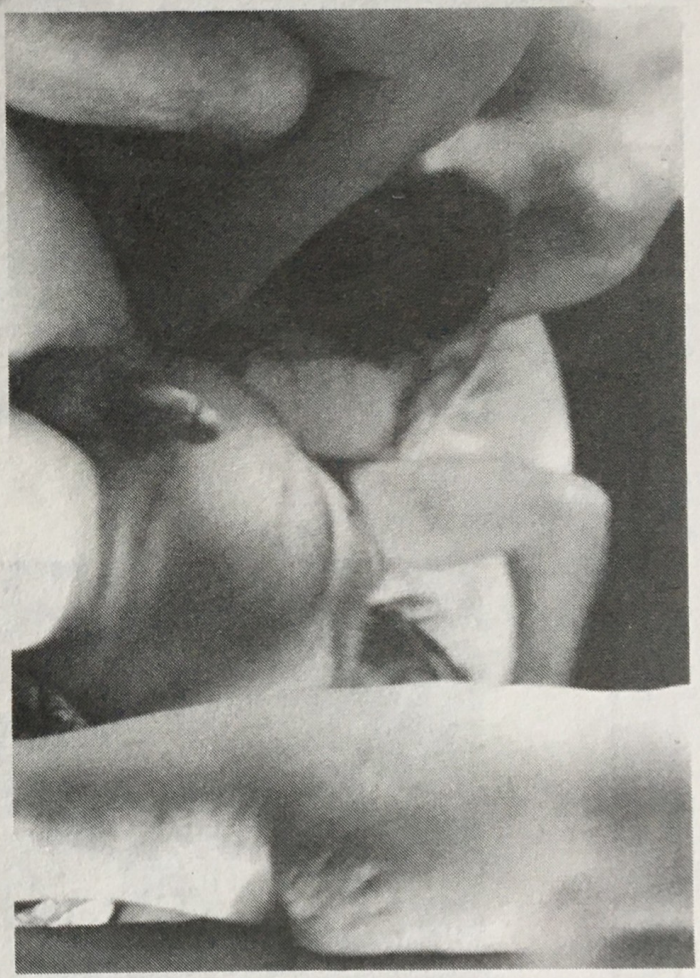


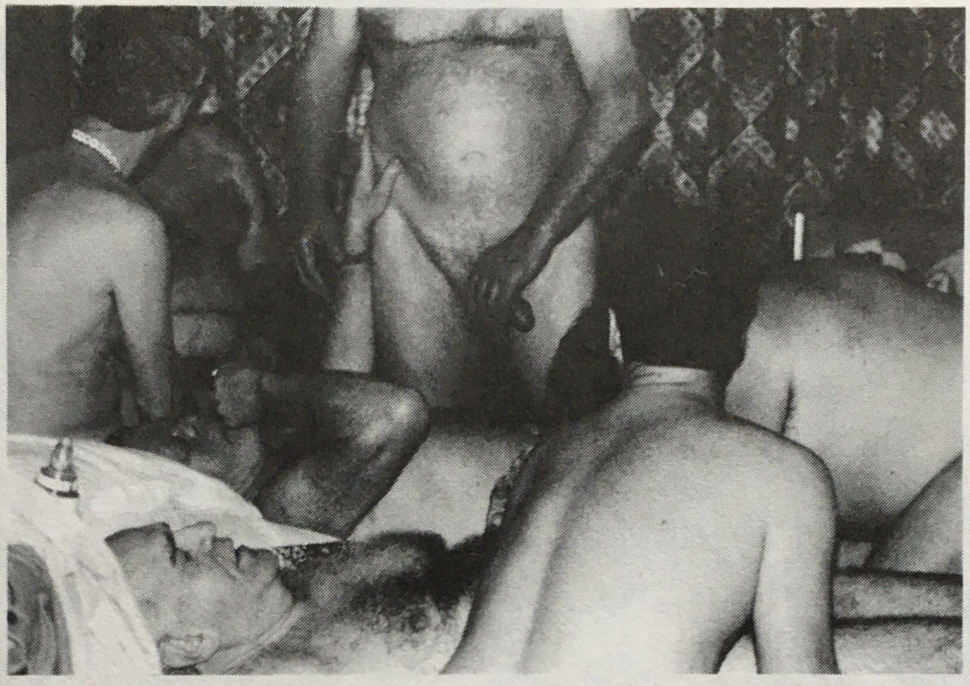


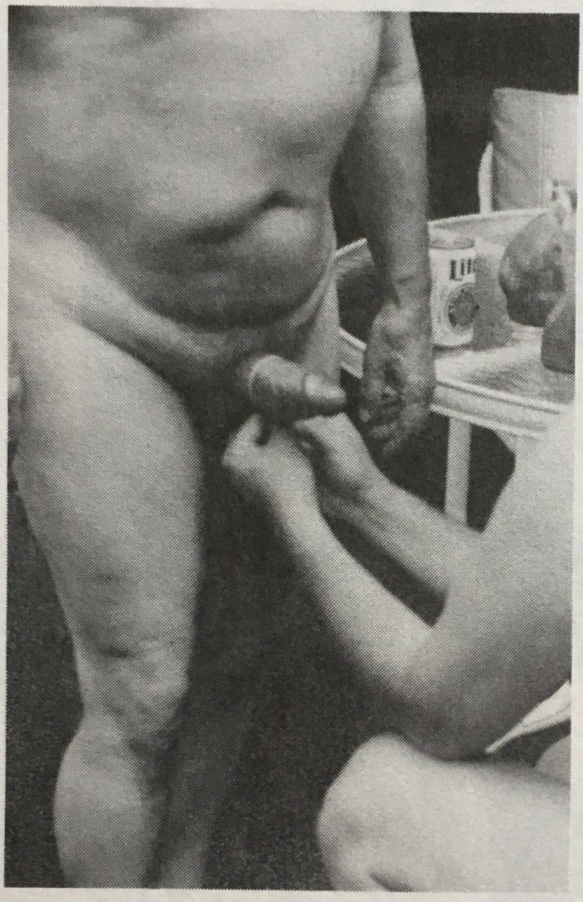
MORE FROM JAPAN'S SAMSON MAGAZINE

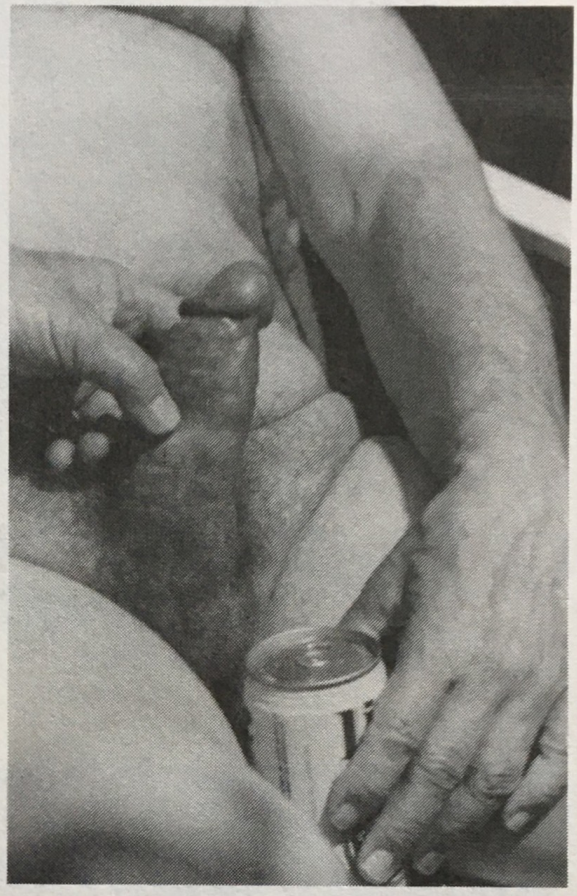
THE GANG AT MARDI GRAS....photos by P.H. Colley



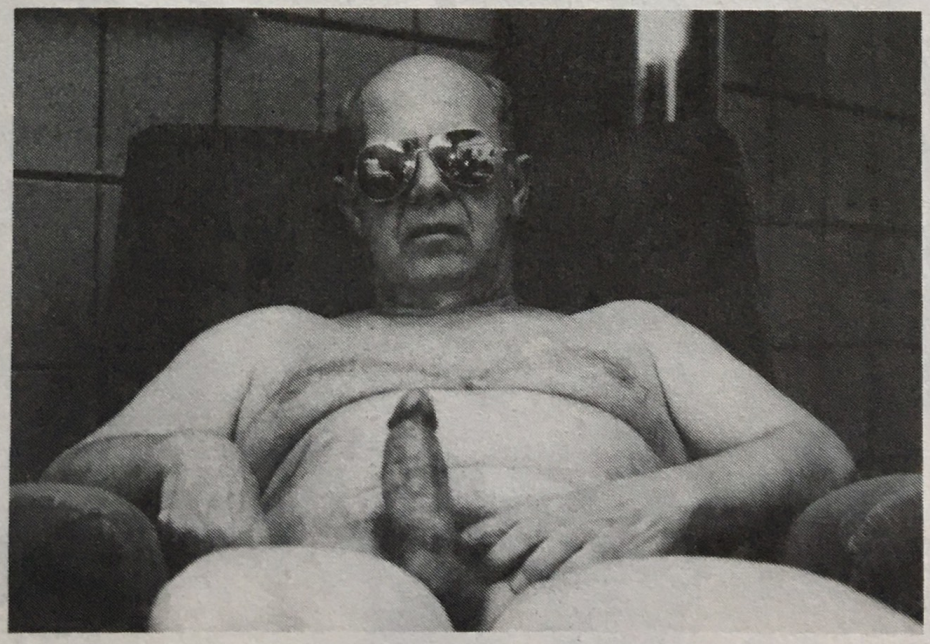


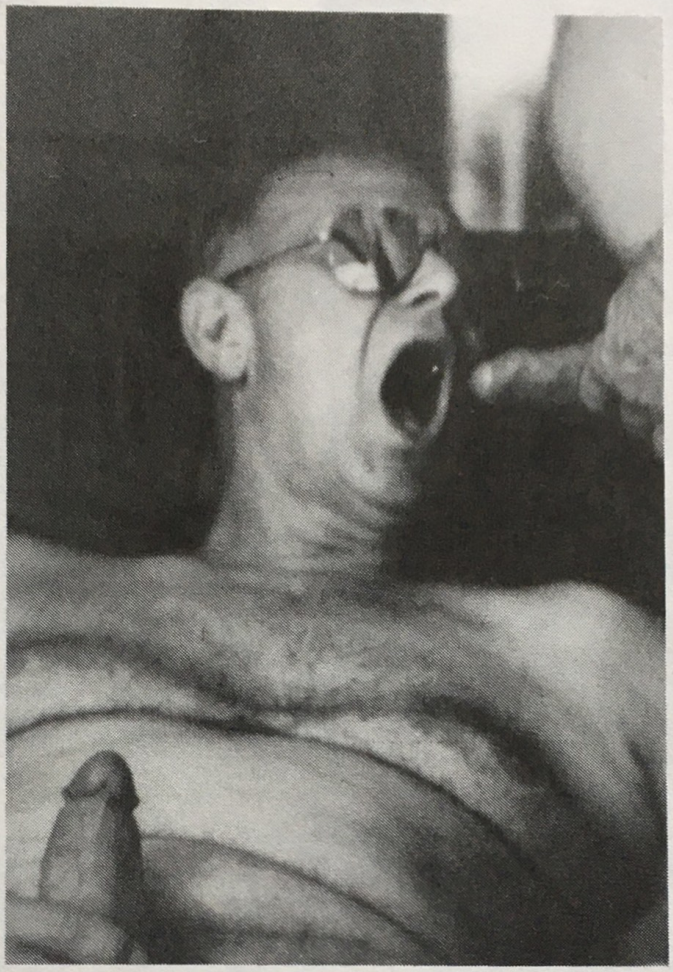


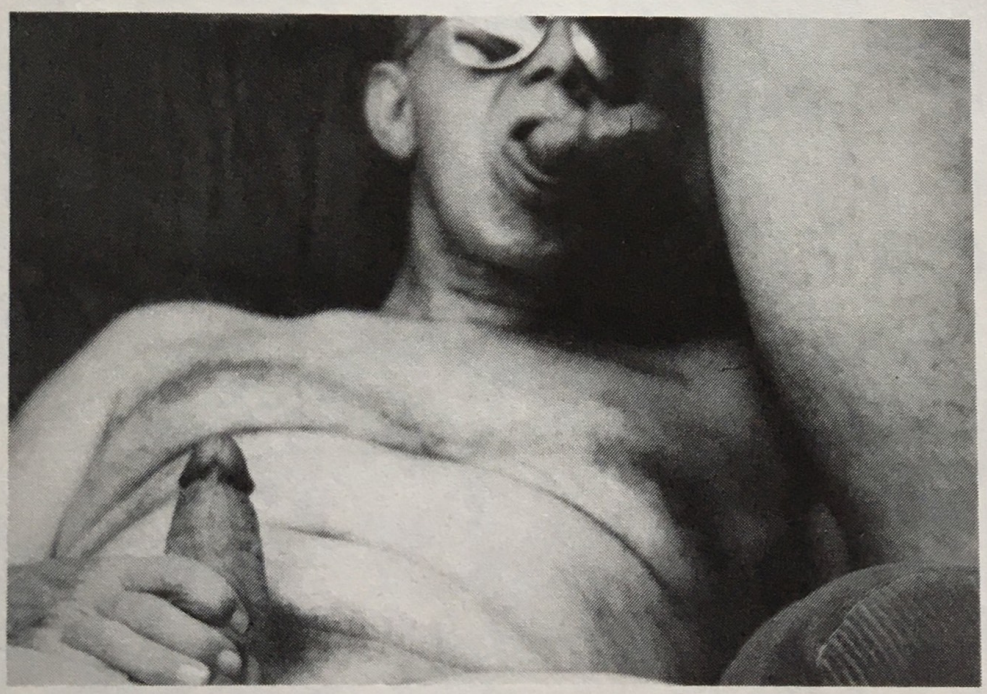


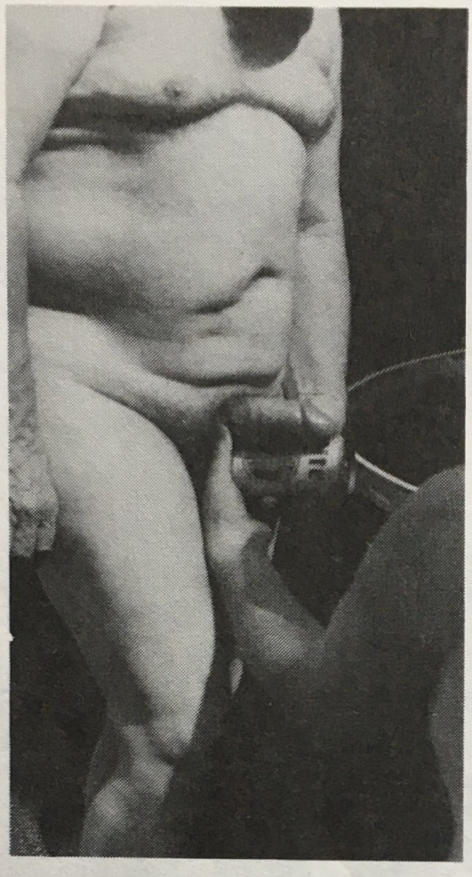


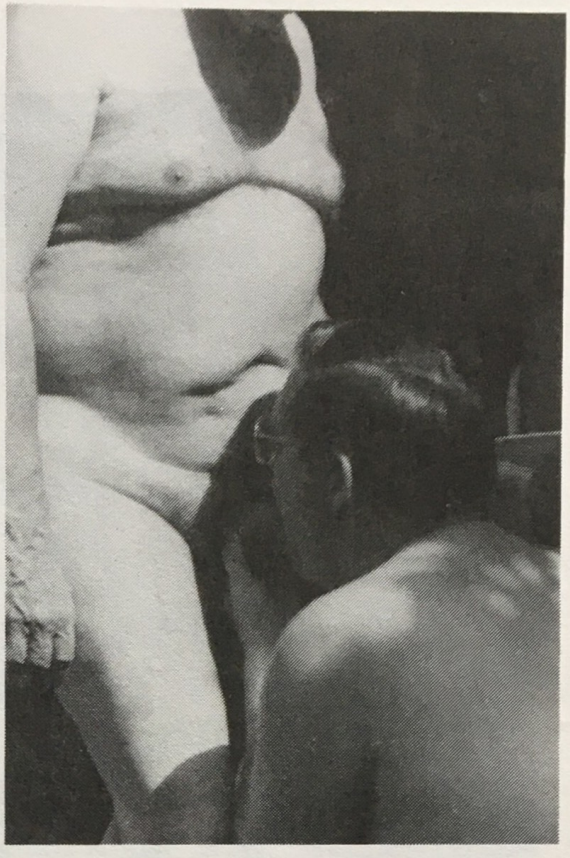
BEER CAN THICK AND FRIENDS
.... photos by P.H. Colley

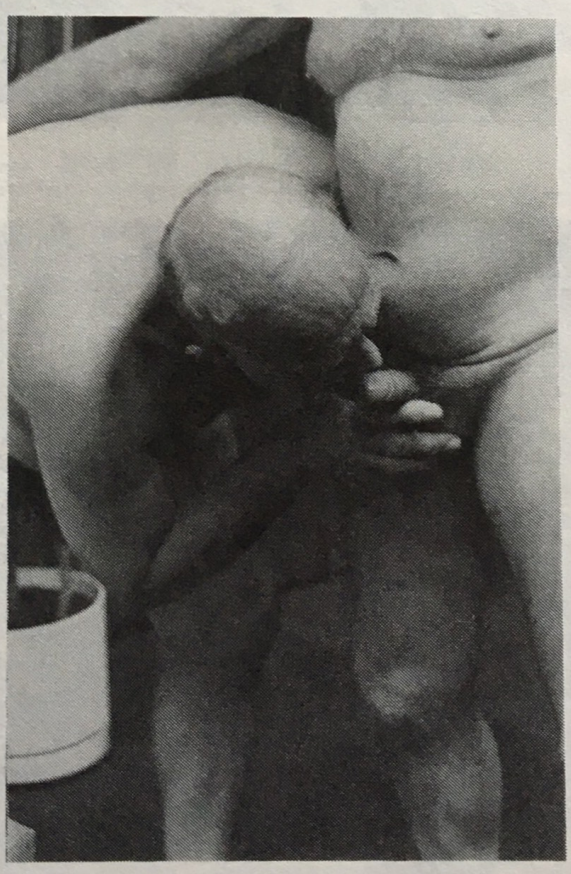




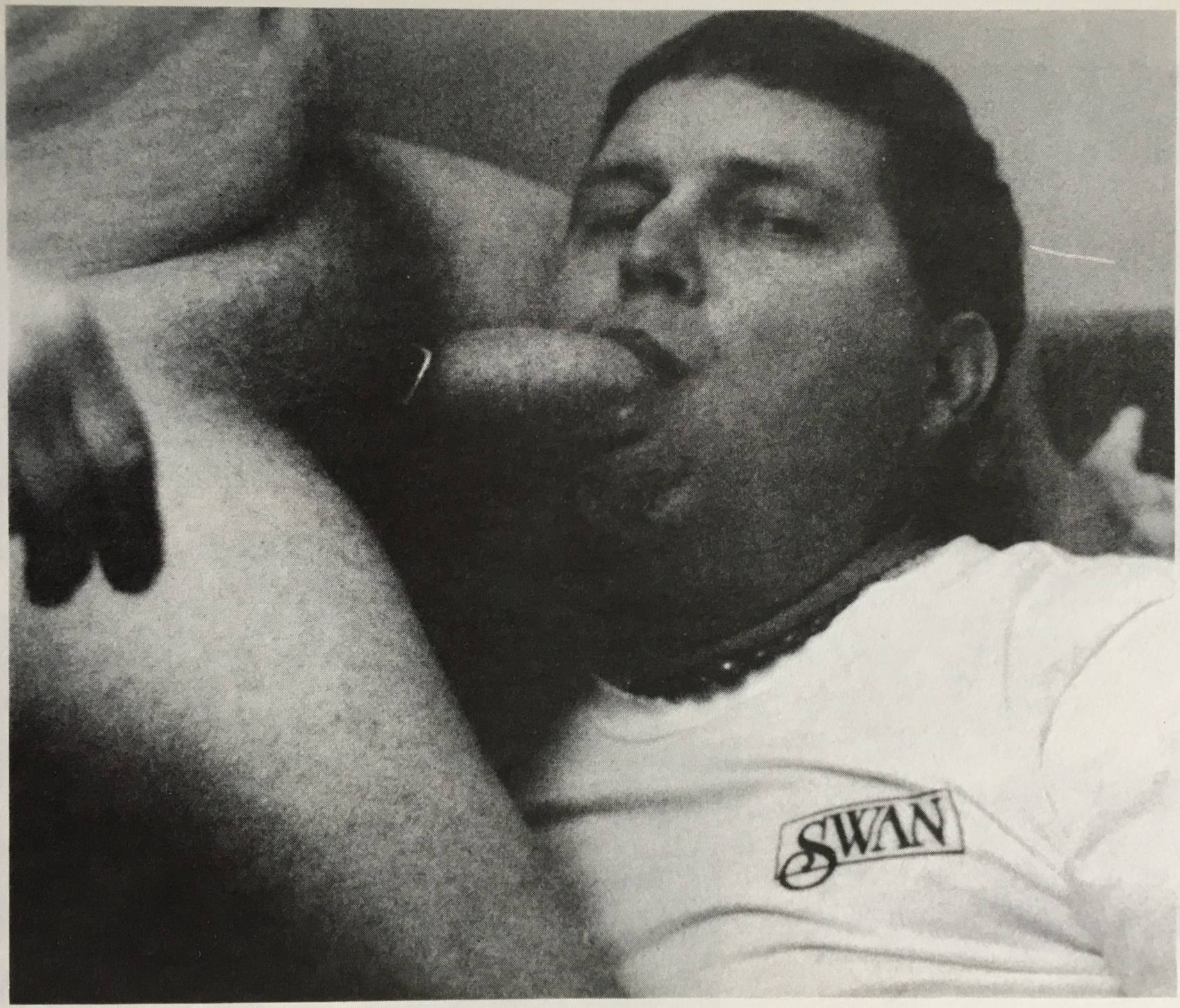


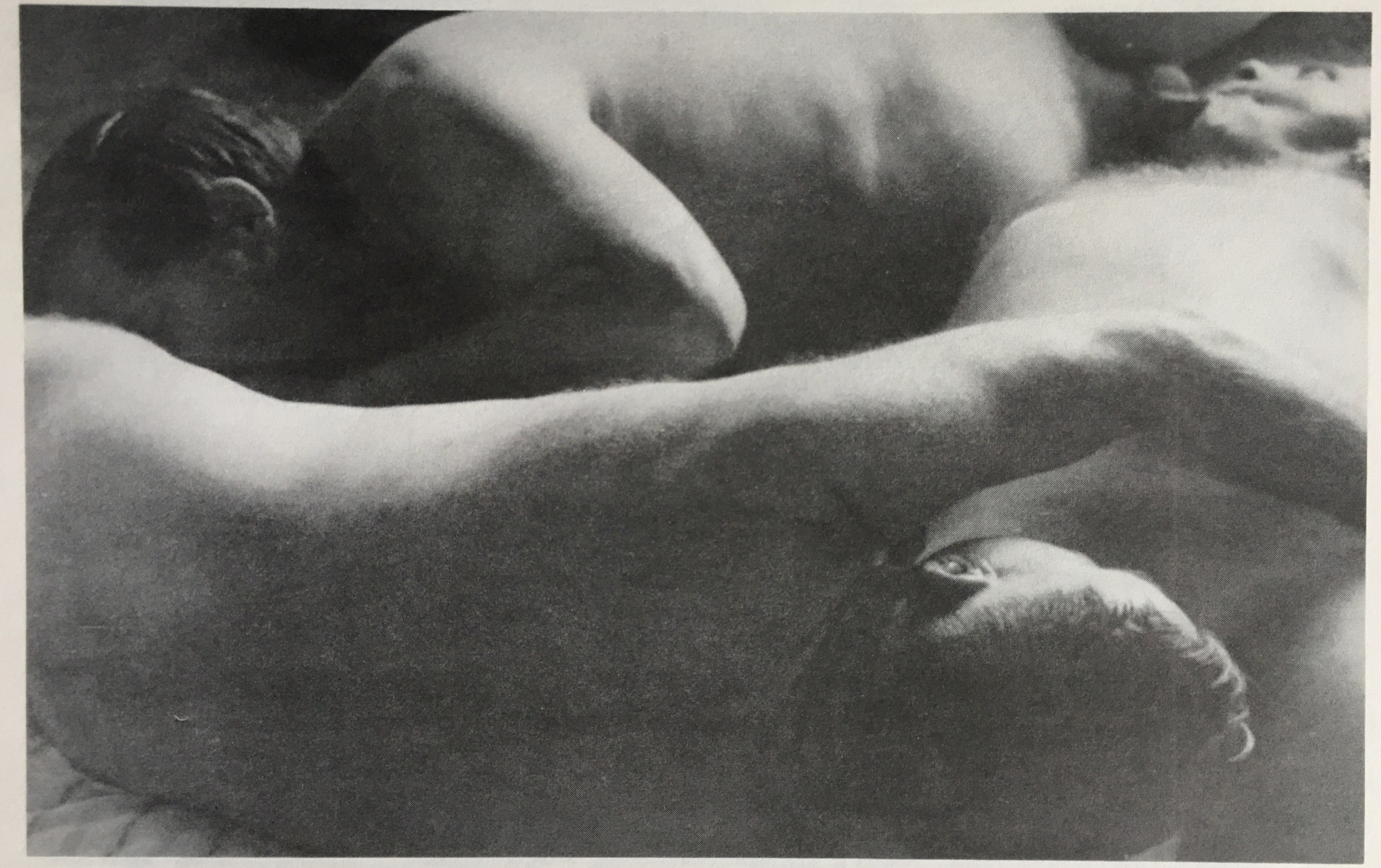


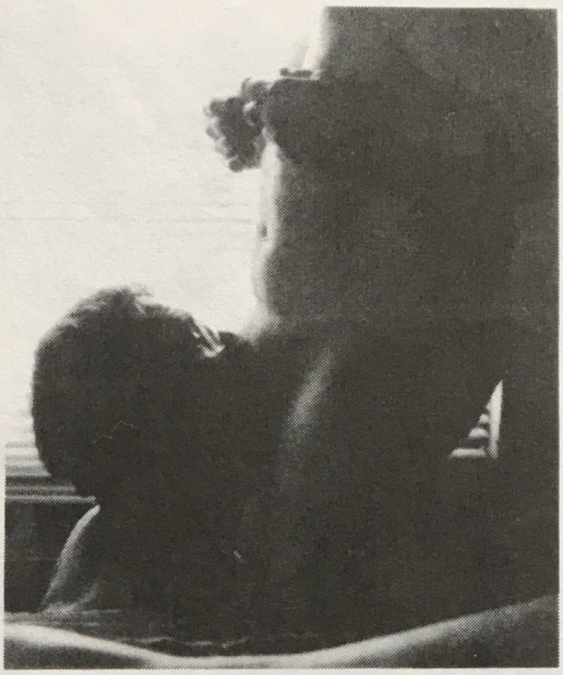


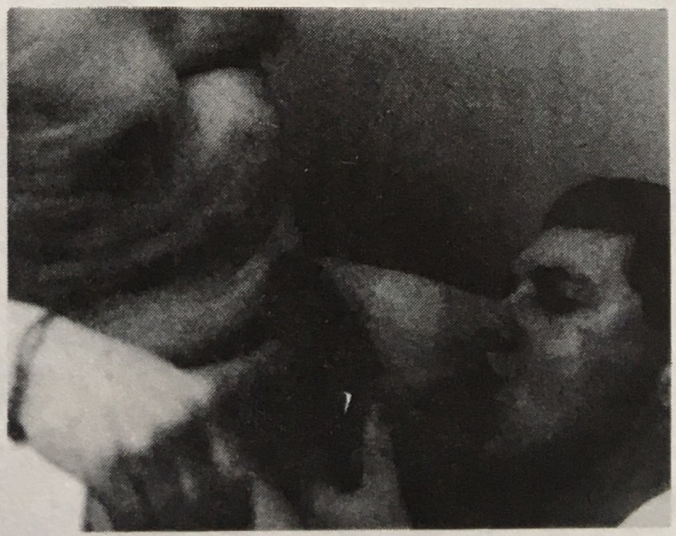


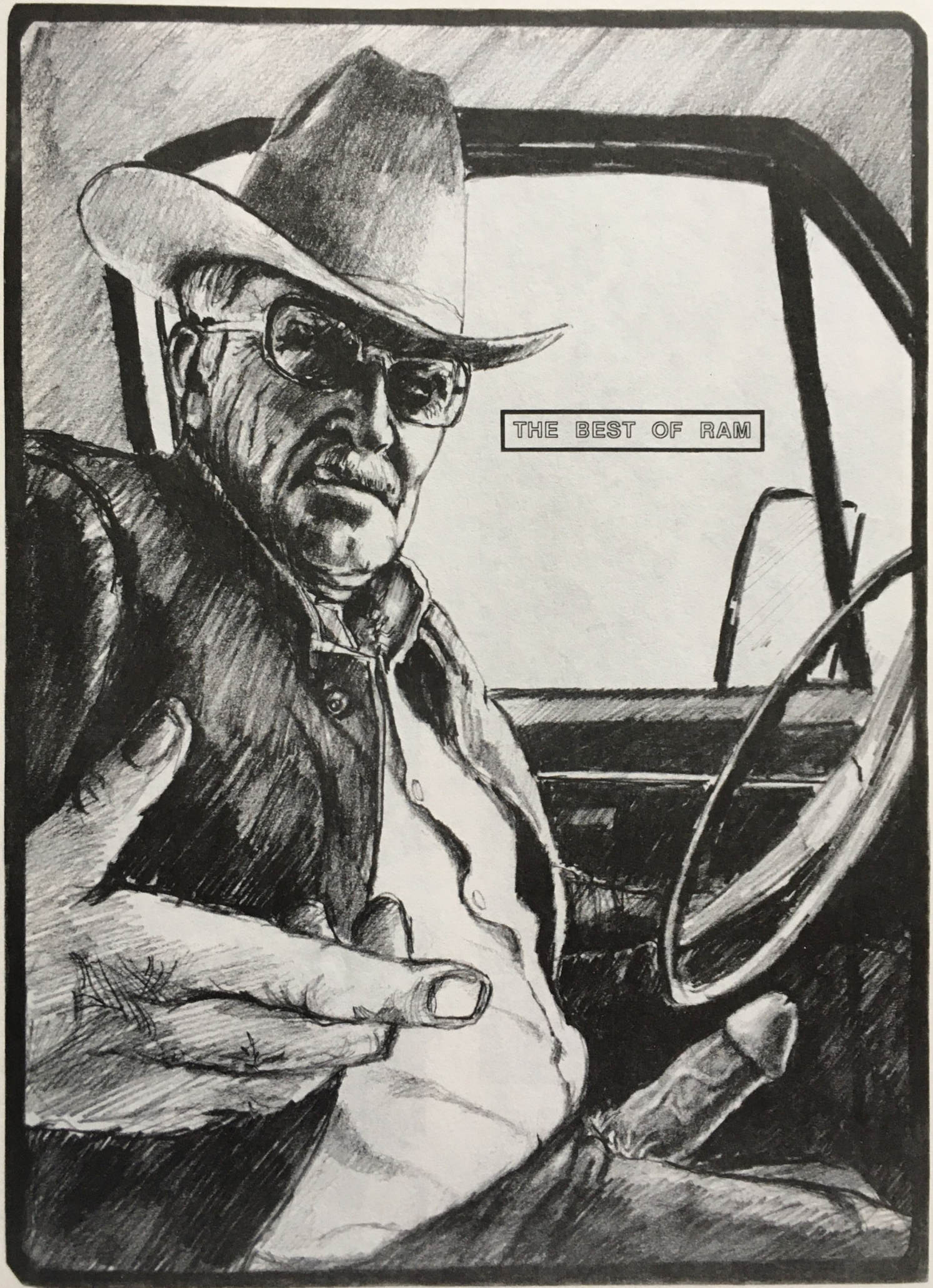
SYRINX AND FRIENDS....photos by The Friar


SWAN

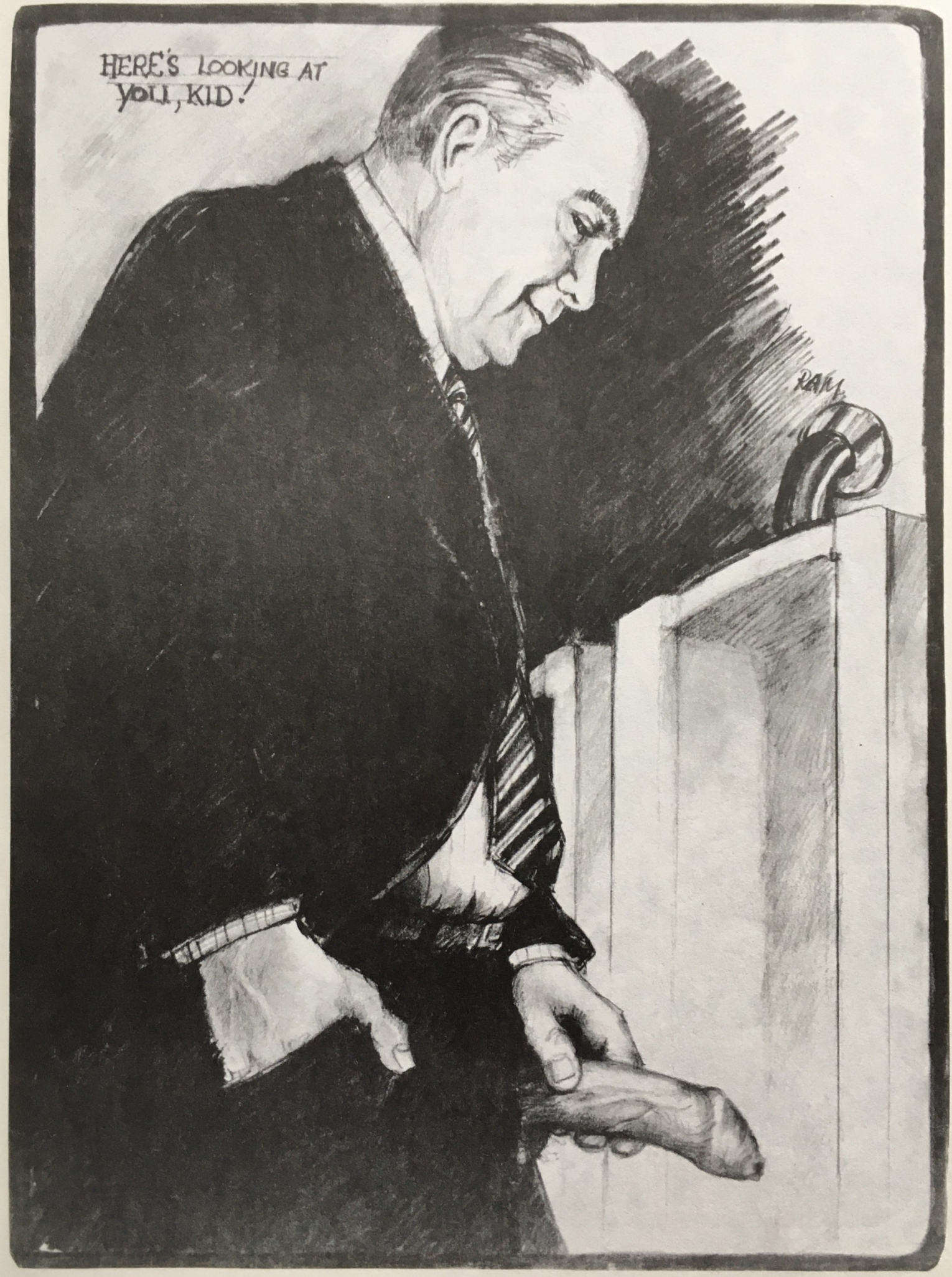


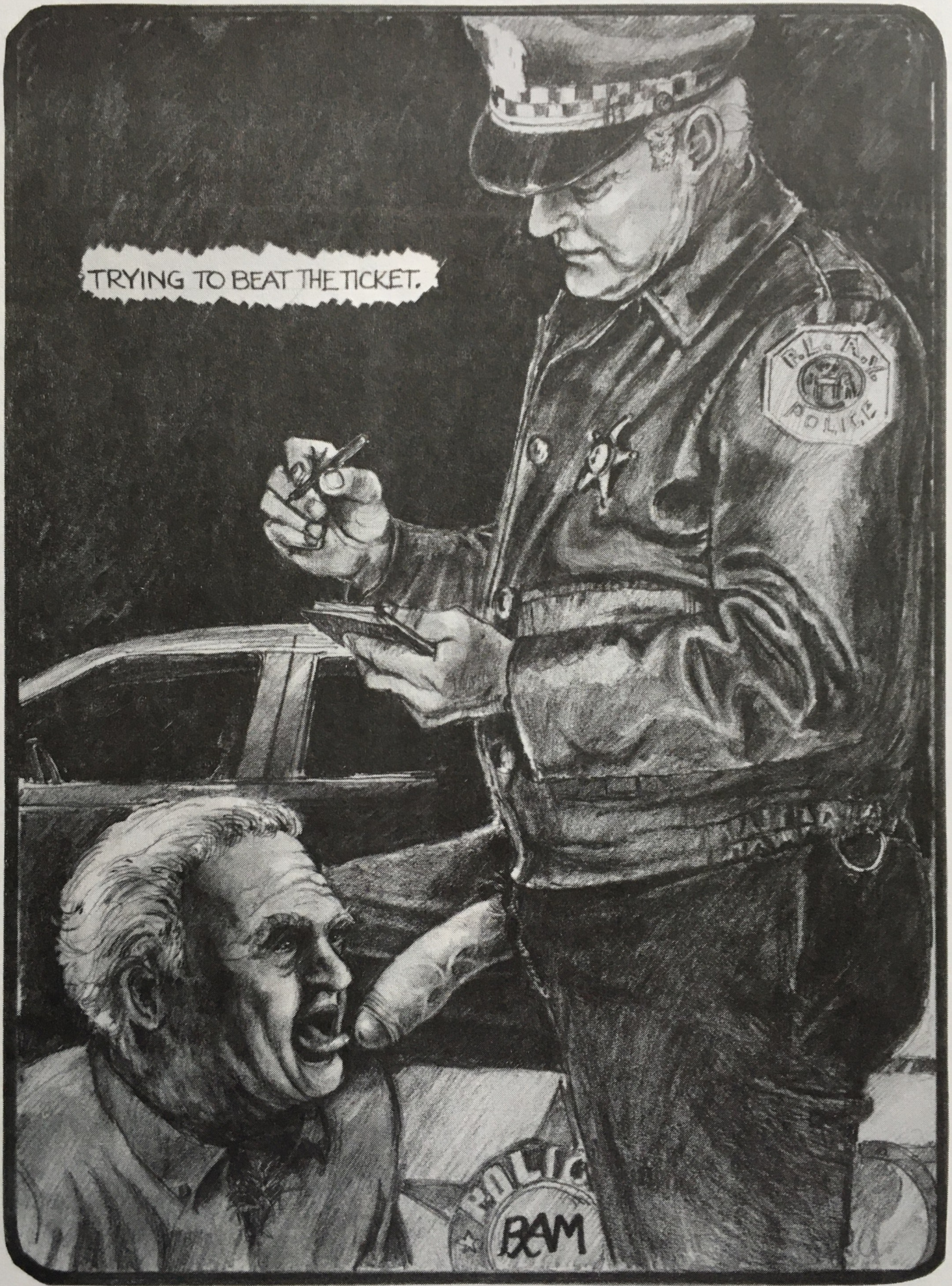




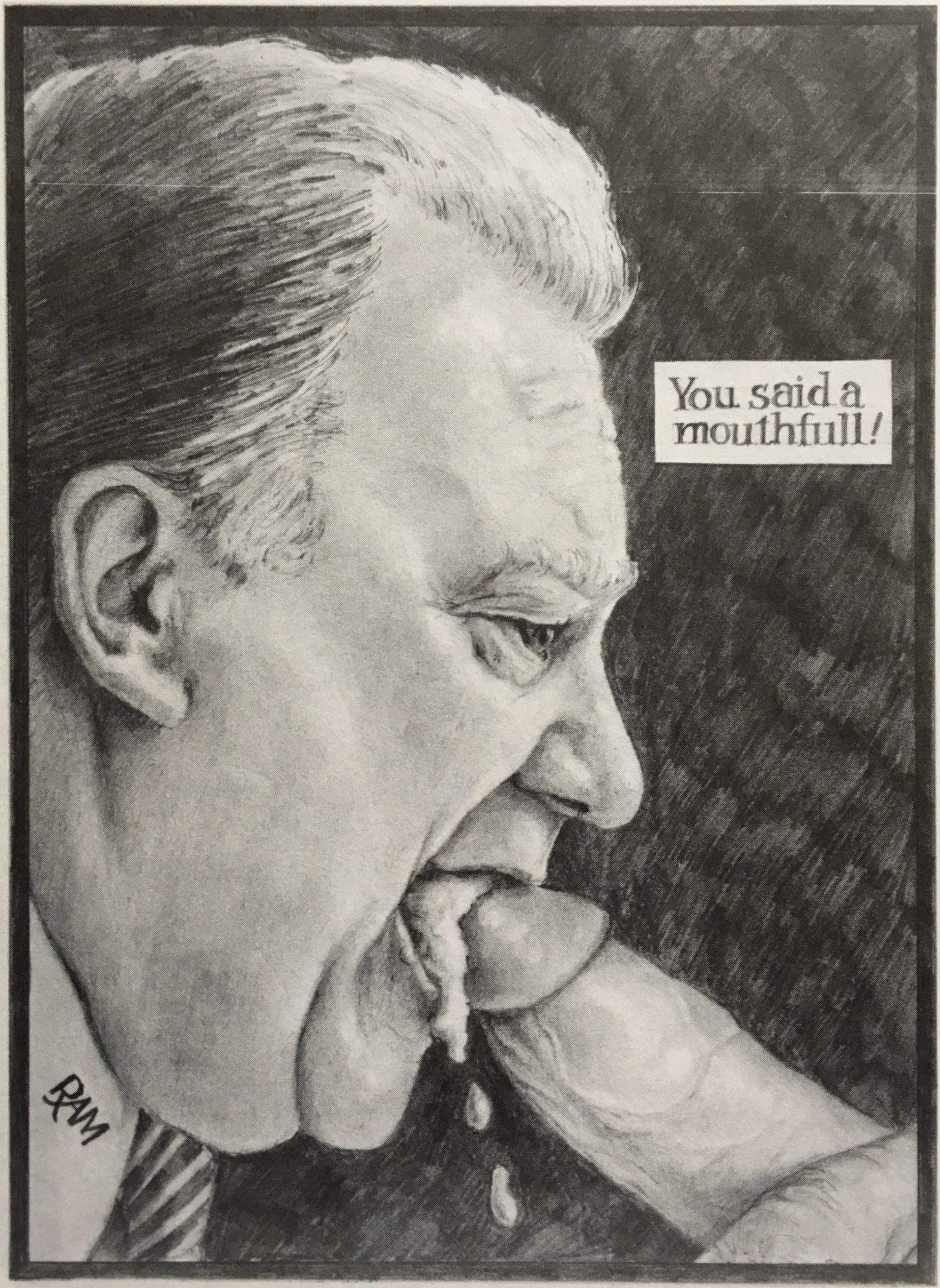


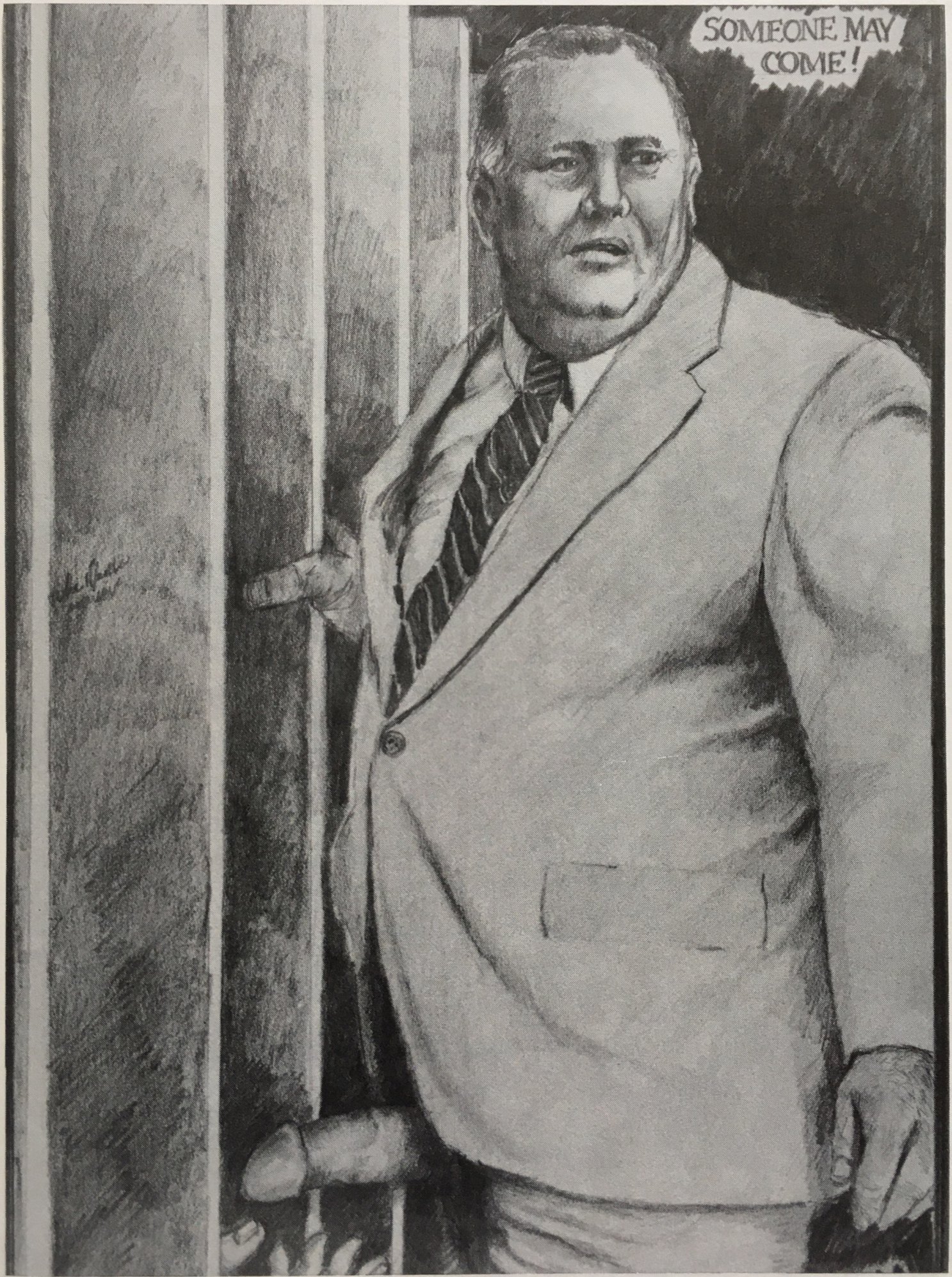
WANT A RIDE?

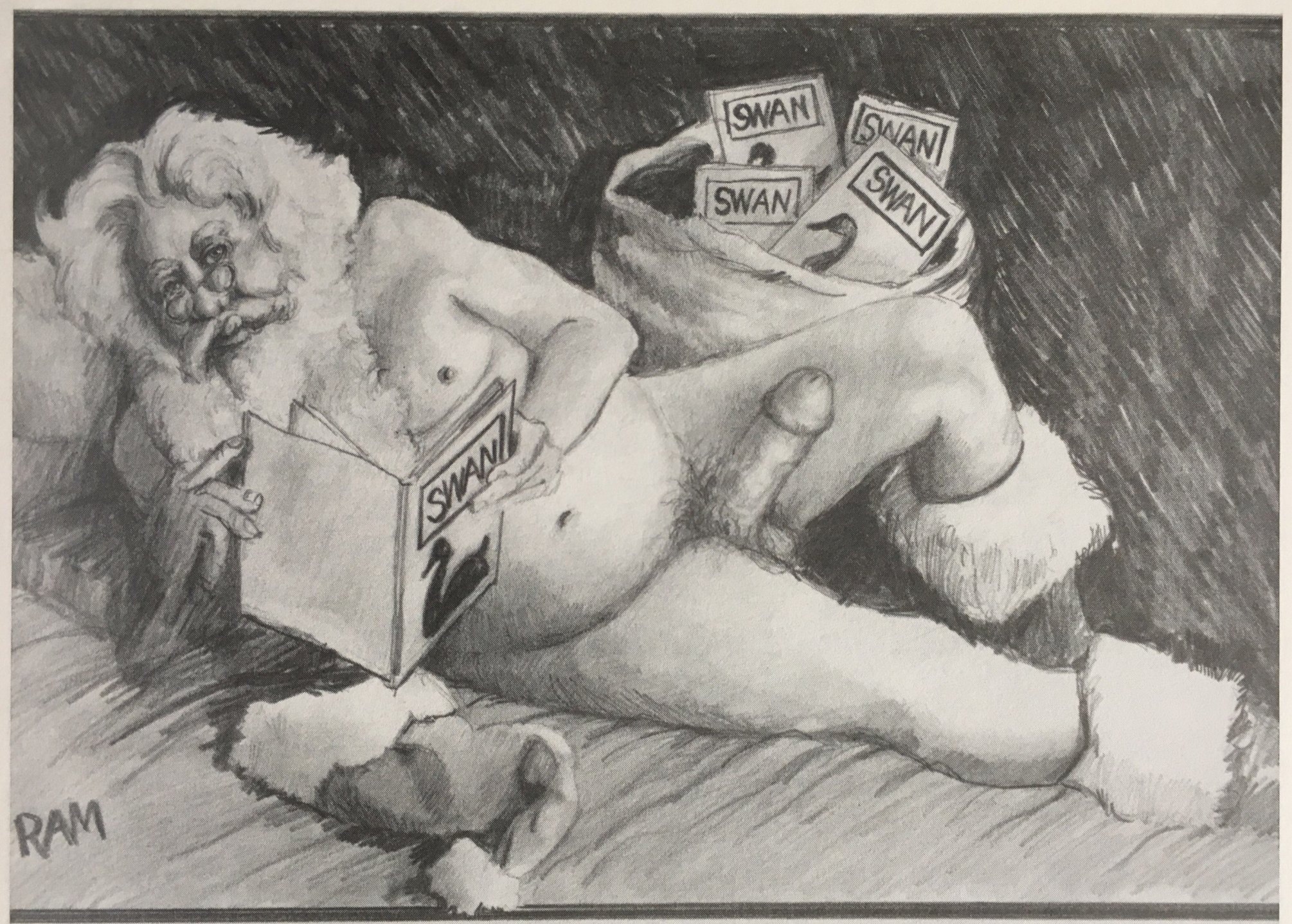

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!
RAV


TRYING TO BEAT THE TICKET.
POLICE
BAM

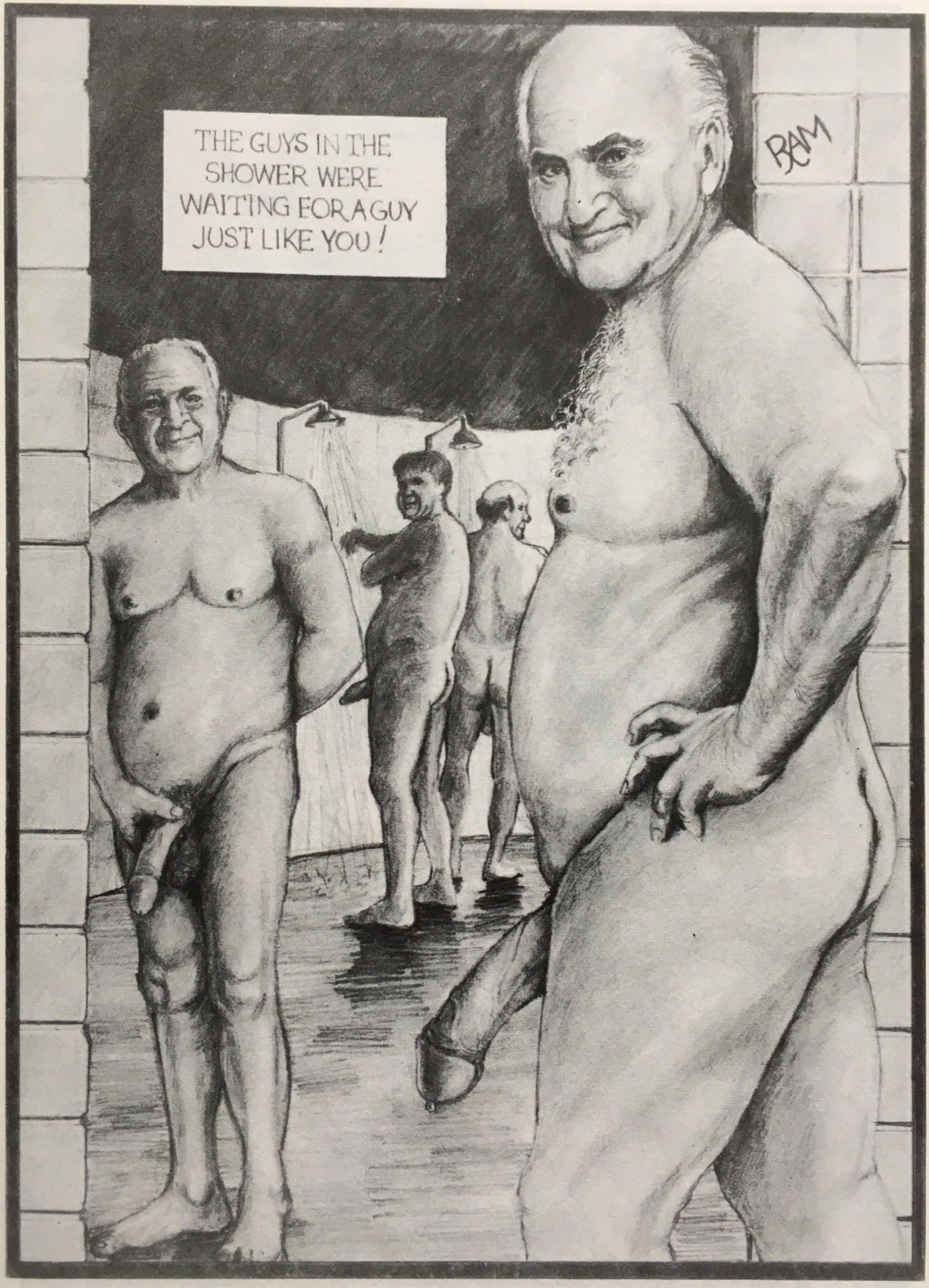
"WHAT DO YOU SAY WE WORKOUT IN THE SHOWER TODAY."
RAM

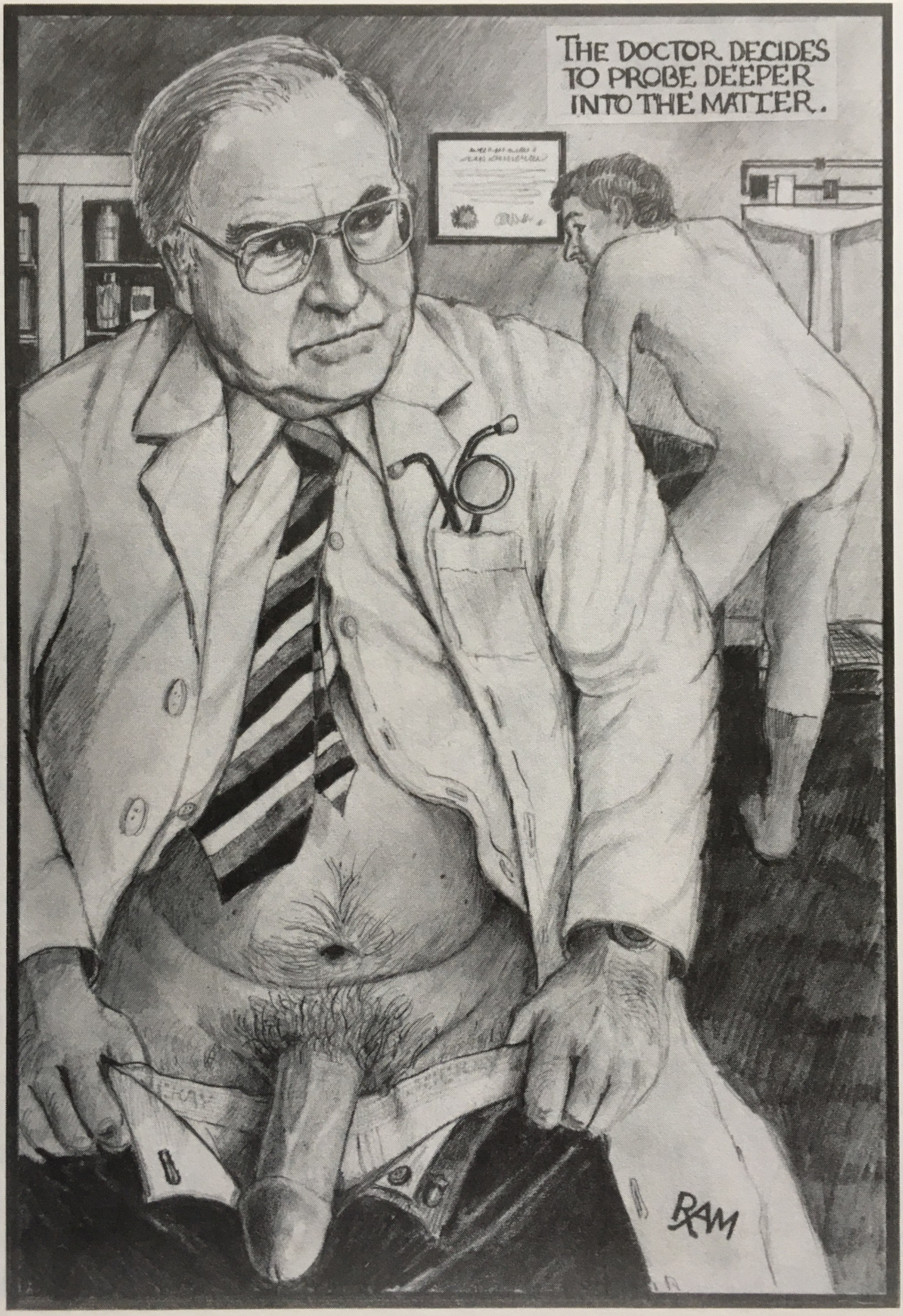

You said a mouthfull!
RAM


SOMEONE MAY COME!



SANTA'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS BAG FOR YOU THIS HOLIDAY!

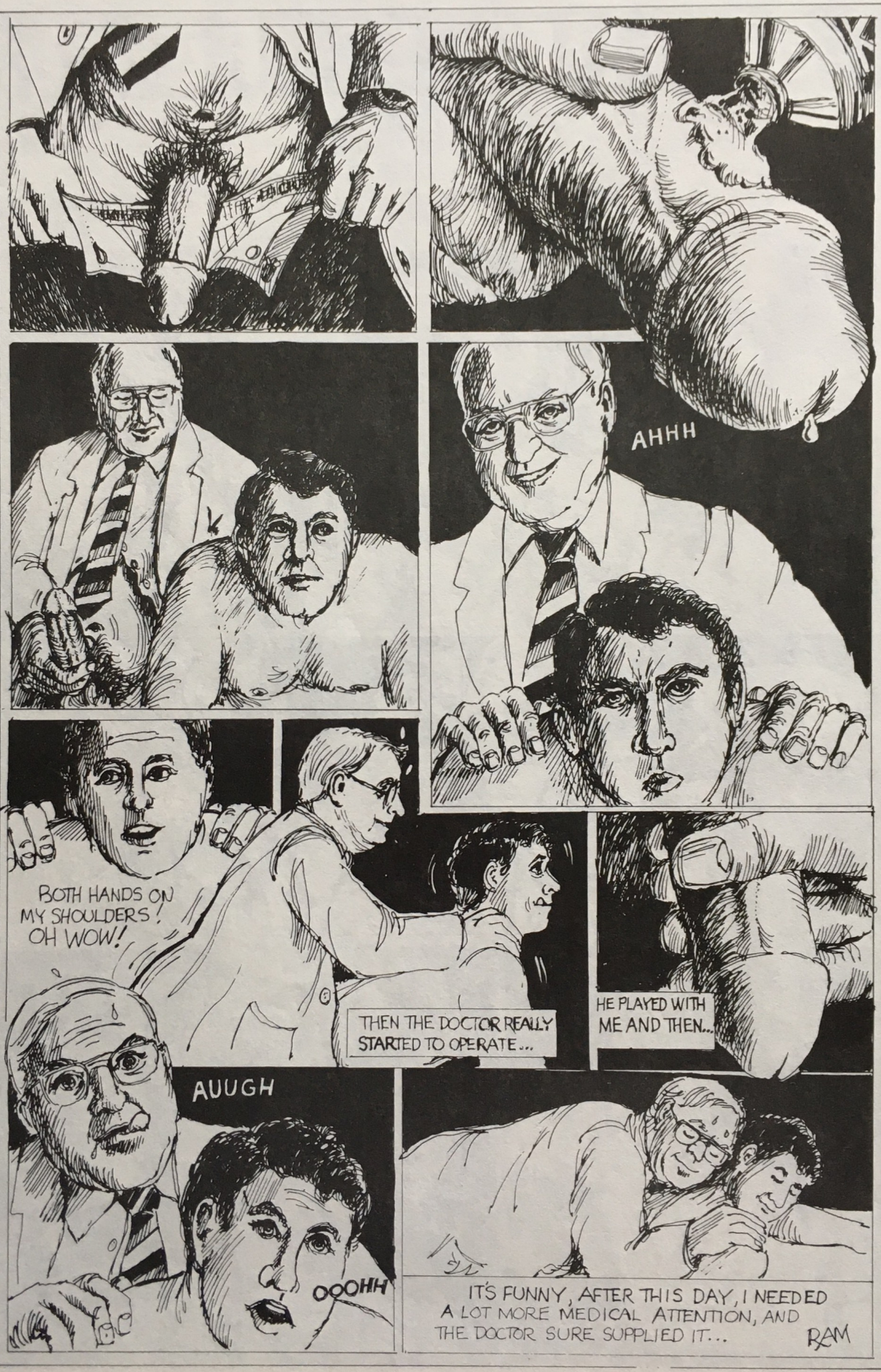

THE GUYS IN THE SHOWER WERE WAITING FOR A GUY JUST LIKE YOU!
BAM


THE DOCTOR DECIDES TO PROBE DEEPER INTO THE MATTER.
RAM

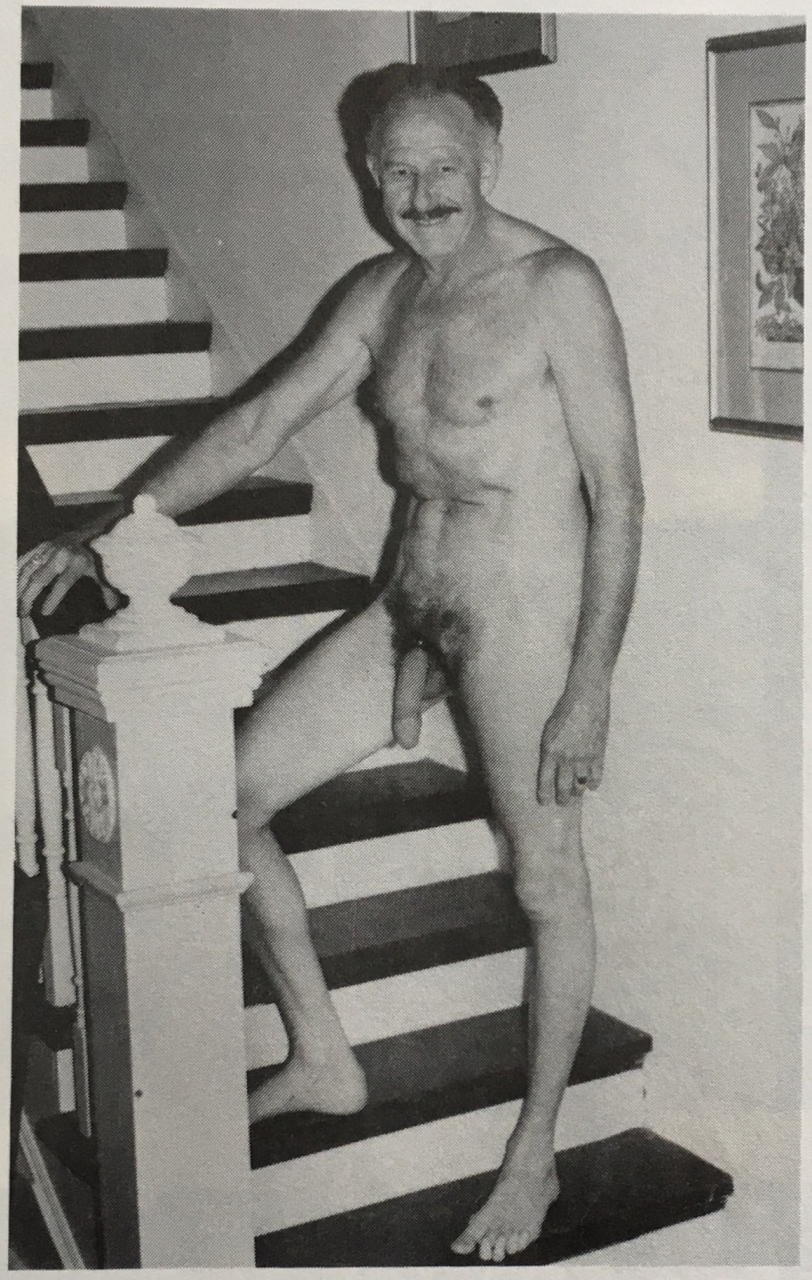
ADVENTURES OF RAM

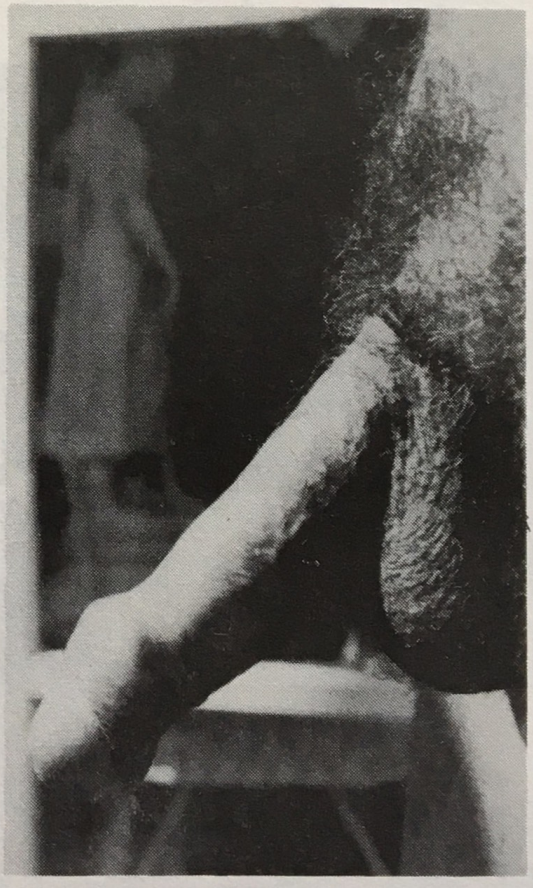
GOING TO MY DOCTOR WAS ALWAYS A MIXED BAG. ON THE ONE HAND I WAS FEARFUL THAT SOMETHING WOULD BE WRONG WITH ME, ON THE OTHER HAND HE WAS SO GENTLE AND YET MASCULINE. THE WAY HE WOULD TOUCH AND PROD ME, WOULD SEND SHIVERS UP AND DOWN MY SPINE. THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS TO IT, UNTIL ONE DAY...

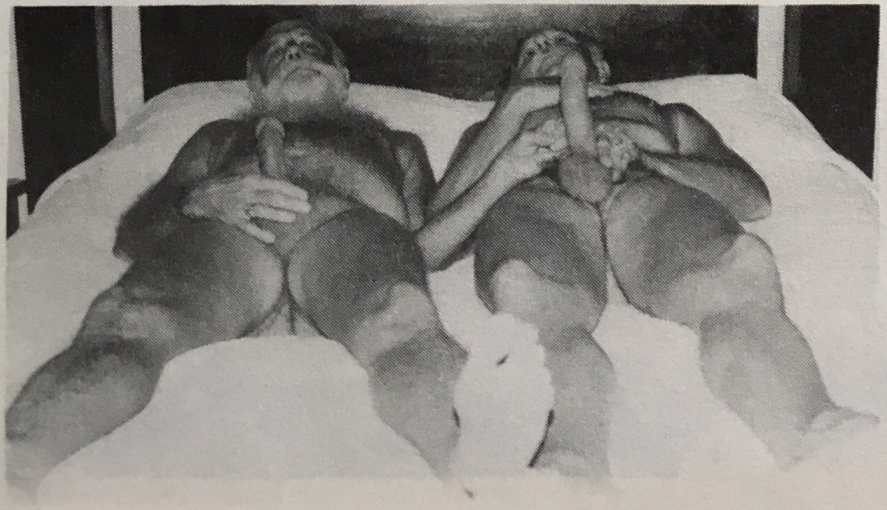
BREATH DEEP.
OH BLOW IN MY EAR!
ALMOST THROUGH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME. IT FELT SO GOOD, I BACKED UP AND SQUEEZED...
I HOPED HE HADN'T NOTICED!
I FELT SOMETHING. I'LL HAVE TO PROBE INTO THIS A LITTLE DEEPER.

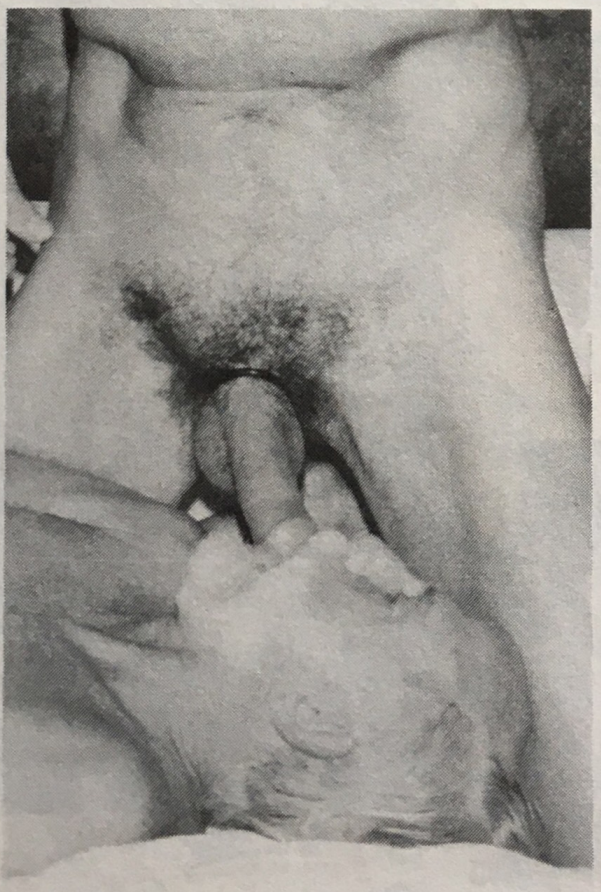

AHHH
BOTH HANDS ON MY SHOULDERS! OH WOW!
THEN THE DOCTOR REALLY STARTED TO OPERATE...
HE PLAYED WITH ME AND THEN...
AUUGH
OOOHH
IT'S FUNNY, AFTER THIS DAY, I NEEDED A LOT MORE MEDICAL ATTENTION, AND THE DOCTOR SURE SUPPLIED IT...
BAM

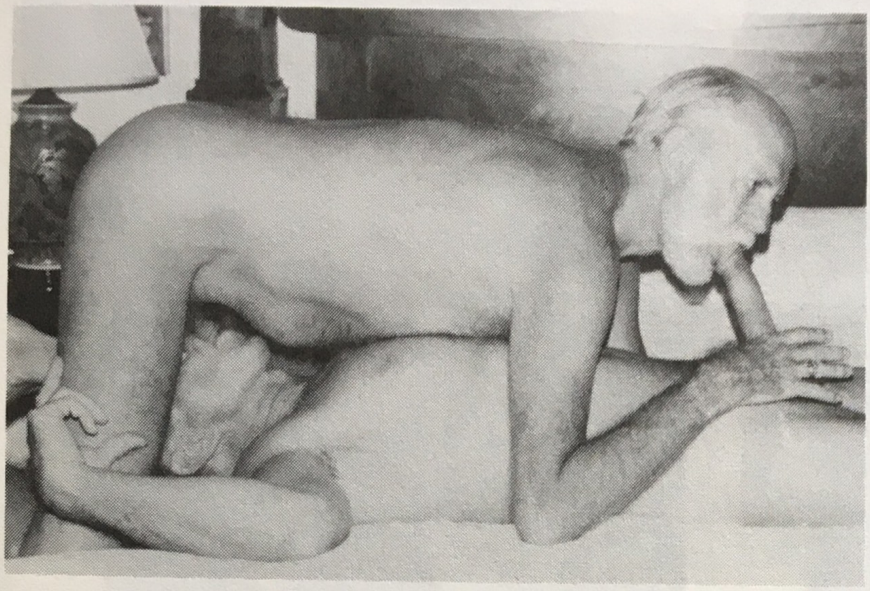
JOE AND HARRY....photos by Joe and Harry

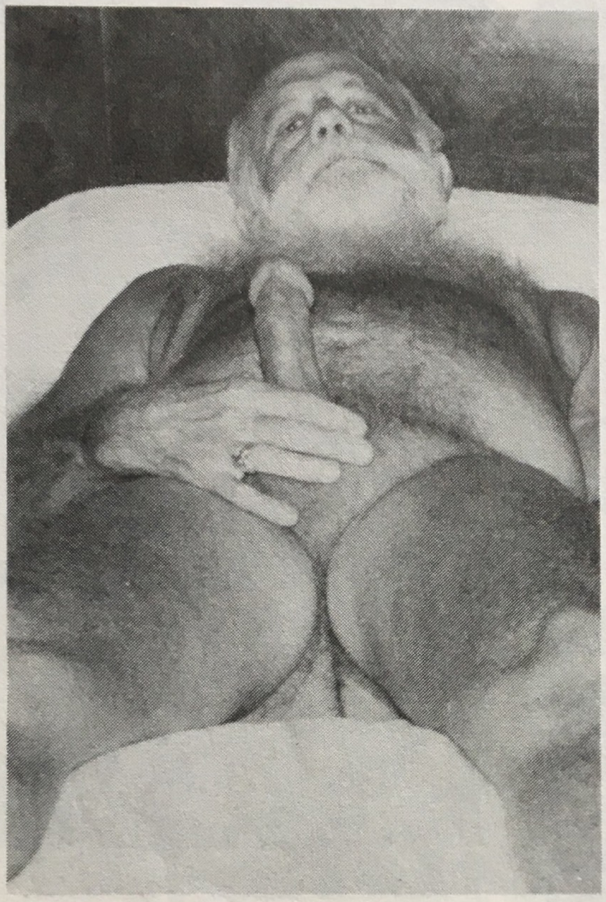


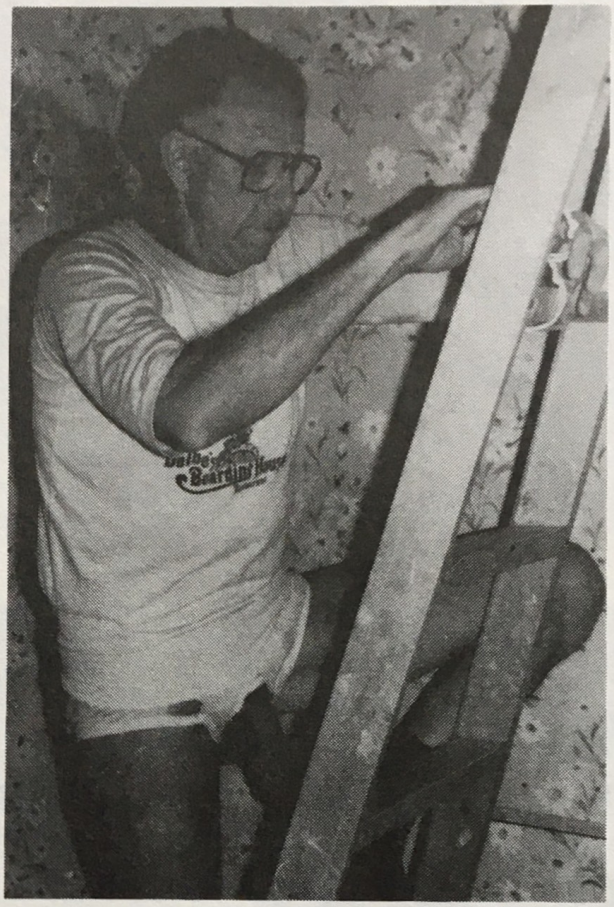


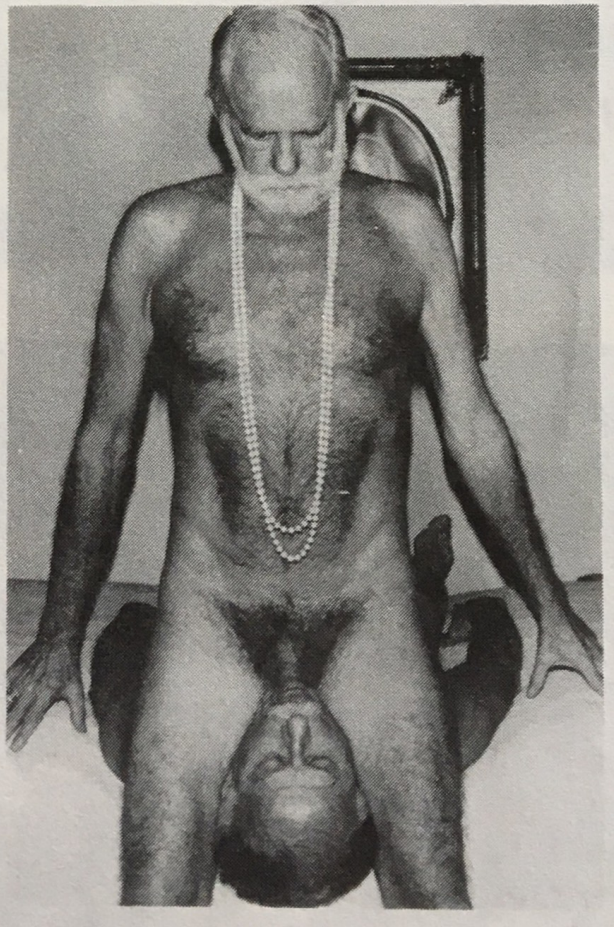


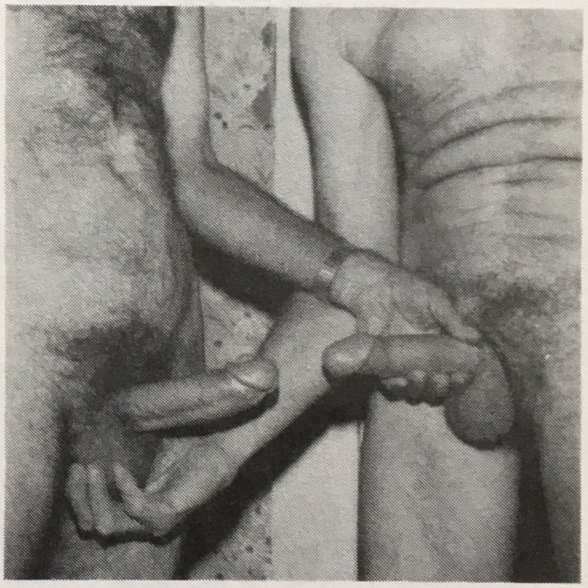


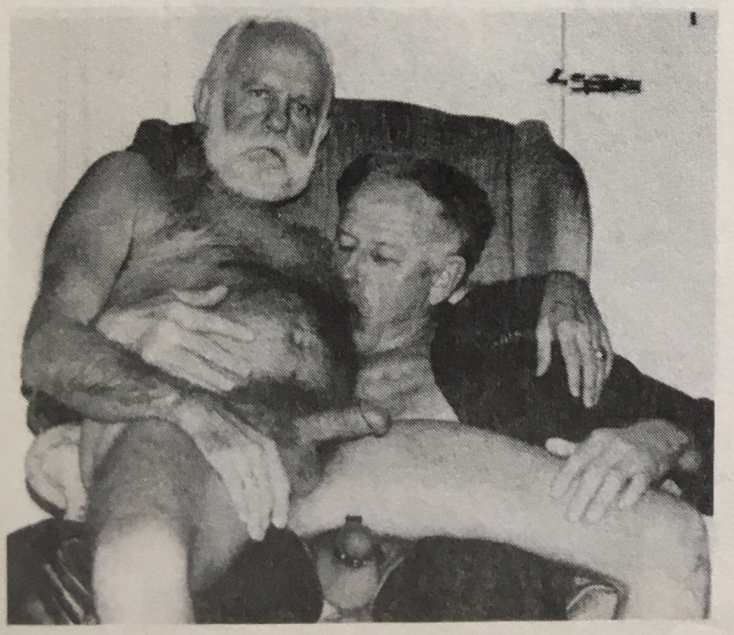












THE DUEL

squint to see him, dusty desert
walking hunk of awesome man
getting closer, chest hair glistens
blue jeans bulging, skin so tan

eyes are bloodshot, face is ruddy
through his groin his hot blood runs
stops before me, starts me trembling
hands are touchy on the guns

frenzy grabs me, on my knees, I
rip the buttons off his fly
stepping backwards, tripping, falling
threats that I will surely die

struggling, groping, finally calming
slip his cock between my lips
spiral downward, throat inflaming
lock my arms around his hips

plowing, ramming, screaming, cumming
wilt in hot sand, fucked to death
fall to madness, heady sweetness
of his seed upon my breath

IT

play with it, stay with it
have a good day with it,
flash it to strangers and start a big fray with it

strangle it, mangle it
yin it or yangle it,
wrestle it down with a big rope and wrangle it

thrill with it, kill with it,
crown it and pillow it,
use it for barter and run up a bill with it

spar with it, war with it
buy a gold bar with it
play your cards right, boy, and you will go far with it

truck with it, fuck with it
paint it or stucco it
try out for hockey and slapshoot a puck with it

now, don't be coy with it
please, Sir, don't toy with it,
spread some sweet joy with it,
give it to meeeeeeeeee

REWARD

world's fast
things break
cracks appear
hearts ache

life's cruel
abandonment
things got tough
off they went

throw up hands?
no can do
keep on looking
gotta find you

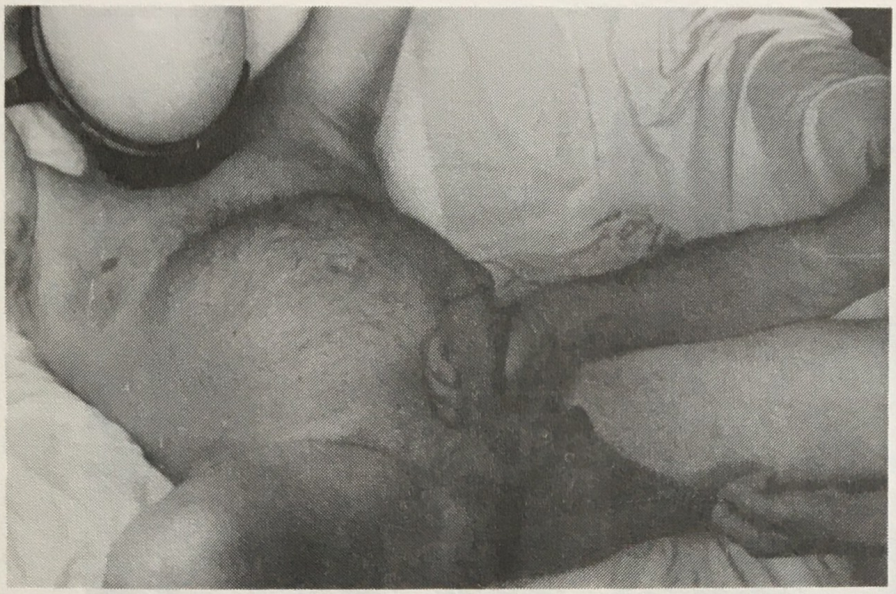
WE

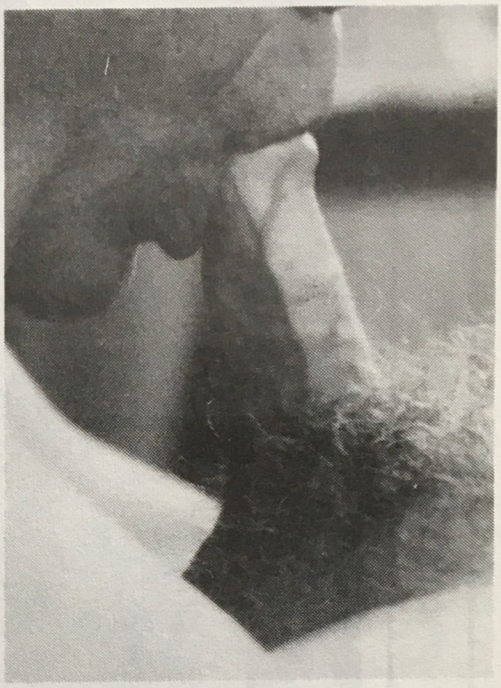
We
saw and fell, we'd
gone through hell, we
share great dreams, we're
blessed, it seems, we
fit like glove, we've
surplus love, we
hear sweet loon, we
sing same tune, we've
built a place, we
left rat race, we'll
grow by leaps, we're
here for keeps

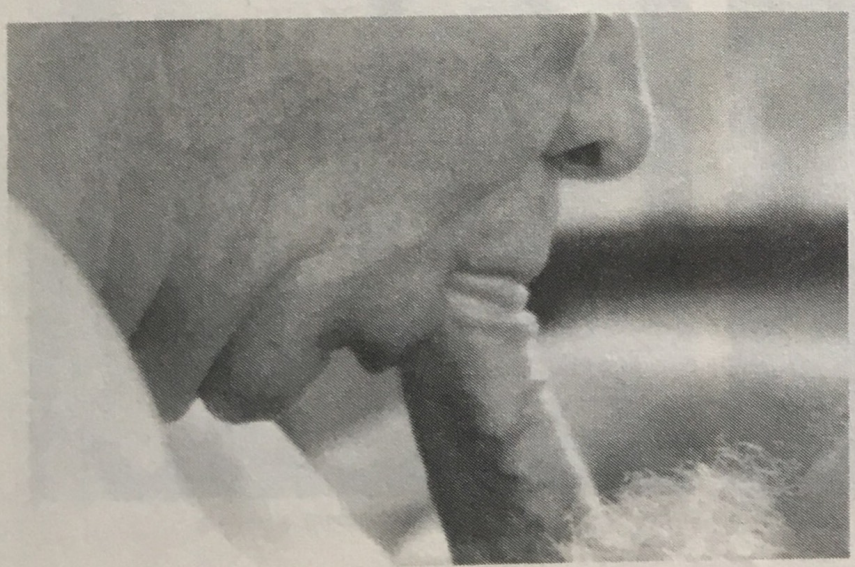
RAPPIN' TARZAN

Look, there's Tarzan, he still looks fine, he's
sixty-nine and still swinging on a vine, still
talking to the apes, uh huh, and thumping that chest, then
screaming at the elephants and scaring all the rest, but I
bet you don't know about him and me, say
long about dark up in the canopy, just
wrestling in the leaf nest, under the moon, you see
I'm gonna get him hot now, it's gonna be soon, as I
bite on his tits and squeeze his big fat balls, then I
suck his rhino cock till he shakes and almost falls, then he
shoots and yells, "Ungawa!" and the lions start to roar, and
he beats upon his pecs and screams, "Tarzan want more!," so hell
yes, it's Tarzan, he still looks fine, he's
sixty-nine and, best of all, he's mine

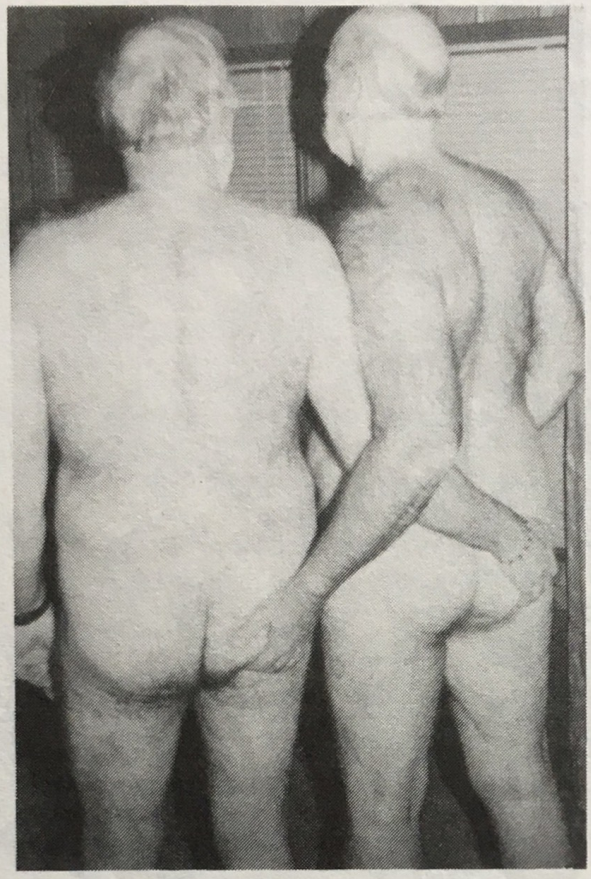
THE FRIAR AND FRIENDS....photos by P.H. Colley

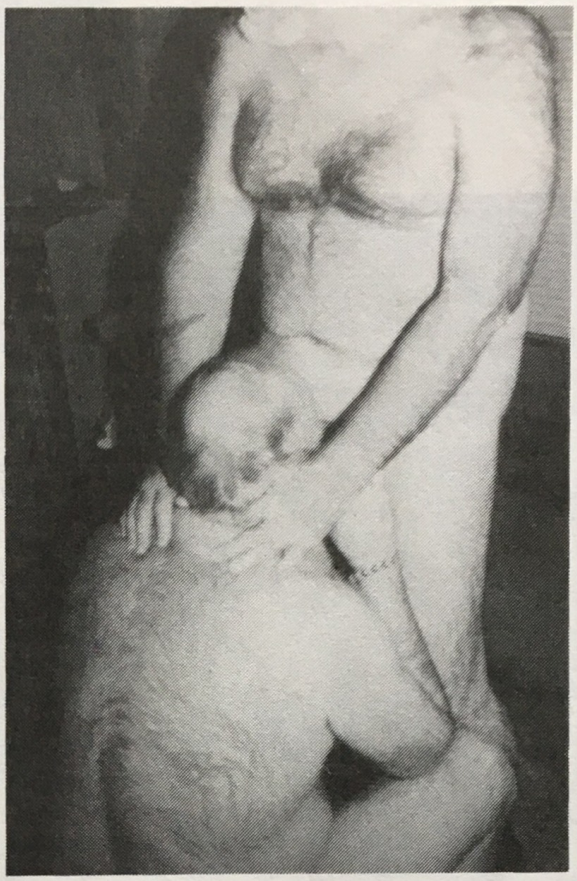


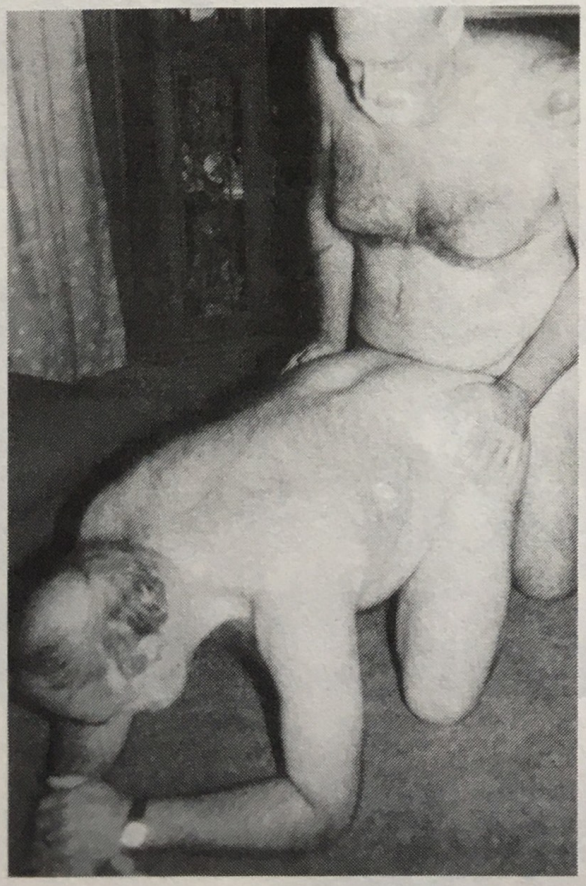


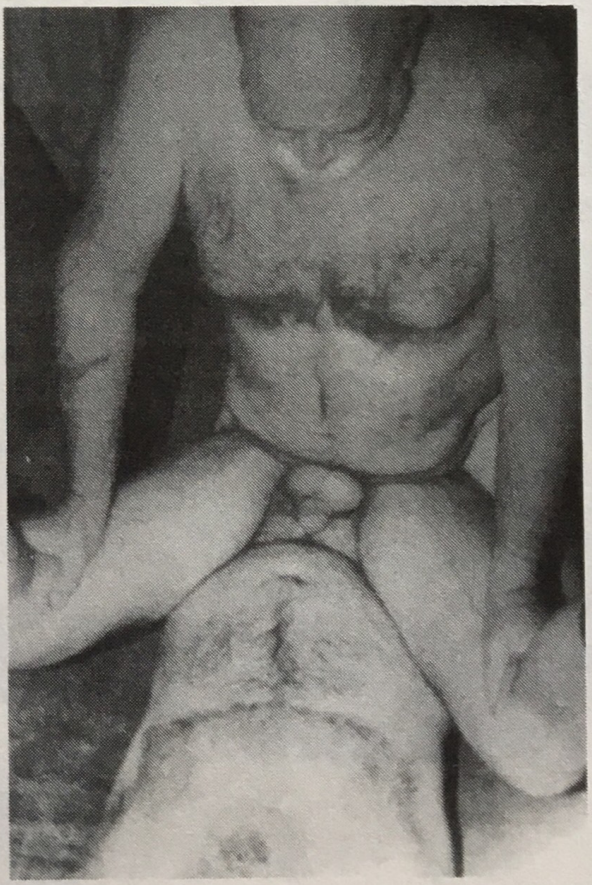


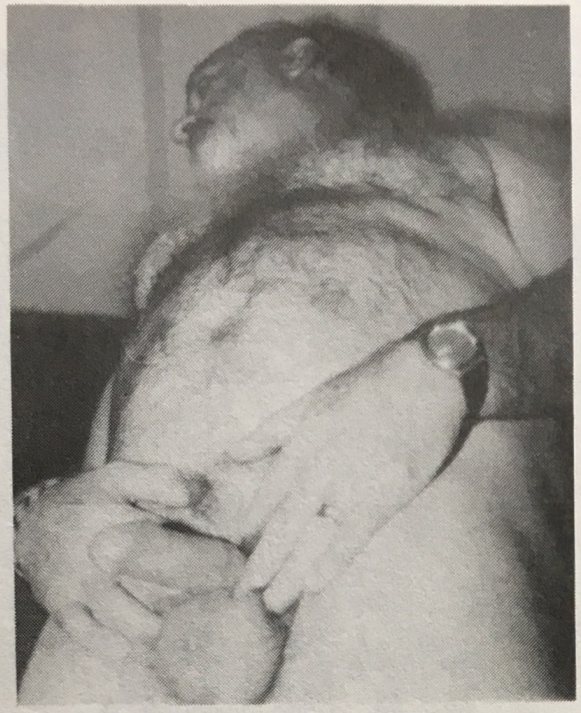
THE COLONEL AND FRIENDS
....photos by Kent Justice

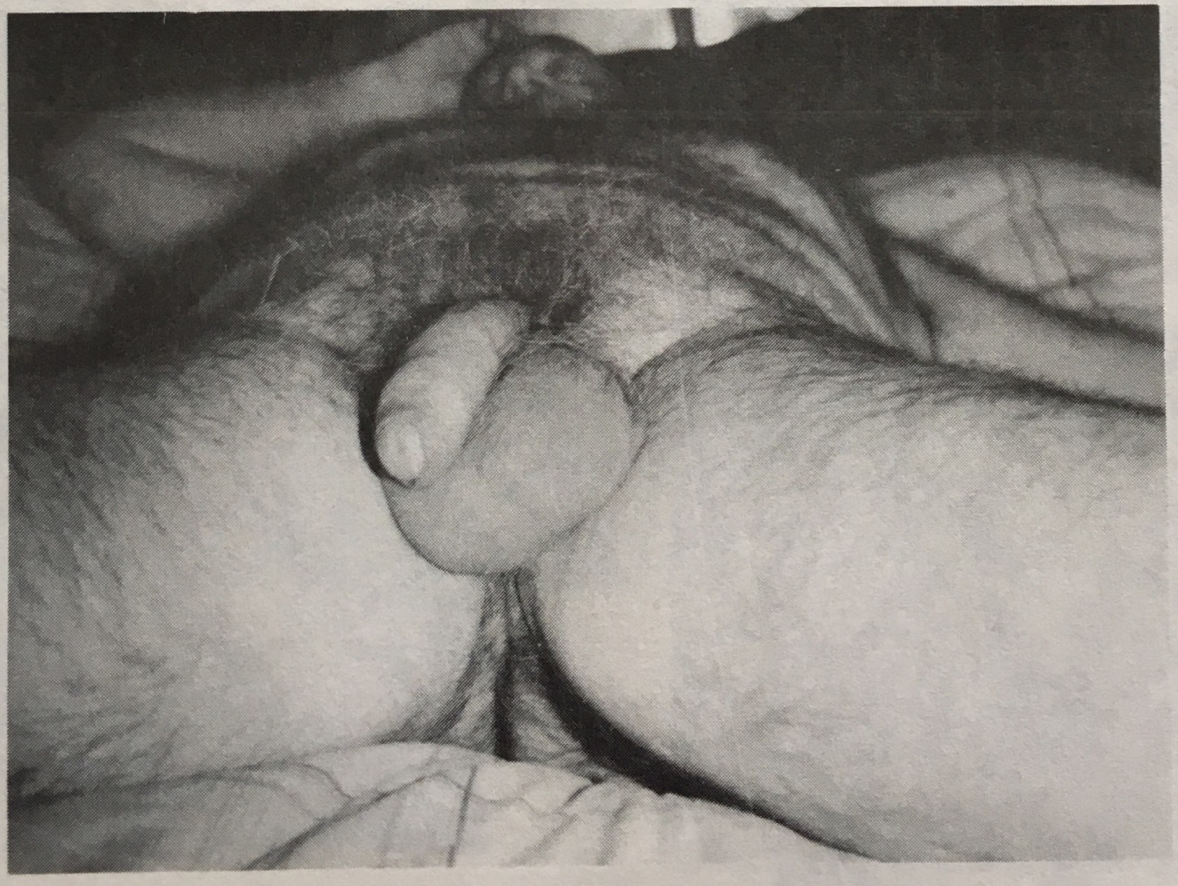


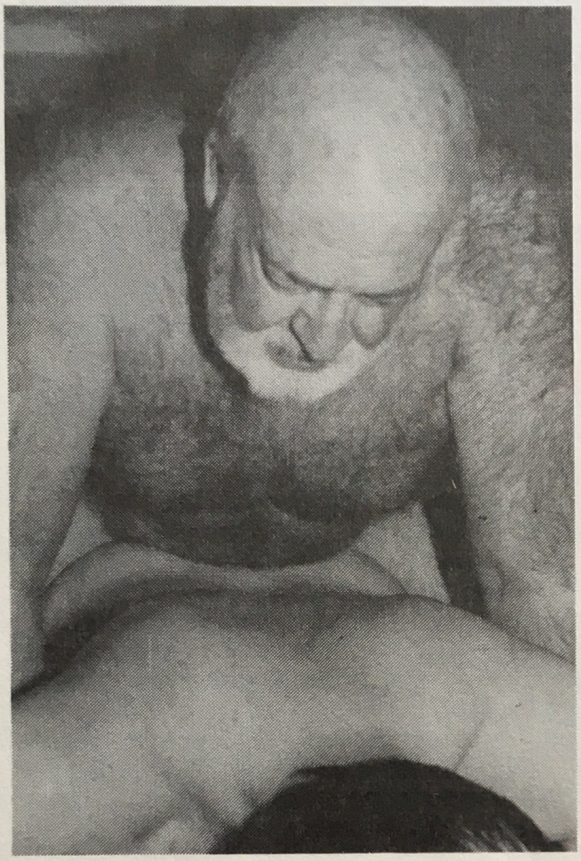


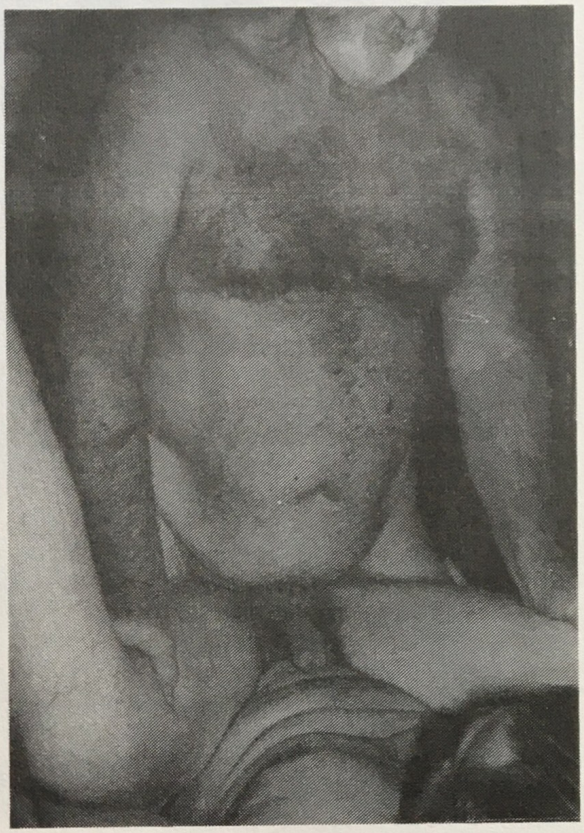


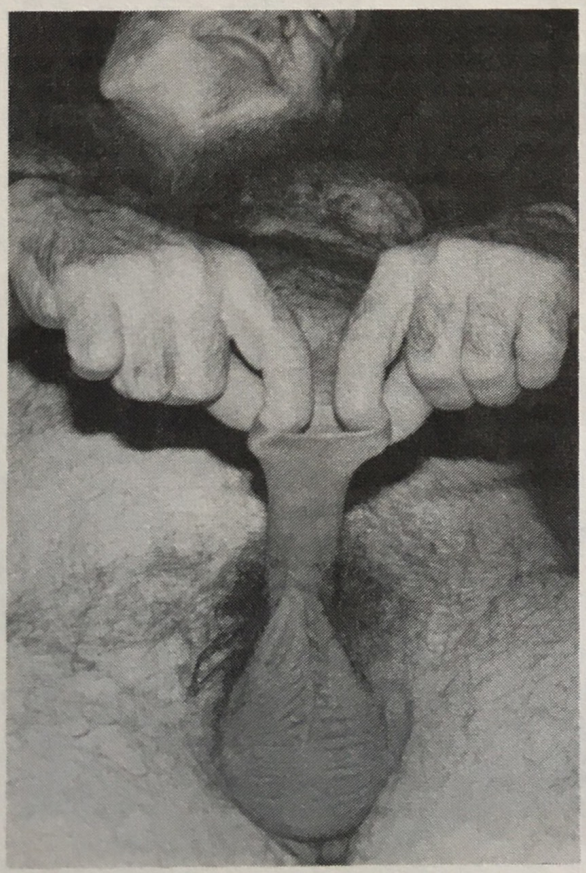


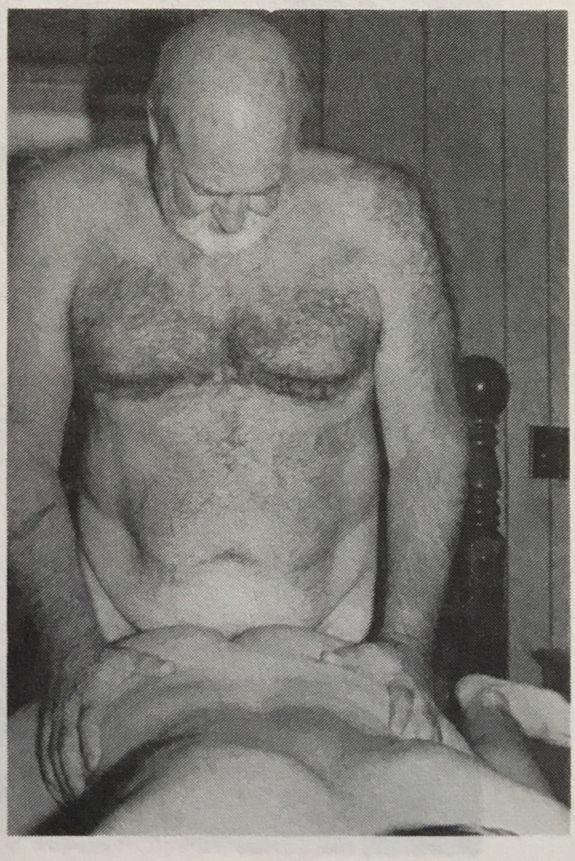


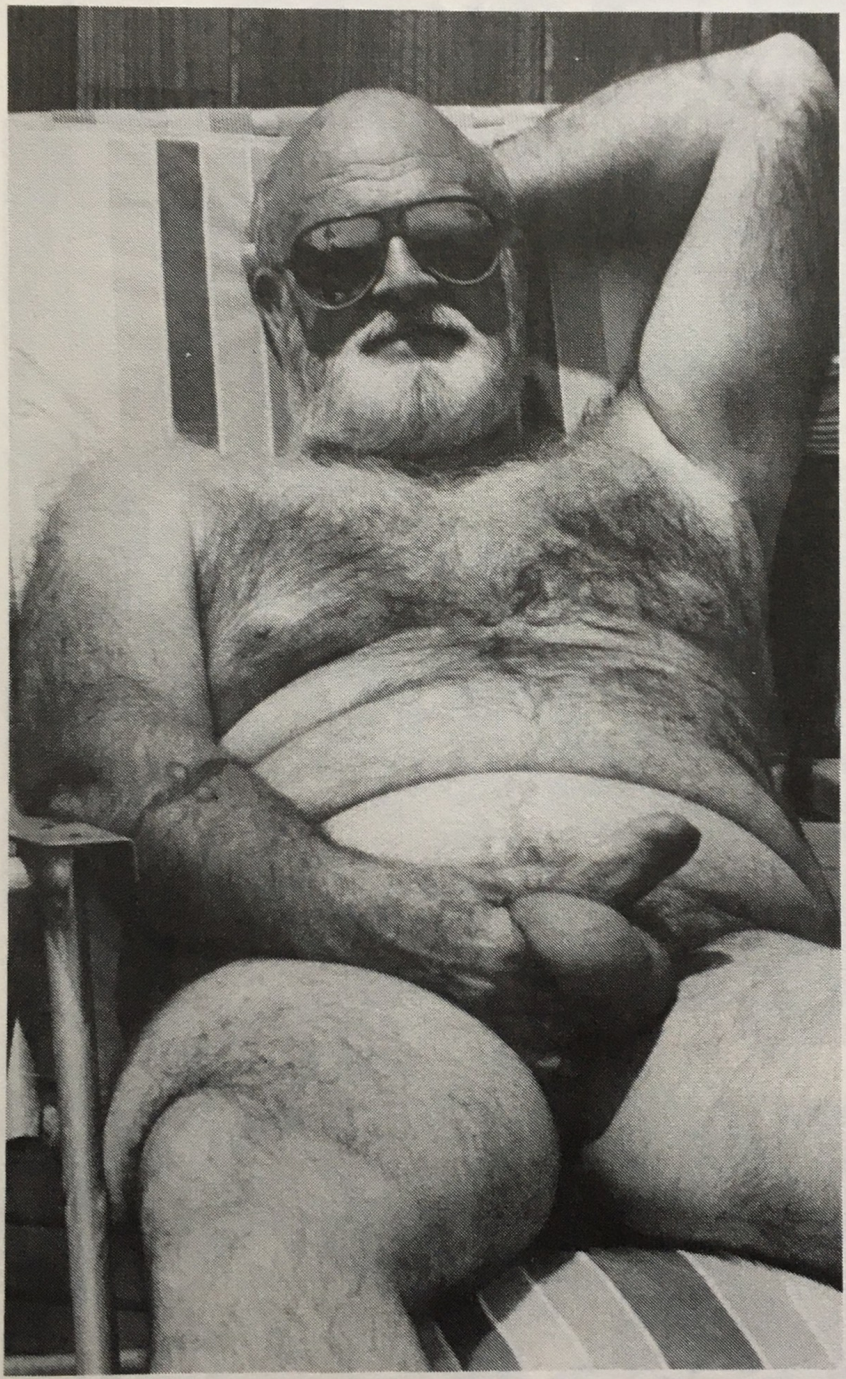


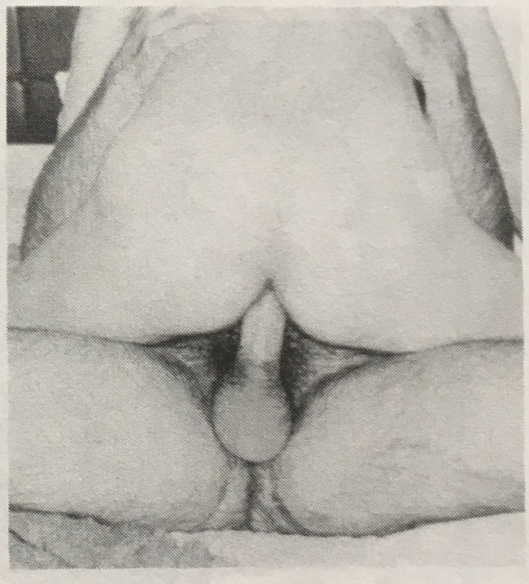


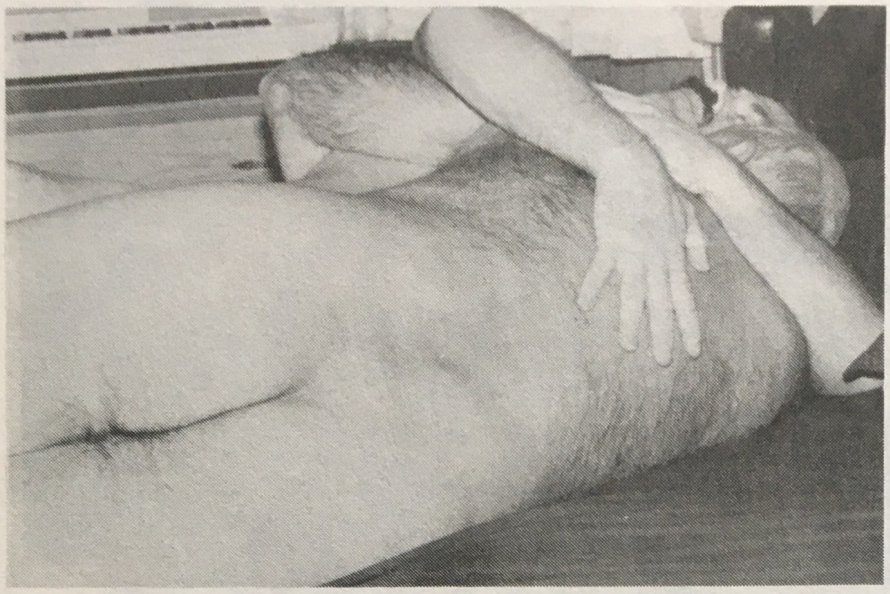


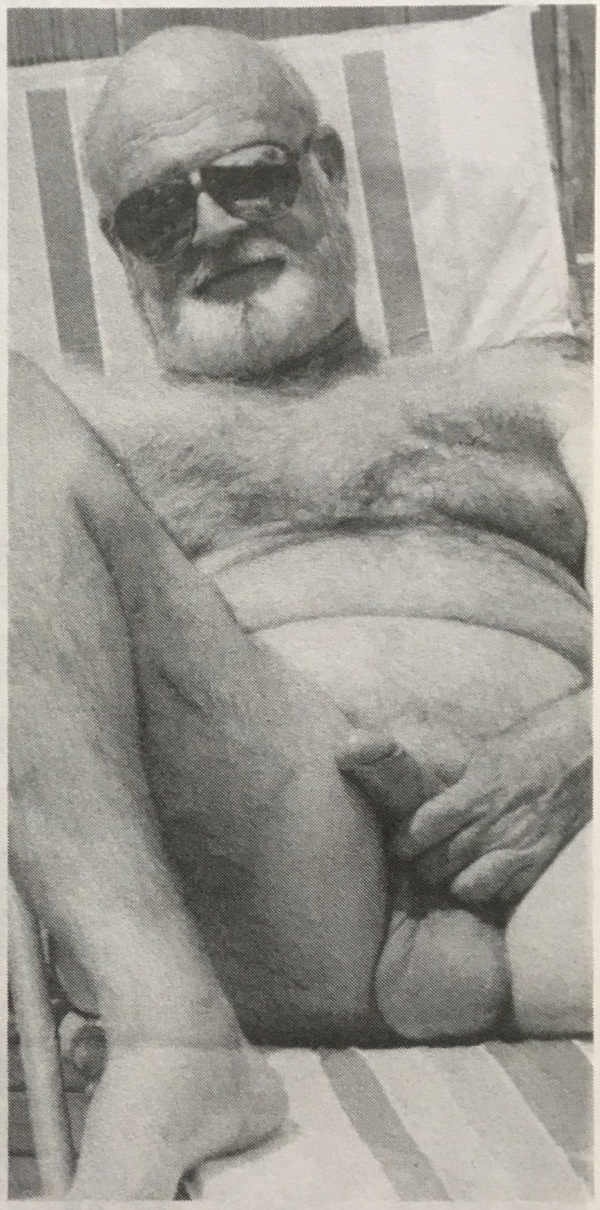


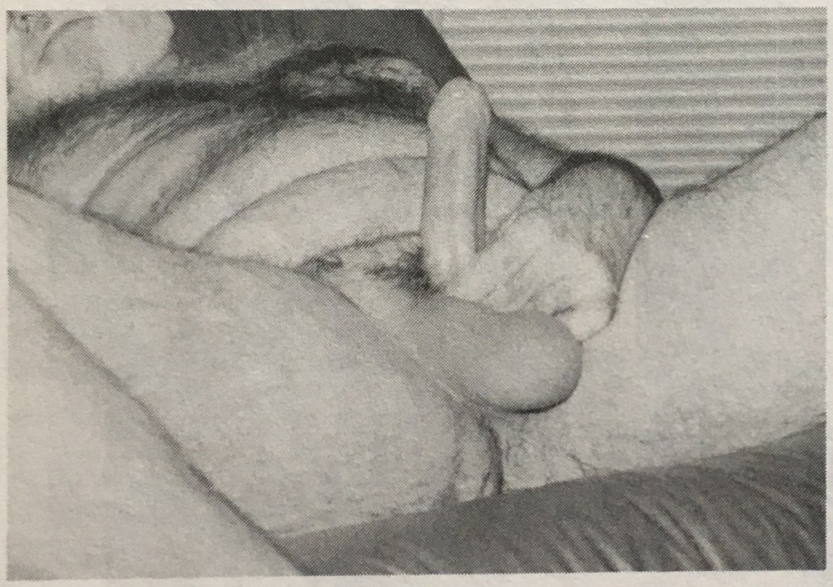


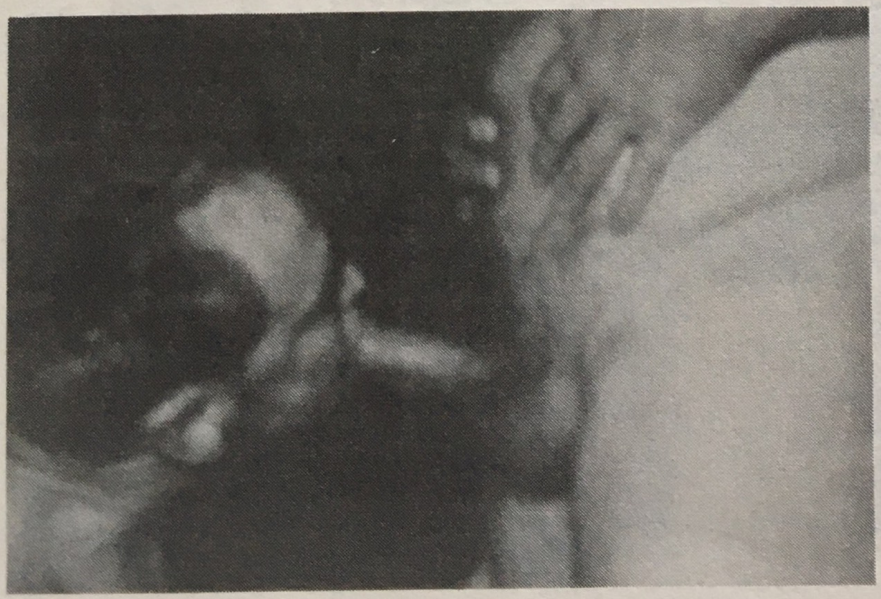












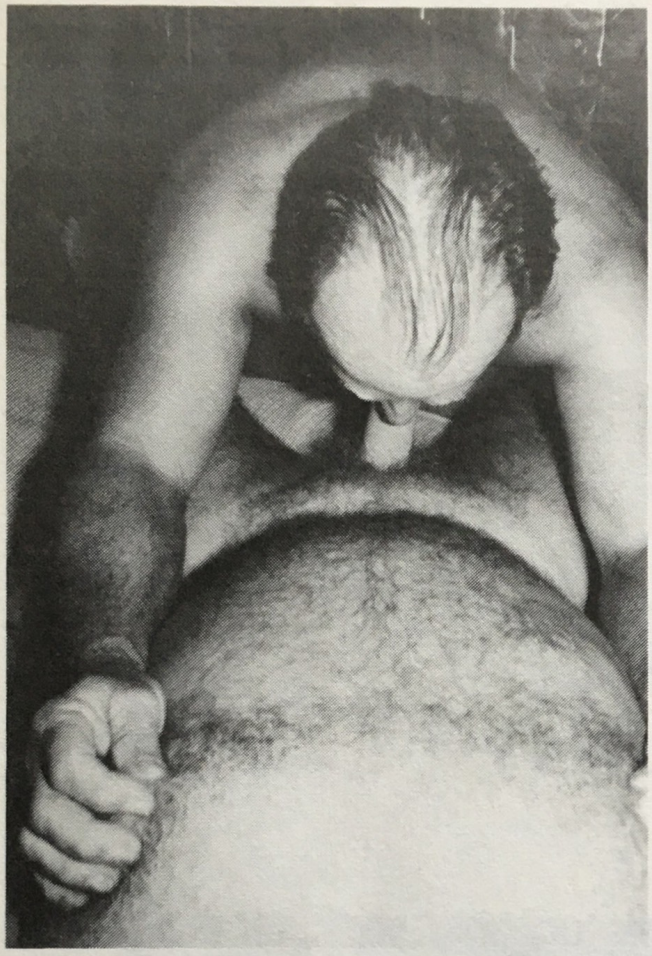
NEW DRAWINGS BY RADER

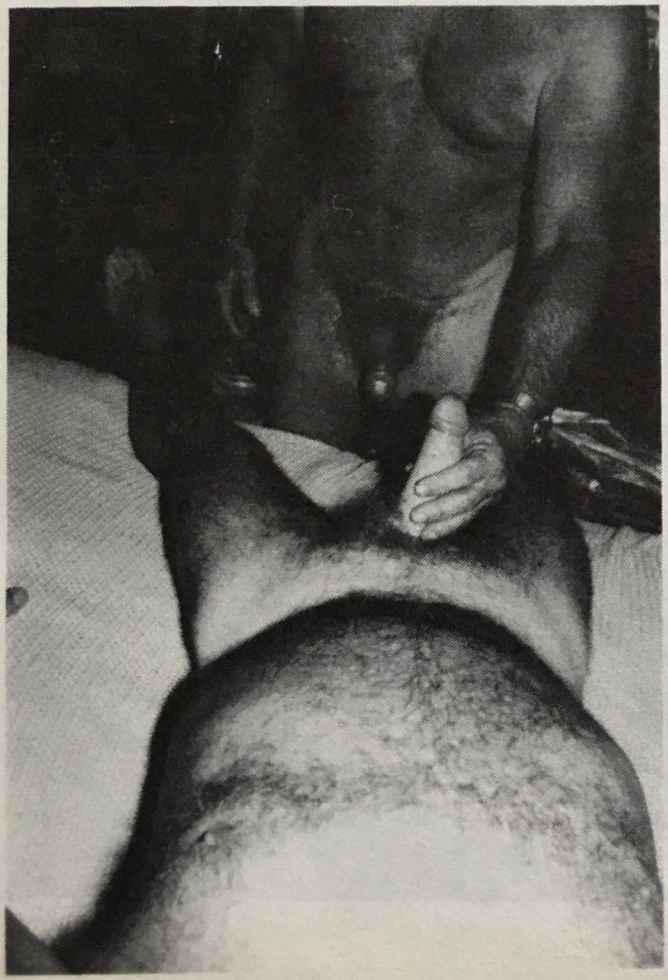
RADER is back! This brilliant artist is 22 and into older men. His spouse is 44. A famous artist by profession, RADER has been previously published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. These drawings were created especially for THE ENCORE COLLECTION.

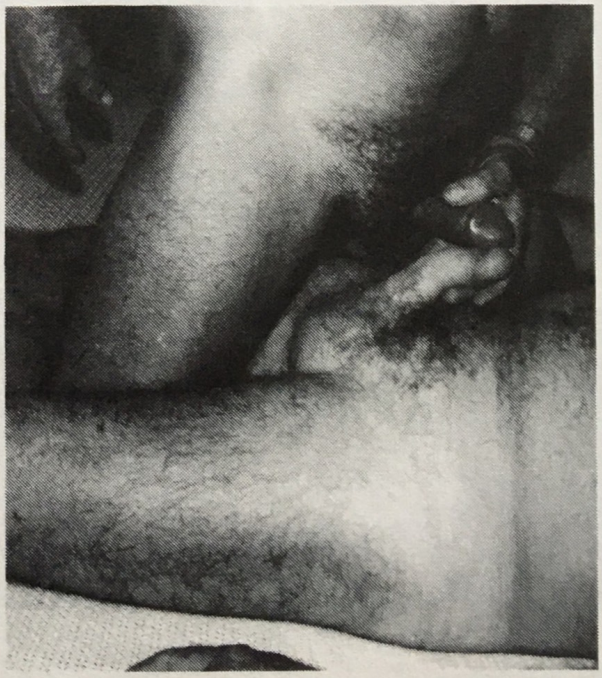
RADER 10·7·89

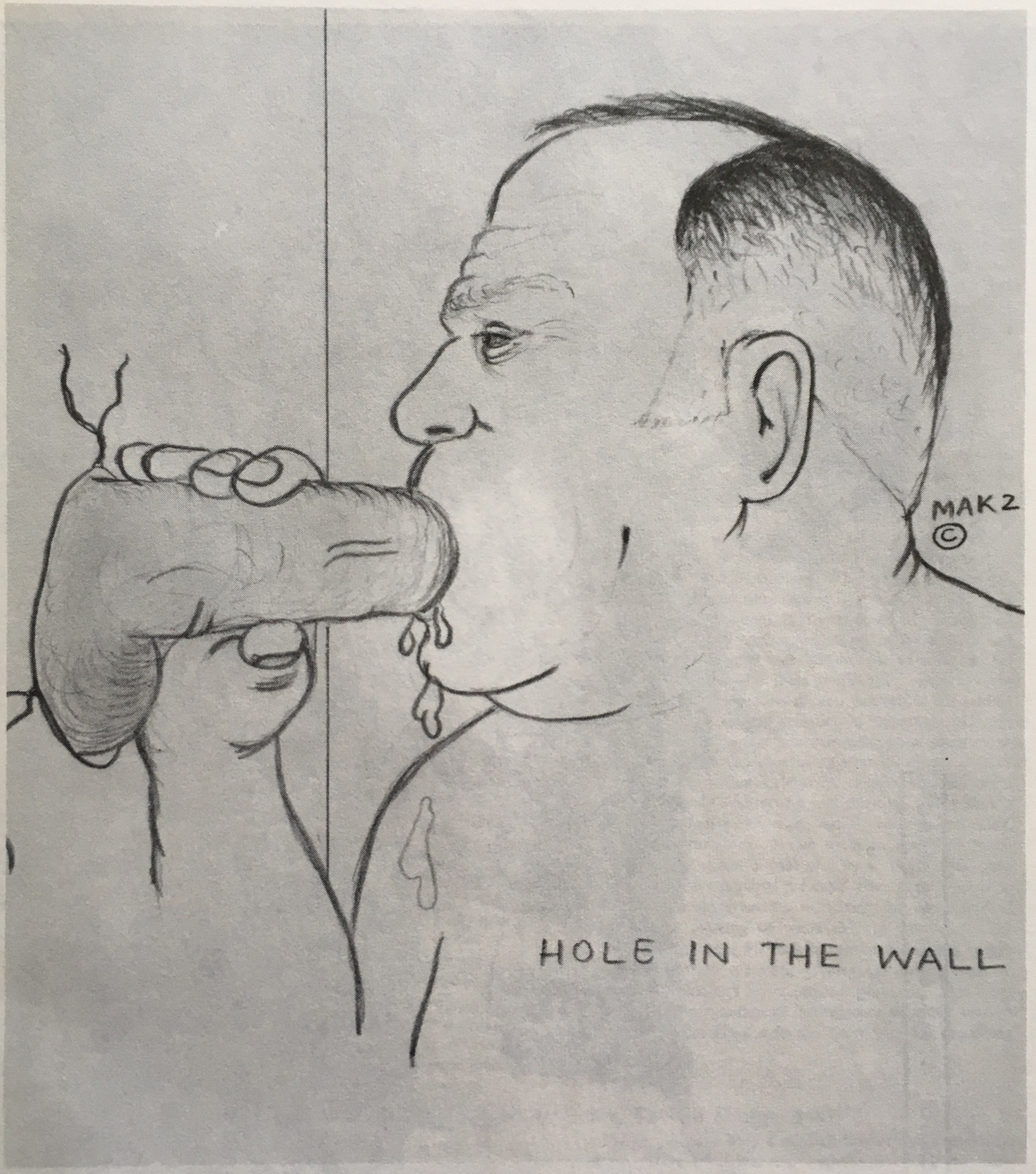
RADER – 4·25-89

EX-LOGGER AND FRIENDS....photos by Simba





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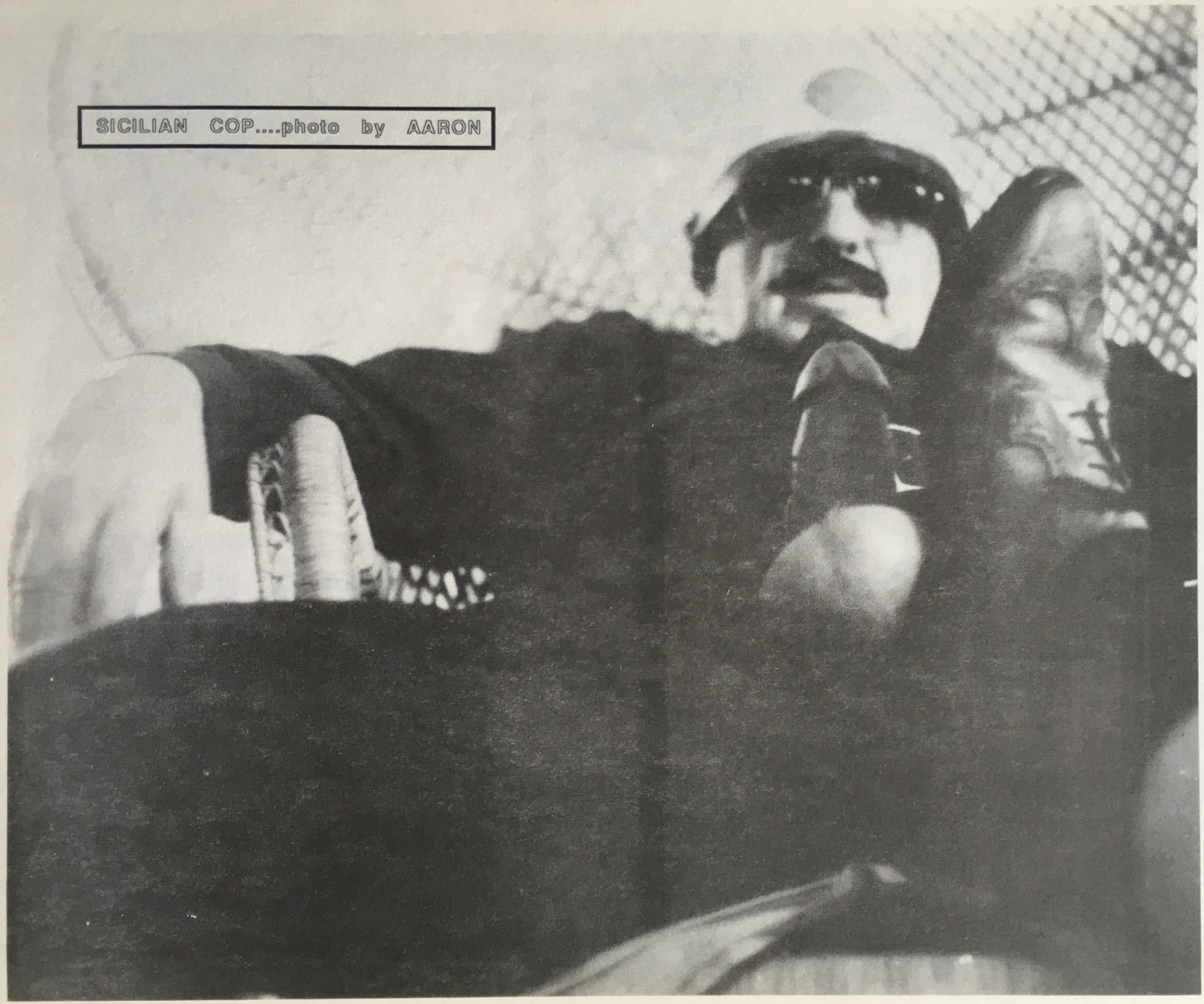
HOLE IN THE WALL


SICILIAN COP....photo by AARON

HEALTH TIDBITS

Diabetes

Do you take insulin? Do you live with a lover or friend? Get him involved with your health maintenance and give your stomach and legs a break by teaching him to give you injections in your arms a couple of times a week. Make sure he's aware of all the symptoms of high and low blood sugar too, and what he should do if you should go into insulin shock or become shaky. Always carry glucose tablets in case of emergency and make sure your friend knows where they are kept.

Sleep Apnea

Do you snore badly? Has anyone told you that you sometimes hold your breath during sleep? Have you ever awakened with your bed partner on top of you, shaking you and yelling, "Breathe, you little shit!" Maybe you suffer from Apnea attacks, periods when tissue in your throat closes off your air passage. It's all very complicated, so we won't go into detail here. Suffice it to say that Apnea can restrict oxygen intake into the blood and disturb your sleep, resulting in a worn out feeling and sleepiness during the day. In severe cases, it can result in sudden death during sleep.

If you have this problem or suspect you might, see your doctor and get him to check you into a sleep clinic. There, doctors and technicians will monitor your oxygen levels and breathing during a night of sleep. Unlike a few years ago when the only treatment was a tracheotomy, present day treatment includes medication, dental appliances that regulate jaw position, excision of the offending throat flesh, and the most effective procedure: sleeping with a nasal CPAP respirator.

Potassium

According to the School of Medicine of the University of California at San Diego, a diet high in potassium can lower the risk of stroke as much as 40%, regardless of other risk factors, such as age, weight, smoking habits, cholesterol levels or blood pressure. Dr. Elizabeth Barrett-Connor with the school of medicine cautions, however that individuals should not take potassium supplements in a pill, or in any other non-food form. She also warns that a high potassium diet per se cannot be categorically recommended as a sure way to prevent strokes until other studies confirm this finding. She states that in the context of fresh fruits and vegetables being helpful in possibly preventing cardiovascular disease and some forms of cancer as well, an extra helping of potassium-rich foods is in no way harmful to the general public and could be quite beneficial. Foods high in potassium are bananas, broccoli, avocado, cantaloupe, dates, prunes, potatoes (with skin), brussels sprouts, cauliflower and mushrooms.

After heart attacks and cancer, strokes are the third leading cause of death in this country. About 400,000 Americans a year experience strokes, which are caused by blood flow being cut off to the brain because of blocked or burst blood vessels or arteries, and about 155,000 of them die. Stroke deaths have been declining since the late 40s when the consumption of fresh fruits and vegetables began to increase--a phenomenon that may be explained in part by the above data.

Impotence

There is an alternative to penile implants for those with disease-caused impotence. The injection of two drugs, *papaverine* and *phentolamine*, into the penis can increase blood flow, say doctors at Duke University's Male Sexual Dysfunction Clinic. The report states that most men whose impotence is the side effect of a vascular condition such as diabetes or atherosclerosis can attain an erection within 10 minutes of injection and the erection can last up to 45 minutes or an hour. The drawback, obviously, is that lots of men would have great difficulty sticking a needle into their cocks. If you suffer from sexual dysfunction because of disease or any other reason, don't just sit and let your dick wither away to pre-puberty size. The above procedure is but one of many new methods, and you owe it to yourself to see your doctor and say, "Doc, I'm not going to take this any more! I want to FUCK someone!"

Your PC Muscle

According to Victor Engandela, a Chicago psychologist and C-R subscriber, we should all exercise our PC muscles. Although there are no muscles in the penis, the base of the penis inside the body is embedded in a muscle called the *pubococcygeus* or PC muscle. This muscle is like a sling going across the bottom of your body from the pubis to the tip of the spine. It can easily become weak and flaccid because it is attached to two bones that don't move. This means that one can be quite sexually active but not exercise this muscle at all. It is believed that strong contractions of a well-toned PC muscle can reduce the accumulation of cholesterol plaque in the arteries and draw more blood to the genital area. In order to exercise the PC muscle one must contract and relax it directly. This is done through the effort you would exert to stop yourself in the middle of a bowel movement or to stop urinating in midstream. During an erection you will notice that you can make your penis move up and down by contracting and relaxing your PC muscle. Once you have identified the action of your PC muscle, you can begin to exercise it by simply contracting and relaxing. This should be done in two different ways: first, rapidly contract and relax, then contract, hold for three to five seconds, and then relax. Some sex therapists suggest a goal of fifty to begin with, then gradually increase to one hundred per day. The easiest way to do this exercising is to integrate the exercising into your normal daily routine while shaving or while driving your car. The benefits of developing your PC muscle can be enormous: better overall health, a firmer erection, greater ejaculatory control, more powerful orgasms and fewer prostate problems. One other benefit could be the prevention of incontinence of either bladder or bowel. So, do yourselves a favor. Start your PC exercising today!

Is Being Fat So Dangerous?

Fat people have only a slim chance of dying violently. Dr. Kenneth Warner, a forensic pathologist with the New Mexico medical examiner's office, studied autopsies of 726 murder, suicide and accident victims. "I was surprised to find that only 12 per cent of them were overweight, while 26 percent of the total population is overweight," he told a recent medical convention. "Maybe fat people just aren't in the pathetic position that we tend to put them in."

Self Induced CPR

According to Los Angeles television station KNBC's HEALTH FAX, medical science now says that people who are experiencing ventricular fibrillation can possibly avoid cardiac arrest by steadily coughing until help comes. Ventricular fibrillation is when the two lower muscles of your heart begin to twitch without coordination or effective pumping action. Until now, doctors have always said that, if cardiac arrest occurs while you are alone, it is always fatal. Even if someone is present, it wouldn't do you much good unless they knew how to administer CPR. Now, you can administer your own CPR, which could be even more effective than having someone do it for you. The doctor on the program stressed that one should not try this if he is experiencing the standard symptoms of a heart attack, such as chest pains, shortness of breath, etc. So, if your heart begins to flutter or beat irregularly and you feel yourself losing consciousness or your vision begins to lose its color, cough your guts out on your way to the telephone to dial 9-1-1. If you think you might have an irregular heartbeat, see your doctor.

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IN CLOSING

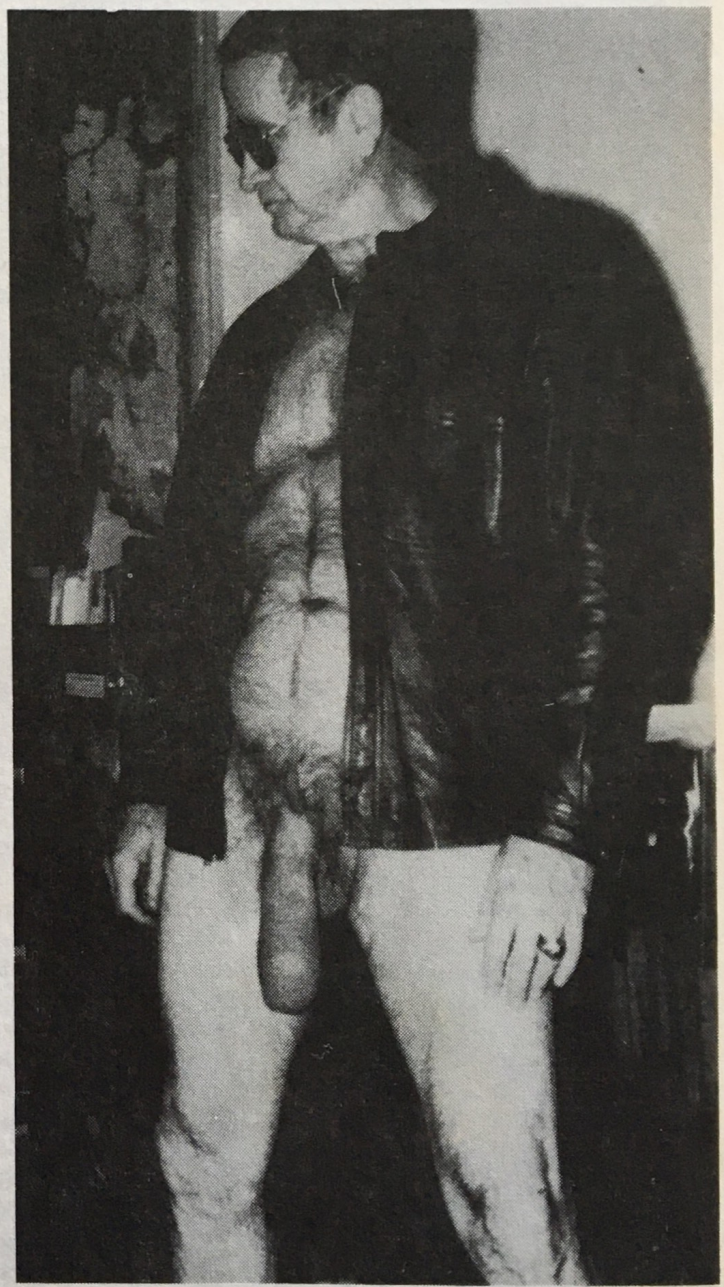
I don't know when we've enjoyed putting together an issue more. We had a ball, poring over all our previous special issues, picking out all those masterpieces. It's hard to believe that we'd collected such a massive amount of material.

It appears that we might have created a cult classic, judging from our advance sales and reactions from those who've seen our original material. It takes us back to the time we released our first video, CENTAUR SIX. Little did we know then that our first attempt at making a skin flick would become a cult classic. That video is still making the rounds at parties from coast to coast and reactions to it are quite interesting.

ROB DADEO, the sizzling star of the video is recognized wherever he goes--even in Munich! The Friar and I are likewise recognized and people even ask us for our autographs. Our subscribers tell us of a recent big party in New York and how the rowdy guests recited ROB's outrageously funny lines in unison, as if they'd seen the video countless times. Apparently, it was still just as funny and provocative as ever.

At another party in Los Angeles, we were told that the reaction to the video was cool and derisive. Apparently, no one wanted to admit that portly, graying bodies were a turn-on. Hilariously, 14 out of 19 guests discreetly called the host the next day and asked how they could get the discontinued video.

We'd therefore like to dedicate our final shot to those closeted silver chasers out there. Behold the following 60-year-old DICK FILLER to end all DICK FILLERS:



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